

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1881.

A PEEP AT THE NORTH OF IRELAND.



JAUNTING-CAR.

UP in the forecastle of an ocean steamer a group of sea-tired souls look away to starboard, where a faint shape lies on the horizon like an early-morning cloud. "It's only a bit of old-country fog," mutters the Grumbler, and goes back to his bed. A thrush had been playing for over an hour on the spars and rigging, and we fancied we could smell the land from which it had flown to greet us. And by and by the dim line took a more solid shape, and soon we could see the rough rocks of the northern coast. We were nearing

Innistrahull light-house and Malin Head, and the ship's engines stopped, for the first time since leaving the New World, to take on a pilot. A short sail along the rocky coast, passing the ivy-covered ruins of an ancient castle, the green refreshing grass, the hedges, and the white houses, and the beautiful panorama of Moville, at the mouth of the Foyle, was unfolded, and Nature tinged the sea and sky with a masterpiece of sunset. Suddenly a few jaunting-cars came flying down the hill like highway comets, and the Grumbler came up again,

in time to find that we were only a hundred yards from shore. "That's Ireland," said he. We felt enlightened. It was not long before we were ashore at Moville, a quiet watering-place for the people of Derry, Tyrone, and Donegal counties.

Our first reception was from a sturdy beggar, who apologized for the absence of the mayor and corporation. I had heard of this genius of Moville before. He is a character of the place, and one of the most original hypocrites among the begging fraternity. When I was in Queenstown, a few weeks afterward, I saw a perfect shoal of his kind, of all degrees of dirt, disease, and disaster,—a sort of ragged resurrection through which passengers from an American steamer had to pass. There were beggars with strong lungs and stout legs; beggars with scarce a lung and but one leg; paupers in all the traditional heraldry of rags and wretchedness,—blind, crippled, crooked, and crazy; with bags and babies, sticks and dogs, canes and crutches, all colors of hair and all sorts of disease, real or feigned; some funny, some furious, some bold, some blushing, nearly all overwhelming in benediction. One sore-eyed veteran, whose apostolical succession from blind Bartimeus I should have been easily disposed to accept, stuck to my heels, and in a tone that would have melted the blarney-stone implored me, "A pinny, yer honor." With New-World innocence of Old-World wickedness, I gave my Irish Moses a sixpence, upon which the crowd came upon me in a ring of blessing, until I pushed through it with some rough epithet. In the twinkling of an eye the circle of sickly saints fell into a close column of renovated sinners, and yelled after me the characteristic south-of-Ireland curses, from the mild "Bad luck to ye!" to the more historical "The curse of Cromwell upon ye!" One crooked old lady had got close to my ear: "Shure, yer honor, I've been bint up like this these twinty year wid the rheumatiz, and me back's bruk and one of me lungs is gone;" but when I shook her off she straightened up like a giant-

ess and swore at me with as hearty a pair of respiratory organs as any Glasgow fish-wife might boast. I felt as if I had performed a miracle upon the old lady's spine. But I nearly collapsed with laughter when I saw one mild-looking fellow, who had been limping near me with his right leg held up in a wooden crutch and his right hand apparently shrivelled beyond the power of use, holding the crutch, which he had unhitched, under his left arm and shaking the game leg and the lame fist at my back.

Our arrival at the north, however, was less ceremonious. I do not know whether our Moville beggar was the last of the mendicant Mohicans of the coast or had simply stolen a march upon the rest of his fraternity, but there he stood, a monopolist of the art: "Good luck to ye, jintlemen! Ye're welcome to Ireland. Ye'll give me a few pennies for luck, yer honors, won't ye? Jist whativer ye like, jintlemen. Be good to the motherless and sivin small childer, and niver a bite to ate since yesterday mornin'. Jist whativer ye like, jintlemen." Our first Old-World beggar had caught us in the tide of good nature, and the pennies soon grew to shillings. It was our first experience, and we were on the "Green Isle." We learned to be wiser before we had gone much farther, and by the time we left the island we felt as if we could throttle every beggar we met.

"How long have you been begging?" I asked the Moville suppliant.

"I began wid me mother, sir, soon after I was born."

"And do you never work?"

"Work, is it? Shure, sir, I was niver educated to it. And there's too many people working already, sir."

"How long is it since you used soap and water?" said I.

"Now, yer honor, where'd I get soap, when I can't get bread? Me childer would ate it if there was any in the house."

"Well, I'd like to see what you look like when you're clean. There's another sixpence for you,—half for your stomach and half for your skin. If you'll get

some soap and go down to the sea there and wash yourself well while we're away, I'll give you sixpence more when we come back."

"Shure," quickly replied the Moville wit, "doesn't yer honor know that ye can't use soap in salt water? But I'll go to the pump, so I will."

It was a disappointment afterward to learn that, like Montaigne's page, our beggar was never guilty of telling the truth, that the "sivin small chilfer" had yet to be born, and that he considered our party the best fools he had met that season.

We were to drive down to Green-Castle, in the vicinity of which the jarvies said we should be sure to hear the cuckoo. Our first experience of a jaunting-car was pleasant, though precarious. It had the dash of danger which spices adventure. A sober foreigner can seldom keep his seat at first; an Irishman may be so drunk that he walks zigzag on the sidewalk, but he never falls off a car—unless he's sober. At first blush, especially in the cities, the jaunting-car seems an ingenious device to furnish Irish surgeons with amputations. As you go tearing along the streets and flying around corners, your legs hanging over the sides in close proximity to other "highway comets" tearing along the opposite way, you have a choice of death by being dashed to "smithereens" on your face by a jerk or dying in desperate collision with a street-car. Our jarvie was a genuine Paddy, full to the brim of wit and song. Between the stretches of his imagination in tale-telling (all his native geese were royal swans, and for the one ruin we were approaching he built a score of castles in the air) he made the road lively with local Irish airs. During the winter these jarvies have little or nothing to do, and one of them, being asked how they spent that season, replied, "Making up stories, sir, to tell the travellers in summer."

However much we were imposed upon in the matter of tale and tradition, there was no deception in the interest of the drive. The sea lay to the right. Along

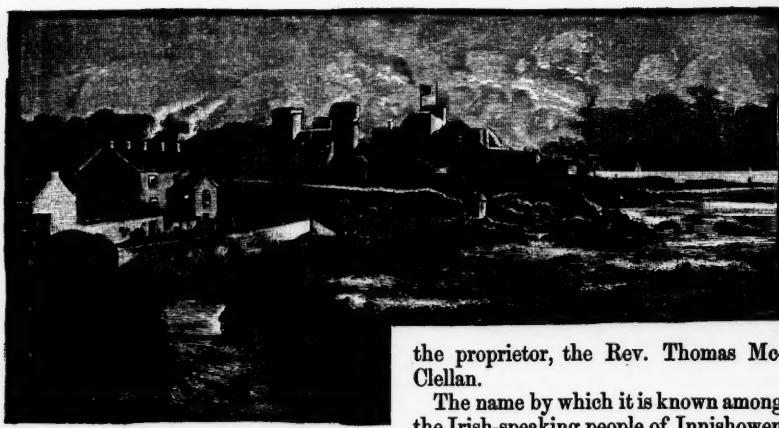
the highway and in many of the fields, though much of the country to the left was barren and hilly, the daisy was peeping up for our first recognition; the primroses lay in rich golden clumps upon the banks; violets, blue, red, and white, little purple bluebells, day-nettles, which the bees and boys love to suck, and many other new and old wild flowers, were pointed out to us as we jogged along. Sometimes we jumped down to pick them, gathering whole handfuls of the faintly-perfumed primroses and



OUR MOVILLE BEGGAR.

burying our noses in their exquisite blossoms in a way to make an emigrant homesick. On we jolted, and soon came within sight of the romantic hamlet, its picturesque castle and fort facing the sea. With a final quick trot and a jerk our driver pulled up at the Green-Castle Hotel, with the artless hint that its champagne for gentlemen and its whiskey for jarvies had no rival from Malin Head to Cape Clear.

After strolling with our host through



GREEN-CASTLE HOTEL.

his garden and eating our first Old-World strawberries, we started to explore the fort and the castle. The road was littered with long strips of kelp or sea-wrack, dropped from carts which were carrying it from the shore to the fields for potato-manure. Passing the castle, which, as the best morsel, we kept for the last, we came to the little fort, where discipline was as stern and unrelaxed as if the Russian Czar were about to invade the island. A little house on the left side of the road was literally smothered from base to chimney in rich masses of wild roses.

At the castle-gate we were met by an Irish transcript of the Witch of Endor, with an older crone on crutches, and on their left an Irish pet in a heaven of mud and water, with the importance of a jument who is conscious he pays the rint, and who seemed to realize the prospect that when rents are to be paid no more he may become a gentleman of leisure. We climbed up the low part of the ruin, and jumped down inside near a subterraneous passage. The castle was built on a solid rock facing the sea, and must have been a formidable fortress. Happily, the iconoclastic disrespect which would cart away ruins a thousand years old to build a fence or a pig-sty, when just as good loose stone could be had on the shore, has here a check in the care of

the proprietor, the Rev. Thomas McClellan.

The name by which it is known among the Irish-speaking people of Innishowen is Caislen-Nua, or New Castle. In Mercator's map of Ireland, published 1629, it is marked New Castle, and in the Inquisitions of the Chichester estates in Innishowen it is called Green Castle.

The New Castle of Innishowen was erected in 1305 by the Red Earl, Richard de Burgo, Norman Earl of Ulster, to secure his northern estates against the invasions of the neighboring disturbers of the peace, O'Dogherty and O'Donnell, and other illustrious progenitors of the shillelah. Ten years later the castle was taken by Edward Bruce, and was at that time known to the English settlers as Northburgh. The Dun Earl, William de Burgo, son of the Red Earl, was a man of wild and ferocious character. He had an only daughter, a beautiful girl. While crossing the sands on the opposite shore, under Benevenagh, the tide suddenly rose, and she, not being aware of the quicksands which at that time formed as the tide came in, was on the point of being engulfed, when the son of Sir Walter Burgh, a soldier in the service of her father's enemies, the O'Neills and O'Donnells, rushed down from his post on the heights, and at the risk of his own life saved hers. Some time afterward the Dun Earl fought a battle with the O'Donnells near a place now called Drumskullen, when the young Walter de Burgh was taken prisoner and carried to Green Castle, where he was

shut up in the dungeon and starved to death.* The earl's daughter tried in vain to save his life. One day her father caught her carrying food to her benefactor; he seized her by the hair, and, dragging her to the battlements of that part of the castle built on the perpendicular rock, he hurled her over, and she was dashed to pieces on the rocks below. This act led to his death, for in the following year Sir Richard Mandeville, who was married to Ghy de Burgh, sister of Walter de Burgh, at her instigation attacked William de Burgh on Sunday, 6th of June, at the Fords of Belfast, and stabbed him with his own hand.

The old castle is now a roofless wreck of

time and siege, but enough is left of its walls—eight feet thick—and its deep dungeons to show that it was in its time a strong fortress. We walked over the space between the walls, about eighty yards by forty, upon which the sun and the rains descend and where the grass grew knee-deep. Detached bits of wall were covered with splendid ivy. On the walls here and there we saw the little whitlow-grass, and in the crevices of the rocks the lilac flowers of the toad-flax, which one sees in all such sea-side ruins in Ireland. We climbed the steep crag of the highest portion facing the sea. Many of the stones were loose and slipped out from under our feet. We mounted to the very top of the old battlement,—a glorious spot from which to watch a storm when the great waves roll up in close column and break over the rocks. Creeping from the base of the perpendicular rock



•Ruins of Greba Castle. •

a hundred feet below, thick ivy had grown to the very summit, its rootlets and tendrils turning and twisting into and upon each other, binding the stones better than mortar, sucking out the moisture of the wall, and keeping it as dry as punk. Everywhere in Ireland one is struck by the wonderful tenacity of ivy, which creeps along the ground or

* The late Sir Arthur Chichester excavated a part of one of the pillars of this dungeon. A mark may be seen on one of the sides where a ring had been attached, to which the unfortunate Walter is supposed to have been chained.



crawls up and clings to the barest flint. If you lift one of the young shoots, it clings to the earth like a hungry leech to human skin. If you turn it up, you see rootlets, like the legs of a caterpillar, by which it attaches itself to the ground, and which it seems to lose when transplanted to America.

We leaned over on the thick leaves and tendrils to pull the pungent berries,



when out flew two scared jackdaws just below. We rustled the tendrils, and away scudded a score more of birds to tell the sea-gulls of this invasion of their ancient nest. Down near the shore white daisies speckled the green grass like a first snow-fall.

But hark! Is that the mystic cry of the cuckoo we are hearing for the first time? How plaintive and lonely its monotone!—“Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!” We have never heard that sound in America except from wretched Swiss clocks. What a world of delightful associations thrills through our veins! How the old familiar stories told us of our parents’ romps in the green lanes of the old country come to our memories, and the wonder with which in their childhood days they stopped to listen to this classic bird. There it is again, over in the woodland. Hark! “Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!” One of our company, born in the old land, and now returned for the first time in thirty years, began to reach the melting-point, when, looking in the direction of the cry, we caught sight of an incautious Irish boy peeping from behind a tree, with one hand to his mouth, just in the act of repeating this old Green-Castle trick of “fooling the people from America who want to hear the cuckoo.”

When we came down from the battlement we were told that a drunken sailor of H. M. “Vanguard” had fallen asleep on top of the wall a few weeks before and had rolled off to the bottom, a distance of a hundred feet, but had not been hurt enough to prevent his marriage the day before our arrival. Our informant added that it was the “potheen” that had saved him: “If he’d been sober, sir, shure he’d have wakened up a dead man.”

We had a rattling drive back to Moville. The first sight we met on reaching the wharf was our jolly beggar, transformed almost past recognition by soap and water, sneezing and coughing and claiming the promised sixpence: “Shure, yer honor, ye might make it a shillin’, for in the washin’ I’ve caught the devil of a cowld.” When we came

back a few months afterward we missed him. I made up my mind that he had never recovered from that cleansing; but a more recent visitor tells me that he is still alive, as witty and as dirty as ever.

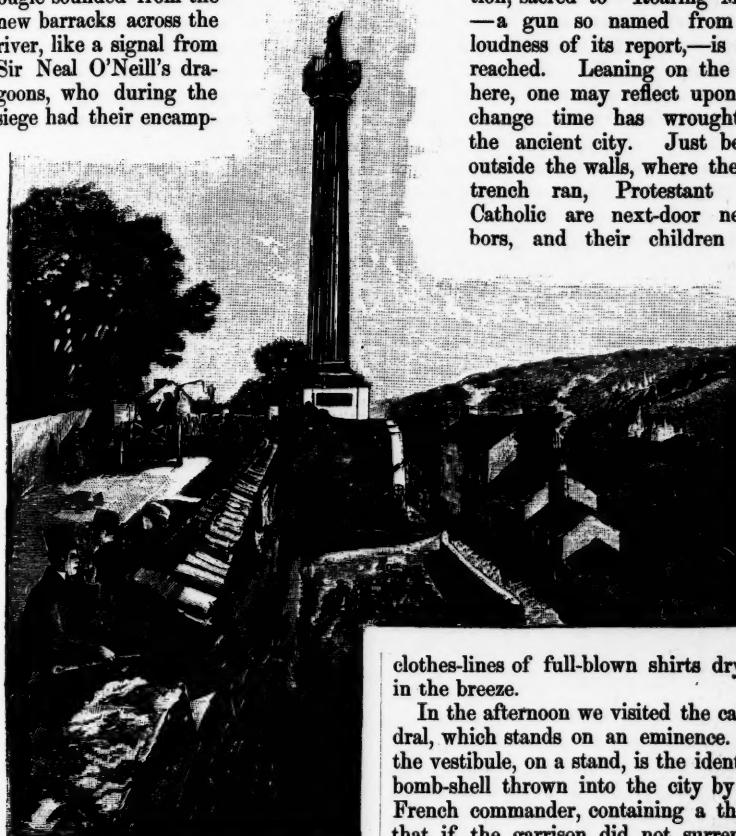
We boarded the tender at the wharf, and were soon steaming up the historic Foyle. Everything on shore had worn an air of enchantment. With Macaulay’s brilliant story fresh in one’s mind, everything now wore an air of romance. I thought of the ship of the Spanish Armada, with eleven hundred men, which was lost just here; but one would naturally think, too, of the fleet which lay here with arms and provisions for the besieged garrison of Londonderry and was seen by the sentinels from the top of the cathedral, tantalizing them by mysterious delay. Donegal mountains frowned down upon us on one side, like giants in a bad humor; but a pleasant contrast was the fringe of neat farms, beautiful hedges framing the landscape in pictures, comfortable dwellings, and lively jaunting-cars, while over on the opposite shore a railway-train was seen speeding to the city of three sieges.

In approaching Londonderry, the siege, which Macaulay calls “the most memorable in the annals of the British isles,” and which decided not only the fate of the three kingdoms, but that of the Reformation in Europe as well, is, of course, brought vividly to mind. It was getting dark when the “huge” stone spoken of by Macaulay was pointed out. “There, sir, is the spot where the boom was placed across the river to prevent the English ships relieving the garrison. Begorra! it wouldn’t have been more than a string to an iron-clad to-day.” There was no twilight,—that gentle sister of sunset. We landed amid a characteristic confusion, and in a few minutes were enjoying a rest in that hospitable hotel, “Jury’s.”

Early in the morning we were out and walked around the walls, about a mile in circumference. At Bishop’s Gate we leaned over and drew a fanciful picture of King James in front of its ravelin demanding entrance on the

18th of April, 1689. The divinity that hedges kings was not with His Majesty that day, for suddenly from the bastion to our left a volley of shot and shell was the answer sent him, and from the ramparts rose the cry of "No surrender!" While we were contemplating the scene, the reveille of a bugle sounded from the new barracks across the river, like a signal from Sir Neal O'Neill's dragoons, who during the siege had their encamp-

ment on that very spot. A few more steps, and we came to five old cannon used during the defence; then to Ferry Quay Gate, the one shut by the apprentice-boys in the face of the king; then to Butcher's Gate, scene of many a bloody assault; then to Walker's Monument. The Double Bastion, sacred to "Roaring Meg," —a gun so named from the loudness of its report,—is next reached. Leaning on the wall here, one may reflect upon the change time has wrought in the ancient city. Just below, outside the walls, where the old trench ran, Protestant and Catholic are next-door neighbors, and their children run



WALKER'S MONUMENT.

round in rings with joined hands. Here in the Double Bastion, where "Roaring Meg" poured forth its deadly hail, rich beds of pansies, mignonette, and geranium scent the air, and, on the spot where the red flag of defiance waved, the romance of history is shocked with the peaceful flutter on

clothes-lines of full-blown shirts drying in the breeze.

In the afternoon we visited the cathedral, which stands on an eminence. In the vestibule, on a stand, is the identical bomb-shell thrown into the city by the French commander, containing a threat that if the garrison did not surrender he would drive the inhabitants of the surrounding country, of both sexes and all ages, under the walls to starve,—a threat partially carried out. The sun streamed in a flood of golden mist through the painted glass, and an unseen organist in the gallery played the Dead March in Saul, filling the church with a solemn melody that accorded well with its historical associations.

A short ride by rail from Derry brings you to Portrush, where you drop off to visit the Giant's Causeway. I kept this for a return trip, and went on to Antrim to see one of the most perfect of the Irish round towers, Shane's Castle, and Antrim Castle, the charming seat of Lord Masserene.

There is perhaps nothing of more puzzling interest to the Irish antiquary than the round towers, of which there are about eighty in the island. Their origin and purpose have been variously guessed at, some maintaining that they were erected by the Danes as watch-towers and afterward changed by the Christian Irish into clock- or bell-towers. But why should the Danes confine these structures to Ireland, and not build them in England, Scotland, and other regions where they had a much firmer foothold? Others regard them as fire-temples, where the Druids lit the sacred flame and kept it safe from pollution. This view was accepted for a long time as a settlement of the question, on account of the resemblance of these towers to similar structures found in India and thought to have been used in an extinct form of worship. The Irish Druids followed many Eastern customs in their religious rites, but these may have been mere coincidences. The turrets in the vicinity of Turkish mosques, from the summits of which approaching festivals were proclaimed, suggested the hypothesis that the Irish towers were intended for the same purpose. Others held the theory that they were built by the ancient bishops as strongholds for the sacred articles belonging to the churches. In the neighborhood of many of these towers churches still exist. A very picturesque one forms part of a church in Castle-Dermot, in the county Down. At Drumbo, a few miles from Belfast, the ruin of one stands in the church-yard of a Presbyterian chapel.

The Antrim tower is in fine preservation to the very summit, but no trace has been found to indicate that a church existed in its vicinity. It is ninety-three feet high, and about fifty-three feet in circumference at its base, is built of

rough stone, and has a stone flooring, underneath which it is supposed a sepulchre, as at Ardmore, exists. Above the doorway is a bas-relief like a Maltese cross. I climbed into the tower through the entrance, two feet by four. Its width inside is about eight feet, but narrows gradually to the top. The ivy which clung affectionately to its outside had grown into several of the windows and lay in decayed brambles inside. Up at the very top the jackdaws had a gloriously independent life of it all to themselves. The grass outside was as level as a century's care and rolling could make it. And hark! "Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!" "No, you don't, my dear fellow!" I replied. "You are a relative of our cuckoo of Green-Castle." "Cuckoo!" he replied in denial; and I found out that it was a live cuckoo coaxing me to play at hide-and-seek. I started to accept the challenge,—when "Trespassers will be Prosecuted" stared me in the face as I mounted an innocent stile. Forty jackdaws—the Forty Thieves—got together on the topmost boughs of trees near by and discussed my intentions: Was I loading a gun, or only making a sketch? Was I painter or poacher? I followed the cuckoo's cry in spite of the trespass, but caught no second glimpse of him.

Coming back and crossing a picturesque stream, a short walk brought me to the famous Lough Neagh, the fourth largest lake in Europe, twenty miles in length and fifteen in breadth. In size it seemed a mere pond, compared to the great inland seas of America; but the legend of its buried glories, and the belief of the fishermen that when the water is clear they can see round towers and high steeples and churches of the land below, would waken any one's interest. Wonderful petrifications are found along its margins, referrible to some remote geological era, and no doubt these fossil woods gave rise to the fishermen's superstition. On the borders of the lake you see the ruins of the seat of Lord O'Neill, "Shane's Castle," which is surrounded by as much superstition as the lake. The banshee of the O'Neills was a firm article of faith of mine host in

Antrim, who told me that his father had heard its wail.

As I came back to the town I saw a characteristic scene which reminded me of Father Prout's remark, that "the pig is as essential an inmate of the Irish cabin as the Arab steed of the shepherd's tent on the plains of Mesopotamia." At the door of a thatched mud hut there was a fierce tooth-and-nail contest between two pigs. Out sallied the good woman of the house and belabored the nearest one gently with stick, roughly with tongue: "Whist wid ye! Take that, now! *Come into the house wid ye!*" With well-trained docility Piggy obeyed. A short distance away I saw a crowd gathered about a cart covered with a pure-white sheet. The look of delight upon the faces of those who had peeped under the cover tempted my curiosity, and I lifted the linen. It was a young pig, as white as snow and as fresh as a daisy.

But I intended only to take a peep at the northern coast of Ireland, and here I am *en route* to Belfast. As you go farther you fare better in the way of fine scenery and interesting people. There is something about the greenness of Ireland which sanctifies its claim to be called the Emerald Isle. I have seen nothing anywhere else to rival the soft luxuriance of nature here. Grass, ivy, and flowers seem as indigenous as hospitable hearts. I was told that if you flung a clean-cut stick in a County Meath meadow, you might pick it up in a day or two covered with young lichens and moss; but this reminded me too much of the crowbar planted in some other fertile country in the evening which sprouted out tenpenny nails in the morning. The very primroses have a depth of mellow beauty I never saw in England.

Walking through the country, you get a good insight into its social and political questions, and, whatever preconceptions you may have, you will be sure—if you



ROUND TOWER.

have no bigotry in your bones and do not excite people about the burning questions of the hour—to carry from Ireland memories of its lovely scenery which nothing on earth can ever dispel.

W. GEORGE BEERS.

CHARACTERISTIC DANCES OF THE WORLD.

Lovest thou music?
Oh, 'tis sweet!
What's dancing?
E'en the mirth o' the feet.

From a rare old masque quoted by D'Israeli.

THHERE is no account of the origin of dancing, but, combined with music, it is practised by every nation on the globe, and the foundations of it lie in the human constitution itself. Its earliest form was probably a rhythmical march, since the innate feeling for rhythm would instinctively induce men when walking to regulate their song and steps to a certain recurring order or measure. Again, a superabundance of animal spirits leads naturally to one form of dancing,—a motive we see constantly exemplified in children, and even in animals. All savage nations dance primarily from this motive. Captain Stedman, in his "Narrative of an Expedition in Surinam," says that he has seen a negro, for want of a partner, figure and foot it for nearly two hours to his own shadow against a wall.

Pantomimic dances, describing some passion or event, follow those which are simple exponents of agility and high spirits. This instinct for imitation is present in all undeveloped nations, and vanishes only when the highest state of civilization is reached. The passions and events imitated in different countries will indicate, therefore, in some measure the social condition of the people. Thus, savages of the lowest order invariably imitate in dances the movements and habits of their animals. The Australians have their Kangaroo dance, the North American Indians their Buffalo dance, the people of Kamtschatka their Bear dance. In the last-named dance two persons imitate the attitudes, tricks, and uncouth gambols of two bears, while the spectators sing incessantly the words *Bachia da ugh!* The following is the tune employed; it was noted down by Tilesius, and printed in the Leipsic "Musical Journal" in 1805:



In the Kangaroo dance of Australia the men, by imitating the grunting of the kangaroo, produce a kind of bass to

the singing of the women. The following notation of it is from Freycinet's "Voyage autour du Monde:"



The New Zealander, who is passionately fond of the sea, imitates in his dances the uneasy motion of its waves; and Forster saw in the Society Islands a dance exactly interpreting the ruling passion of the people, in which one part of the company were travellers and the rest thieves who robbed them dexterously of their goods. Perhaps the most remarkable of all these savage pantomimic dances is the *Corroboree* dance of New South Wales. The performers in it paint down

their arms and legs a broad white line, and others across the body to represent the ribs. Thus prepared, they look, in the fitful firelight and dense shadows of the woods, like a band of skeletons that appear and then suddenly vanish, the vanishing being easily effected by merely turning round, as their dusky forms are painted only in front. The weird, ghost-like, unreal effect of this wild dance is well described in Captain Wilkes's "Exploring Expedition," vol. ii. p. 188.



CHRISTMAS JOTA.

Nations under higher conditions of civilization represent higher forms of thought, as in the old "Weaving dance" of Sweden. In this pretty pantomimic dance the company were drawn up in two divisions, and the several pairs in turns crossed each other, now with hands uplifted, and now with heads sunk under the hands of opposite pairs. Thus they represented the crossing of warp and woof, while little children ran between each pair to represent the shuttle. Such dances linger long among the peasantry of all nations, as much a part of the national life as their music or their ballads.

In like manner, the dances of the ancient world were indicative of the habits and temperament of the people. Some were religious, some martial, some comic, some erotic, others again simple exhibitions of

grace and agility. Probably all their dancing of a higher form was based upon religion, for every ancient nation included it in their most solemn sacred mysteries. Indeed, only in this form was dancing tolerated among the stern citizens of republican Rome. "No man," says Cicero, "who is sober dances, unless he is out of his mind." Still, in the religious dances of Rome patricians of the highest rank took part; but their slow and stately movements, regulated by solemn hymns and martial music, probably resembled a march more than a dance.

The Greeks were passionate dancers, and the Athenians especially seem to have imagined that there was nothing in nature which they could not thus imitate. The dance mingled in every ceremony of their religious and social life,

and they imparted to it a beauty and grace which have never been excelled. The dance in honor of Artemis, which originated in Carya, Laconia, has been perpetuated in sculpture. The maidens performing it bore upon their heads baskets of flowers, which they steadied with one uplifted hand. This graceful attitude was a favorite subject of representation with the Greek artists, and has thus formed the model of those architectural figures still, from them, called caryatides. The names and descriptions of two hundred Greek dances are preserved, some of which, as the *Romaica*, are danced in Athenian ball-rooms to-day. The Ariadne of this dance is chosen for her youth and beauty: she holds in her left hand a handkerchief, the clue to Theseus, who follows next, holding in his right hand the other end of the handkerchief and giving his left to a second maiden. The alternation of the sexes then goes on to any number, though the chief action of the dance devolves upon the leaders, the others merely following their movements in a circular outline. It is full of pantomime and rapid, graceful changes, and, in spite of its great antiquity, still preserves the movements depicted on ancient vases and described by ancient poets.

We know that the Jews recognized some form of the religious dance; nor was it considered out of place in the early Christian Church. Gregory Thaumaturgus introduced it into divine worship, and Saint Basil told his hearers that

it would be their principal occupation in heaven and they had better practise it on earth. There have been various sects at different times who have regarded dancing as a special vehicle of inspiration; and in our own day the Christians of Abyssinia, the Roman Catholics of Seville, and the Shakers of the United States preserve the religious dance, not to speak of the constantly-increasing prominence given to it in the worship of the negroes in our Southern States. As a modern religious exercise it seems strangely open to abuse; though Mr. Cox, who witnessed the Corpus Christi dance at Seville about ten years ago, describes it as beautiful and impressive. It was, however, danced solely by young boys, and to joyful sacred music.

The universality of the feeling which produces the sacred dance is powerfully illustrated in the *Zikrs* of the Dervishes, because by their law every kind of dancing is prohibited. Yet in such veneration is this dance held that any attempt to abolish it would doubtless excite an insurrection. It is a circular dance, beginning slowly, but gradually increasing in rapidity until every dancer is seen with eyes closed and arms extended horizontally turning round with inconceivable velocity. The music accompanying it is loud and animating, and has a rhythmical construction very much resembling our hymn-tunes. The following notation of one of them was taken down by the composer Abbé Stadler of Vienna:

The musical notation consists of four staves of music in common time, treble clef, and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the staves, corresponding to the musical phrases. The lyrics are in German and describe a circular dance with various names and exclamations.

Music lyrics:

In Se-ma - i Mew - le - wi mes-mu - i ba - da ta e-bed, hei, hei, hei,
 dschani men! ja - ri hei, Sul - ta - ni men! A - schi-ka - ni fey - si ha - kri
 itsch - ti - ma wili is - ti - ma hei, hei, hei, dschani men! ja - ri hei, Sul -
 ta - ni men! In Se-ma - i Mew - le - wi mes-mu - i ba - da ta e-bed.

Very nearly akin to religious dances are some of the Aragonese *Jotas* of the present day; indeed, in Gustave Doré's "Spain" we are told that not infrequently the *Jota* is an obligatory termination to religious ceremonies. Thus, on Christmas Eve a *Jota* is sung and danced, the first verse being, "Of Jesus the Nativity is celebrated everywhere. Everywhere reigns contentment, everywhere reigns pleasure." Again, in the great Aragonese Feast—*Nuestra Señora del Pilar*—the *Jotas* play a very important part.

Funeral dances, though not strictly religious, have yet something of a sacred character. They are still far from being obsolete. Lane describes a very singular one as common among the peasants of Upper Egypt (vol. ii. p. 343), and Bruce one performed by the twelve judges of

Abyssinia on the death of any great man. The Death dance of the Sardinians and Corsicans closely resembles that practised by their heathen ancestors; and one of a similar character is still in vogue on the death of a young child in the Catholic countries of South America. The funeral *Jotas* of Spain is a still more remarkable instance. Our illustration of it represents the dance as performed at the present day in the province of Alicante.

Dancing has also been widely used as a curative as well as a religious agency: it is sufficient here to mention the Tagritiya of Abyssinia and the Tarantella of Southern Italy. In the latter the patient himself is the dancer, since the object of its wild and vigorous movements is his own complete exhaustion. The measure and character of its music are



FUNERAL JOTA.

very peculiar, and several celebrated musicians have composed allegros in the form and movement of the Tarantella. A masterpiece of this kind is the last part of Carl Maria von Weber's sonata in E minor.

As universal as the religious dance is the martial one. Nearly every barbarous nation has its peculiar form of it,

and the present Club dance of the Feejee Islander is as characteristic in its way as the famous Pyrrhic dance of the ancient Greek was. Plato describes the latter as representing by rapid movements of the body the way in which missiles and blows were to be avoided, and the mode in which the enemy was to be attacked. In the second century after Christ it was

still danced in Greece, though its character had changed, the performers carrying thyrsi and torches instead of arms; but in the mountain-districts of Macedonia and Thessaly it is danced at this day by men armed with swords and muskets.

The Sword dance, now almost exclusively associated with Scotland, had once a wide area of recognition. Tacitus describes it as the national dance of the ancient Germans. It was common to the Saxons, Danes, and Norwegians; it existed in Spain at the time of Cervantes; and it is still cherished in the North of Scotland, the Orkneys, Hebrides, and Shetland Islands. In the Spanish dance the men were armed with sharp swords and clad in loose shirts and breeches of white linen, with many-colored handkerchiefs around their heads. It survives yet in household parlance, for when a Spaniard speaks of a family quarrel he calls it a *danza de espada*.

Thirty years ago I saw the Scotch Sword dance performed by seven Caithness men of extraordinary stature, who represented the Seven Champions of Christendom, St. Andrew, of course, being the leader. The first distinct figure was a circle, formed by each holding his drawn sword in his right hand and the point of his neighbor's sword in his left. The swords were then held in a vaulted position, and the dancers passed under and leaped over them, forming innumerable figures, many of which seemed to be as dangerous as they were beautiful. Finally, they stood back to back with hands and swords crossed behind them; then, suddenly reversing the position, they interlaced their swords like wicker-work, so as to form a perfect shield, which each bore in turn, till at once every dancer grasped his own sword and the magic shield disappeared. The whole was accompanied by the wild music of the bagpipe, by shrill cries and snappings of the fingers, and by an enthusiasm altogether indescribable.

But every epoch has its interpreter, and the dance, as the exponent of re-

ligion and valor, was not suited to the gravity and earnestness of the Christian world. It fell gradually into its natural place as a purely physical recreation, in which grace and ease of motion were the recognized extent of its perfection. But, even thus restricted, it has reproduced itself in endless and charming variety. It has caught the peculiar temper and passion of every people, and made itself as truly "national" as their tongue, their costume, or their ballads. There is one other very remarkable change in the modern dance: it contains an element conspicuous by its absence in ancient dances,—*the mingling of the sexes*. As a mere matter of aesthetics it suited the *spectacle* better to keep the sexes apart; and even the erotic dancing of ancient times did not include this element, as the Nautch girls of India and the Ghawâzee women of Egypt remain to prove.

Taking the Nautch dance as the original of the most remarkable erotic dances now existing, we are struck, first, with its illimitable antiquity, and, second, with the passionate universality with which it has been preserved in some of its modifications. From the East it passed into Western Asia, Greece, and Rome, where it furnished the poets of the imperial epoch with an agreeable theme for satire. Horace, whose "Divus Augustus" doubtless helped to introduce it, laments that Roman women had acquired a taste for the Oriental style of dancing. That they had not acquired it earlier is remarkable, for, centuries before, the Phoenicians carried it into Spain, and in the days of Martial the dancers of *Gades* (Cadiz) had a world-wide reputation. Indeed, it was then the delight of gay young Romans to hum the airs of the *folâtre Cadiz* and to praise the grace of *Telethusa*, a dancer of that time.

This dance in India, however, partakes of the lethargic character of the people. Its movements are languid, dreamy, and slow, and the drowsy tinklings and monotonous cadences of the music have a mesmerizing effect which, however seductive to Oriental imaginations, would

soon be insupportably tiresome to our lively tempers. As it travelled west its character changed and became more actively passionate and graceful. As the Greeks and Romans saw it we can see it at this day in the performances of the dancing-girls of Egypt. "These Ghawâzee," says Lane, "commence with a degree of decorum, but soon, by more animated looks, by a more rapid collision of their castanets, and by increased energy in every motion, they exhibit a performance exactly agreeing with the descriptions which Martial and Juvenal have given of the performances of the female dancers of Gades." But the dance of the Ghawâzee girls is also distinctly represented on Egyptian monuments older than the exodus of Israel; and, as these women are a distinct class, Lane thinks it highly probable that they are the descendants of a race of dancers that may have amused the earliest Pharaohs.

In the Christian world we have this dance in at least three distinct forms,—the Fandango of Spain, the Czârdás of Hungary, and the Gypsy Romalis. In the Fandango the passionate and seductive nature of the dance is generally shaded by a *retenue* and pride truly Spanish. Yet the telegraphic click of the castanets, the tinkle of the guitar, and the shaking of the tambourines are the quicksilver of the five senses to a Spaniard, and stir him to greater delight than even the toss of a picador by a splendid bull. The invitation to this dance is a wild melody in triple time, and at first in the minor key, generally accompanied by a screaming song ending musically in a tremulous quaver of *ahs!* The step is light, the sway and mien and poise of the body are indescribably alluring. It is a passionate love-song, translated by the graceful abandon of the male dancers and the inviting coquetry of the female. The glance, the smile, the advance, the retreat, and the triumph of ac-

cepted love are the subject, and of course admit of infinite methods of expression: so that the same person, seeing the dance under different circumstances within the same hour, might with truth declare it to be both the most innocent and grace-



GHAWÂZEE WOMEN.

ful and the most voluptuous of dances. The Spaniard learns it naturally, and whenever a Fandango is in progress some baby Papeta or Pasquilita may generally be seen demurely imitating it in a corner. The Fandango, according to Bourgoanne, was once tried before a Roman consistory as a seductive dance disgracing so religious a country as Spain. Its interdiction was on the point of being signed, when a cardinal suggested that they should see what they were going to condemn. Alas! they were not proof against its fascinations. As the dance unfolded its charms, they rose mechanically from their seats, their feet obeyed the spell, and the whole consistory were soon attesting the merits of the Fandango.

What the Fandango is to the Spanish peasant, the Czârdás is to the Magyar. He never dances anything else, and lately not only the middle class, but even Hungarian nobles in the balls of the *haute volée* at Pesth, have made a point of dancing it. The two latter classes have,

however, readopted the Czárdás out of a spirit of opposition to the Viennese government, and they are far too self-conscious to surrender themselves to the enthusiasm which is its soul. It is the most pantomimic of dances, being, indeed, a little drama of love to which every couple imparts some personal character, and therefore it has all the variety of human nature and all the picturesqueness of life. Its intense character, peculiar dress, and distinctive music make the Czárdás so dangerously national that it is, as a dance, quite as objectionable to the Viennese government as the famous Rákózty march is dangerous and objectionable in their music. When the Czárdás is to be danced, *always* the gypsy must play it. In the grandest balls at Pesth, whatever celebrated band plays the quadrilles and waltzes, there is always a gypsy

but have only twice seen the Romalis, and both times it formed a part of their wedding festivities. The music, emphasized by clapping of the hands, was half savage in character, tinged with fun, and full of dashing crescendos. Sometimes one girl alone performs, again she is joined by several companions; but in either case the Romalis is evidently but the gypsy variation of the old Eastern dance which was so popular all over the Roman world early in the Christian era. As it was undoubtedly practised privately by ladies of rank, Lane thinks that "it was this voluptuous dance which the daughter of Herodias performed before the court of Herod." Of all dancers gypsy-women are the best,—the most graceful, and the most impassioned; and, as in Hungary and Russia the gypsy is the national musician, so in Spain the gypsy is the national dancer. Their small feet are admirably adapted for swift movement, and indeed their dancing is so rapid that we consciously hear nothing but the quick accented tapping of heel and toe.

Among the most distinctive of national dances are the Polonaise and the Mazurka. The Polonaise, by a rare exception, was designed to display manly beauty and magnificence, martial and courtly bearing, and in the original the name of the dance is masculine. The phalanx of the Polonaise was not composed only of the young and beautiful: men grown gray in camps and senates, prelates and dignitaries of the Church, warlike paladins, am-

bitious orators, were sought for as partners by the youngest and most brilliant women. The master of the house always led the column of the Polonaise with the most distinguished lady present,—a column of extravagantly picturesque magnificence when Polish lords and ladies wore their national costume, which it was admirably adapted to display. The *kontusz*, trimmed with jewels and fur, often compelled the wearer to



THE MINUET.

band for the Czárdás; and no sooner do their wild eyes light up and their nervous fingers touch the strings than a thrill of enthusiasm pervades the room: every foot taps the floor, and every face, animated with desire, seeks out a partner.

The Romalis preserves in one respect a more decided trace of its Eastern origin: the women alone perform it. I have frequently seen gypsies dance,

make movements susceptible of grace and coquetry by which the flowing sleeves were thrown backward, and to take off and put on the cap of velvet adorned with plumes and gems constituted an art. For during the progress of the Polonaise

the hat of the cavalier leading the file gave the mute word of command, immediately obeyed and imitated by the long and glittering train whose undulating movements went to the sounds of silvery music, the heavy sweep of gorgeous



COUNTRY DANCE.

damasks, and the dragging of jewelled swords upon the floor. Each gentleman present led the column in turn and dictated its graceful arabesques or enigmatical ciphers, and all emulated each other in inventing beautiful figures. Thus led by the cap of the commanding cavalier, the living ribbon was woven into endless designs of beauty. The step was caded and undulating, the whole form swayed by graceful, harmonious balancings. Sometimes the cavalier offered the right hand to his partner, sometimes the left, passing to her right or left without relinquishing her hand a moment. His movements were instantly imitated by every pair, and a sympathetic current thrilled the long line of dancers. Very frequently the leader raised himself haughtily and made the metal of his arms ring; then the martial sound passed like an echo from couple to couple.

^{**} The Polonaise was the dance of a people who had a frantic love for splen-

dor, but who had the grace and genius to poetize and drape it in the charm of noble emotions and of martial glory. The fashionable Polonaise of the present day is a promenade to music in which each gentleman marches with his partner for two or three minutes and then yields her to the gentleman before him, taking the partner of the one behind: so that in time every gentleman has danced with every lady. Paget recommends it as a dance very suitable for men short of conversation: he says he found plenty of amusement in making the same observation to every lady and noting the variety of answers it elicited. The music of the Polonaise is distinctive, and some of Chopin's highest inspirations are in this form. Weber made of it a dithyrambic, and brought all the resources of his art to enoble a formula which has latterly been so debased and misrepresented. Weber's Polonaises have all the haughty charm and elaborate majesty essential to

their character, and are marked by chords which fall upon the ear like the rattling of swords drawn from scabbards.

As the Polonaise represents the martial instincts of Poland, so its Mazurka indicates all that is idyllic; yet in this dance also the rôle of the cavalier is quite as graceful and important as that of the lady. Both Polonaise and Mazurka are the national dances of a people who, however tender to their women, still regarded the sex from the Oriental point of view. The Polka, another Slavonic dance, is charming from its vivacity,—a vivacity, however, that easily becomes equivocal. Nevertheless, when it first came into notice, about 1844, it caused a furore of enthusiasm,—perhaps because it was the fit exponent of a new train of independent ideas which rejected the ceremony of a dying age. People nodded to each other, clasped waists, and whirled away, and this suited a freedom of thought weary of the stately form and ceremonious grace of the Polonaise and the Minuet.

The natural gayety of the French has always delighted in dancing, and in the earlier days of Christianity not even the authority of the Church could restrain the old pagan dances, military and erotic, while in the Middle Ages one might imagine from the old romances that France had nothing else to do but dance. The early German, Italian, Milanese, and Spanish dances were all adopted by France before the fifteenth century, and some hundreds of them are enumerated in the Fifth Book of the "Pantagruel" of Rabelais. Still, France has in the stately and graceful Minuet a dance which even Hogarth allows to be the perfection of beautiful movement. To the crescendos and dying cadences of its fine music our own grandparents glided and floated and courtesied loftily, stepping with graceful dignity to the slow-floating melody. The Minuet step is a *waving*, undulating step, answering exactly to Shakspeare's ideal dancing:

When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function.

Winter's Tale.

The Minuet required great natural grace and self-possession, as well as considerable practice. Hogarth says, "A dancing-master once told me that the Minuet had been the study of his life, yet at last he could only say, with Socrates, that he knew nothing, adding that I was happy in my profession as a painter, because some bounds might be set to the study of it." This dance, so full of formal and high-bred courtesy, was the favorite recreation of the dancing assemblies in our own early republican court; and so elegant and majestic is it that we read of General Washington "walking a Minuet" in the Boston or Philadelphia assemblies and have no feeling that he had thereby detracted from his native dignity. But the Minuet passed away with the age of splendid ceremonial which it typified; and the larger freedom of republican France has expressed itself in several dances in which, unfortunately, freedom too often becomes license without even having the excuse of grace or beauty.

The great physical vitality and high animal spirits of the English race led them to dance as naturally as a child does. During the Feudal Ages they "danced in the chambers and in the gardens, and even wandered into the fields to dance." At that time the favorite figure was the *Carole*, in which the performers formed a ring and accompanied their movements with singing; and this dance was so universal that the common word for "to dance" was *caroler*. It seems also to have been used in a semi-religious way, for a cut representing a Carole dance forms part of the scene of the Annunciation in a sacred manuscript of the fifteenth century.

In the days of the Plantagenets "the dancing English" had figures and measures strictly national. Chaucer, among other "love dances and springs," speaks of the Raye or Hay, a country dance not yet forgotten, and whose beauty Hogarth particularly notices. Indeed, he cites its figure as answering to all the principles of grace, being a cipher of S's, or a number of serpentine lines interlacing each other, and which, he says,

Milton accurately describes in the lines,—

Mazes intricate,
Eccentric, interwolved, yet regular
Then most when most irregular they seem.

The peculiar figure of the “winding hay” is one still prominently introduced into most country dances: “the women stand still, the men going the hay between them, and *vice versa*.”

The Country dance is essentially and distinctively English. Its hearty social fun, its pretty and diversified figures, and its availability for any number and for all ages, made it, as Edward Philips says, a truly happy dance, being like the chorus of a song where all the parts sing together. J. Wilson Croker, De Quincey, and Dr. Busby are all guilty of what Chappell calls a brilliant anachronism in deriving the name and figure of the Country dance from the French *contre danse*. Chappell indignantly refutes this derivation, pointing out that the *contre danse* or quadrille cannot be traced later than

the latter part of the seventeenth century, while we possess even the music of many country dances earlier than the Reformation. *Contre* certainly means “opposite,” and men stand opposite their partners in country dances of the present day. But this was not the universal method in ancient times. Many country dances were round, and danced round a tree or Maypole; others “longways, for as many as will;” while “Fain I would,” “Dull Sir John,” “Hyde Park,” etc., are square dances for eight, in which the couples stand exactly as in a quadrille; and Chappell says, “This is the form the French copied, and with it some of the country-dance figures, notably the Ladies’ Chain, which they still call *Chaine Anglaise*.”

Both Henry VIII. and Elizabeth were famous dancers, and in the court of the latter due skill in “treading a measure” would naturally be acquired by all candidates for royal favor after they had seen Sir Christopher Hatton dance into



HIGHLAND FLING.

the chancellorship. The *Brawl* was the dance in which Henry delighted. It was a round dance with a swinging motion, and seems to have possessed a character which its name well indicates. There is a fine illustration of it attached to the com-

edy “Love’s Labor’s Lost” in Knight’s “Pictorial Shakspeare.”

Elizabeth’s dancing is as famous as herself. Is there any one who has not heard of her dancing before Sir James Melville in order to extort from him a

compliment at the expense of his own queen? The courtier extricated himself well. "Her Majesty," he said, "danced higher and not so disposededly as the Scots queen;" and Elizabeth accepted the opinion as complimentary, for English dancing in Elizabeth's time was full of high springs and swift paces. What was the precise height of the leap which made the handsome Sir Christopher Hatton's fortune is not known, but it was good dancing, and high dancing too; and we are told that at his fine seat at Stoke,

Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave lord-keeper led the brawls;
The seals and maces danced before him.
His bushy beard and shoe-strings green,
His high-crowned hat and satin doublet,
Moved the stout heart of England's queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

These "lavoltas high" and "swift corantos" were evidently the distinguishing marks of ancient English dancing; for some time later an old lady complains that at court

They did dance
As in France,—
Not in the English lofty manner.

But it was not only corantos, lavoltas, jigs, reels, galliards, and country dances that were in fashion. The "lofty manner" they incited gave way frequently to the stately "Measure," a grave dance well suited for ladies in hoops and trains and judges in wigs and flowing robes, and which, indeed, may be regarded as the ceremonial dance of the seventeenth century. We have no better description of it than Shakspeare puts into the mouth of the lively Beatrice: "The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting is as a Scotch jig, *a measure*, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and antiquity; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave." There is

also a beautiful illustration of this dance in Knight's "Shakspeare," attached to the play of "Romeo and Juliet."

The Lavolta, so often mentioned by Elizabethan writers, must have resembled the modern waltz or gallopade, from Sir John Davies's description of it:

A lofty jumping, or a leaping round,
Where arm in arm two dancers are entwined,
And whirl themselves in strict embraces bound,
And still their feet an anapest do sound.

The Measure made way for the still more illustrious Minuet, which remained in fashion far into the reign of George IV., prolonged, no doubt, by the skill and grace with which that monarch performed it.

Still, the court dances only rippled the upper surface of society. The *people* have remained faithful to their country dances and hornpipes in England, while in Scotland the reels and strathspeys are as distinctly national as the kilt and philibeg. The Jig, a very ancient form of the English Country dance, has been so heartily adopted by the Irish that it is now regarded as their characteristic dance. Engel noticed with astonishment the grave, sad faces of the dancers of Northern Europe even when their music was not in the minor key; and Thackeray, singularly enough, in his sketch of the diversions of Irish country-people, adverts to the same peculiarity: "Anything more lugubrious than the drone of the pipe, or the jig danced to it, or the countenances of the dancers and musicians, I never saw. Round each set of dancers the people formed a ring, in which the *figurantes* and *coryphées* went through their operations. The toes went in and the toes went out; then there came certain mystic figures of hands across, and so forth. I never saw less grace or seemingly less enjoyment,—no, not even in a quadrille. The people, however, took a great interest, and it was 'Well done, Tim! 'Step out, Miss Brady!' and so forth, during the dance."

These dances of the peasantry are far beyond the power of Fashion to change. They are as dear to the people as their mother-tongue, and are perhaps in many cases the only poetry of existence. The

whole social condition of countries must be changed before such national dances become obsolete. It is, indeed, easy to imagine a time as approaching when even tillers of the soil and the "hands" of modern industry may desire recreations not entirely physical, or, if such are chosen, may select purely athletic games, as rowing, cricketing, running, boxing, etc. But the gain of such a change is very doubtful. Dancing educates a man socially, and any amusement which regards only the body and the mind, and leaves out the heart, neglects the salt and savor of true pleasure.

Modern society has its representative dances, though the art has fallen far from its high estate. The Minuet of the eighteenth century gradually gave way to the Cotillon or Quadrille, which was introduced by the Earl of Carlisle, a nobleman best known to us as Lord Byron's guardian. It must have been recognized at once as suitable to a new and somewhat more democratic age, for we find that, in spite of Revolutionary troubles and anxieties, it was well known in the United States. At a grand ball given at New York on the inauguration of Washington as President, he danced during the evening two Cotillons and one Minuet; and in a subsequent ball, given in honor of Washington by the Count de Moustier, the friendship of France and America was celebrated by two sets of cotillon-dancers,—one in the complete uniform of France, the other in the American buff and blue.

The popularity of the Cotillon is somewhat remarkable, and on first thoughts not readily understood. But we must remember that through a natural social growth all the higher elements of the dance have passed away. The religious and martial element disappeared first, then the pantomimic, and lastly the ceremonial. Nothing artistic, nothing suggestive, is left. The "manliness and perfect graceful carriage" which recommended it in Locke's eyes, and the "comely order and proportion fair" which Sir John Davies

celebrates, disappeared with the Minuet. But the Cotillon had a compensating power that insured its success. The modern young man is not clever in fine speeches, and, if his partner should demand them, would often find himself, like Rosalind's lover, "gravelled for lack of matter." Neither is he fond of graceful gymnastics, and, if he were, the keenest taste for love-making could hardly find an opportunity in a Minuet. But the Cotillon is a decorous and effectual opening toward it; it places all suitors on a level, and its simple and languid movements, while susceptible of some grace and dignity, are so easily learned that both the busiest and the laziest of men can acquire them.

Indeed, the Cotillon is felt to be so suitable to our present social condition that neither the German nor the Waltz has displaced it in any wide or permanent degree. The German, in spite of its color and movement, its tinkling bells and gay streamers, its bonbons and its dreamy, delicious music, was only a passing favorite. Its vivacity too readily became a romp, and there was from the first a latent seed of vulgarity in it which limited its success with an age that depreciates demonstrativeness of any kind.

The Waltz can never be well danced by Anglo-Saxon women, because they associate with it a half-suspected impropriety. It is freedom of mind that gives freedom and grace to the limbs; and where the Waltz is regarded with a tinge of disapprobation no personal advantages can put an American woman on an equality with a Norwegian or a German. With respect to this impropriety, there can be little doubt that wherever it is felt, or even suspected, it exists.

Evidently we must regard the Cotillon as the representative dance of our epoch; nor is it a bad illustration of a race inclined to personal reticence of speech and action, and preferring to devote their energies and enthusiasm to business rather than to amusement.

AMELIA E. BARR.

ZOOLOGICAL CURIOSITIES.

I.—MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

IT is wonderful under what difficulties some wild animals have managed to survive the endless warfare of man against nature. Only island-dwellers have succeeded in utterly exterminating any species of their fellow-creatures. The dodo of the Mauritius, the blue parrot of the Norfolk Archipelago, and the Newfoundland auk (*Alca impennis*) lived and perished within their respective island-homes; the New Zealand *moa*, too, is supposed to have become extinct in recent ages,—*supposed*, I say, for it is by no means certain that the gigantic bones discovered by Tasman and Hochstetter were not of antediluvian origin. But on the mainland even the large mammals have thus far successfully maintained the struggle for existence. Danger has sharpened their protective instincts, and, by a wise law of Nature, the very scarcity of an animal race improves the life-chances of its surviving representatives. The coyest female will encourage the suit of the last male of her species, reduced food-stores may still supply the wants of a reduced number of consumers, and, above all, persecution abates when there is little left to persecute: the most ruthless and indefatigable of hunters will hardly care to track and run down the last band of Norwegian reindeer or the last pair of African gorillas.

For the same reason, I do not believe that the wild sheep of the North American continent will ever entirely disappear from its mountain-haunts. The mountain sheep or *cimarrón* (*Ovis montana*) has many enemies and is not very swift-footed, but it is probably the shyest quadruped of the New World. On the treeless highlands of our Central States it is no easy matter to get within rifle-shot of a herd of "bighorns," as the Colorado trapper calls them, but on their favorite pasture-grounds in the Pinos Altos range, in Southern New Mexico, the prospecting

miner can sometimes approach them at the time when the wild-rose-bushes are in full bloom and confound the scent of the wary outposts. A herd of grazing *cimarróns* is a curious sight: they do not content themselves with posting a single sentinel, after the manner of the antelopes and wild llamas, but all the veterans, especially the nursing ewes, take their turn at the picket-post, and every now and then run to the next rock and rise on their hind-legs in order to enlarge their field of view. A low snort, accompanied by a stamping or scraping kick, is a sign of vague suspicion, and puts the whole herd on the *qui vive*; even the young kids crowd around their dams and anxiously await the next word of command. The sudden side-leap of an outpost is a signal of imminent danger; like a well-drilled squadron the herd at once wheels around and gallops away in a direction which the leaders seem to have precalculated for every possible emergency. During their winter migrations from sierra to sierra the sachems of a large herd become as cautious as the leaders of the *Anabasis*, and will often stand immovable for hours together at the brink of a plateau, with their eyes fixed upon some doubtful object in the neighborhood of their meditated line of march. If the outlook is not quite satisfactory, they decline to take the benefit of the doubt, and stick to their vantage-ground till the coast is decidedly clear. In the winter of 1874 a company of American engineers put up a line of telegraphs from Matamoras to Saltillo, in Northern Mexico, and on four consecutive days they saw a number of *cimarróns* approaching their camp from the direction of the San Cristoval Mountains and retreating again like the scouts of a circumspect guerilla leader. But on the following Sunday a large herd crossed the road, heading due south toward the Sierra Mella, in Western Durango. The continual extension of the wire line and the noise

of the workmen had delayed their march, the pilgrims having evidently bided their time in what the French call a "camp of observation."

The Mexicans assert that the mountain sheep never stays within earshot of a permanent human settlement, and that

the cimarrón population of their border-states has been considerably increased by emigrants from the North. There is no doubt that the freedom-loving monteros have steadily retreated before the advance of our noisy civilization,—first westward, and lately both southward and northward,



WINTER QUARTERS.

from the neighborhood of the great transcontinental highway. Colonel Penny-packer, of the United States army, has told me that he remembers the time when the "bighorns" were as abundant as mountain quail in Western Colorado, and that the officers of Fort Garland used to kill them by dozens in the vicinity of the fort. They are now found only near the head-waters of the Gunnison River; and if the Leadville Railroad should be extended to the Colorado Valley they will probably leave the State altogether. They have already left Nebraska, Utah, and Southern Wyoming, and even in the northern part of the territory the name of the "Bighorn Mountains" is fast becoming an anachronism. In the Southwest they have maintained their

ground much better (carnero-meat is a drug in the markets of Chihuahua, Tucson, and Santa Fé, and they are still pretty abundant in the Sierra Nevada of Southern California), but also in the far Northwest—for their southward migration has nothing to do with climatic predilections: the mountain sheep is as hardy as the grizzly bear. The Montana prospectors meet great herds of them in the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, but especially in the icy summit-regions of the Pend d'Oreille range, on the borders of British North America. Even in midwinter they shun the valley settlements. During ice-storms that drive the black bear to his den and kill black cattle in the river-valleys the cimarrón survives where the

hill-foxes wander, in the pine wolds and box-elder coppices of the dreary uplands. In November, and sometimes at Christmas, the miners of Bannock City hear the cry of the old rams in the highland gorges,—a long-drawn, booming bark; not a signal of distress, but an amatory acclaim, an invocation of the *dulcis Dea Amathusia* when the mercury trembles at forty-five below zero. In stress of weather the cimarróns generally take refuge in a lee-side pine grove, and are thus sometimes cut off from their pasture-grounds, snow-bound, for a month or two, and have to rough it on pine sprouts and such roots and herbs as they can scrape up in the deep-frozen mould.

A party of Mormons, being caught in a snow-storm while crossing the Wahsatch Mountain in 1849, were saved, according to Elder Millard's report, by coming across a sheltered cove in the piny woods where a troop of mountain sheep had trodden down the snow and cropped the lower branches as high as they could reach, thus forming a series of snug pine arbors,—a ready-made tabernacle for the necessitous saints. In this instinct of finding shelter-places from the cold mammals are far superior to birds, probably because they cannot emigrate so easily. On the bitter-cold New-Year's morning of 1871 the game-keeper of the Duke of Gotha picked up not less than thirty score of dead crows in his master's rookery at Rheinhardts-Brunn, but a band of fallow-deer had saved themselves by breaking the lath door of a cellar-like grotto and crowding into the innermost corner of the vault. Besides, I believe that most wild beasts have a little of that talent for hibernation which helps squirrels and badgers over the worst hours of the long *Bioroir-nott*,—the "bears' night,"—as the old Germans called the winter season. During a heavy "norther" buffaloes often stand in the hollows of the Texas cross-timber for days together in a semi-torpid state, and the little musk-ox must probably draw considerably upon his inner resources to survive the terrible snows of the Hudson's Bay territory. It is also certain that some quadrupeds, including

the mountain sheep and the guanaco, are able to distinguish the signs of an approaching storm from those of a common thunder-shower. Mexican shepherds have often been warned to save their flocks by the mad gallop of a troop of mountain sheep fleeing toward some sheltered valley on the lee-side of a wind which gradually rose to a destructive hurricane.

Frederick Gerstaeker found a cimarrón camp on the very ridge of the Sierra Nevada, but no hunter, so far as I know, has ever discovered the lying-in establishment of a mother-ewe; the cimarrona seems to summon all her secretiveness and topographical experience to hide her new-born lambs from human sight. In August or late in July—rarely sooner—they are found in company of their seniors, evidently numbering their days by weeks, but still rather misshapen, chub-headed, and ridiculously long-legged little fellows, resembling fallow-fawns rather than lambs. The whole family, indeed, has something cervine in its appearance. Nature is said to abhor a vacuum, but shows a still more decided repugnance to systematism, and seems to take a special delight in puzzling our zoological categorists. There are animals that refuse to be classified. The Swiss nuthatch (*Sitta europaea*) is, in habits and appearance, half titmouse and half woodpecker; the South African proteles looks like a hybrid between a civet-cat and an hyena; and the Rocky Mountain sheep holds the exact middle between a sheep and a deer. In the formation of his neck, head, and horns he resembles the Sardinian mouflon-wether, but his rump, stump tail, and legs are those of the Virginia deer; his color, too, is a brownish dun, and his hair is straight and short, with the exception of a wreath of long bristles at the base of the neck. The lambs are whitish-brown, with the same dark streak along the spine that is sometimes seen on fawns and very young colts. A *fox-squirrel* the *Sciurus cinereus* is called in the Southern Alleghanies: *deer-sheep* would be the most appropriate English name for the carnero cimarrón.

On a sudden stampede young lambs often get separated from their dams, and have sometimes been taken alive. They can be brought up with the kids of a milch-goat, and get tame enough to follow their foster-mother to the valley,

though they prefer the south side of a hedge to the most comfortable stable. Domesticated rams are apt to be troublesome, for an old *cimarrón* is as irascible as a fighting bull, and has a disagreeable way of charging his adversary from be-



A STEEP ALTERNATIVE.

hind,—
not rear-
ing and
plunging
like a billy-goat, but running full tilt and with an unmistakable business-purpose. If permitted to roam at large, he is given to solitary rambles among the cliffs, and is liable to lose his way if he has once ascertained the difference between coarse prairie-grass and the aromatic herbage of

the upland leas. But, like other savages, the *cimarrón* can be subdued by his vices. The craving of his ruminant stomach for salt easily degenerates into a fondness for stronger stimulants,—tobacco, cider, and *aguardiente*: in quest of a “chew” he will besiege his master’s door and button-hole strangers with the persistency of a begging friar. Tippling, however, does not improve his temper: the most petulant pet I ever saw was the wether *Panchito*, a domesticated *cimarrón* of such intemperate habits that he was repeatedly expelled by his first owner, who at last presented him to the sexton of the Chihuahua cathedral. I came to Chihuahua in 1873, and was delayed almost forty-eight hours by the failure of the stage-driver to procure relays; the festival of Santa María de Guadalupe had

set the city agog, and all horses and mules were strutting in the cavalcade procession bedecked with flags and orange-rosaries. On the afternoon of the second day the festival came to a crisis; the doors of the cathedral were thrown open, and the votaries surged in and out, helped to drag the ecclesiastic howitzer to the centre of the plaza, and crowded around the open-air pulque-shops. The national drink flowed in streams: *pulque*, a Mexican will tell you, does not induce drunkenness, but only *borracheria*, a mild form of obfuscation less inconsistent with the character of a Christian and a gentleman. The white caballeros certainly managed to keep their heads level, and the ragged mestizo lying on his belly in front of the esplanade had only lost the use of his legs, since the activity of his consciousness asserted itself by a triumphant yell whenever the howitzer was fired. At the third shot Don Panchito bolted from the basement, himself evidently laboring under an incipient stage of *borracheria*, for at the next discharge he jumped up with all four legs at once, and then, spying the yelling Indian, made a rush and "fetched him one in the ribs," to the uproarious delight of the assembled Chinacos. Sixteen more shots were fired, and sixteen times Panchito charged the Indian, whom he somehow seemed to connect with the cause of the obstreperous demonstrations. He then turned his attention to the school-girls, whose long scarfs appeared to excite his disapprobation, and was going to tackle a young lady with a conspicuous shawl, when a well-aimed kick from her gallant sent him spinning into the basement-vault. But just before I left he reappeared, like Satan *ex infernis*, and when I saw him last he was butting the choir-boys as they sallied successively from a side-porch.

Domestic sheep that lose their way in the sierra are sometimes butted to death by the wild bighorns; but this cruelty is inspired less by malice than by that singular instinct which impels gregarious animals in a state of nature to destroy the decrepit members of their tribe. The cimarrón, recognizing the *Ovis do-*

mestica as his near relative, is scandalized at her fatness, stupidity, and helplessness, and possibly considers it his duty to put her "out of her misery." But, if he does not spare his poor kindred, he certainly does not spare himself either. Frederick the Great's dictum seems to be his motto: "*Il faut traître son corps en canaille.*" In merciless winter storms he will fly against the wind at a tearing gallop for hour after hour, and he rarely descends from the highlands on account of the weather only. Wounded to death, he still tries to keep up with his flying companions; I have seen a young ram struggling to his feet again and again with a load of buckshot in his lungs, stamping the ground impatiently at his growing weakness, till he finally fell over on his side, almost *exsanguis*, but working his hoofs to the last. The cimarrón cannot be "cornered," like the Swiss chamois, surrounded, and captured at the edge of a precipice; driven to such extremes, the leading ram leaps down into certain death, and the herd will follow unless they are numerous enough to break the blockade with the chances in favor of a few survivals. Declivities of twenty or thirty feet will not stop them: they have a wonderful knack of alighting on their hoofs. There is a prevalent notion that mountain sheep in jumping from a high cliff will alight on their horns; but that is a mistake: they jump off head-foremost in order to keep their balance, but, on approaching the ground, take care to save their lives by stretching out their forefeet in the nick of time. De Mora, in his "History of Mexico," goes so far as to assert that the carnero cimarrón cannot be killed at all by a fall "unless he should happen to drop on the sharp peak of a rock." A bighorn ram attains a weight of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds, and exceeds the domestic sheep in size, and I am sure that a plump fall from a height of forty feet will break the bones of any quadruped of that bulk; but it is true that only *overhanging* cliffs are likely to prove fatal to the cimarrón. In descending a steep declivity, or even a perpendicular,

but not absolutely straight, rock-wall, he generally contrives to break his fall by taking advantage of every cleft or protuberance large enough to give him a foothold for a moment, and his sharp cloven hoofs seem specially designed for such purposes. Even goats have that trick. I knew a billy-goat that would scramble down a high garden-wall as a bear slides down a tree, and not under the impulse of fear either, but merely to save himself the trouble of a little détour.

The North-Mexican mountaineers hunt bighorns with a special breed of fleet dogs called galgos, or *cimarroneros*, in Nueva Leon, and said to be descendants of those powerful sleuth-hounds that are used to chase the wolf and the Iberian ibex in the Eastern Pyrenees. In quiet winter nights the *cimarróns* often descend to the middle region of the sierra, but hurry back to the highlands at the first alarm; and, taking advantage of this habit, the hunting-party divide their forces. A couple of galgos are taken straight to a



CIMARRÓN DOGS.

mountain-meadow where *cimarróns* are known to graze in the morning; the rest circumvent their retreat and take post at some point of the summit-region where

they can watch the movements of the game. At a given signal the first galgos are slipped, and, though they may fail to overtake the fugitives, they will

put them to hard shifts before they reach the uplands, where they have to run the gauntlet of the second detachment. If the dogs understand their business, they will co-operate and keep their game together till they can make a simultaneous attack; for, if the herd scatters, the first victim will generally prove a scapegoat for the rest. Going straight up-hill the cimarróns often improve their start by dashing up a cliff where the pursuer has to turn to the left or right, but on level ground the tables are turned, and, once abreast of his game, the hound makes short work of it, dashes ahead of the nearest good-sized sheep,—often a nursing ewe,—and, suddenly turning, flies at the throat in true wolf style and *le rasga la vida*, as the Spaniards express it,—“tears out her life,”—at the first grip. The galgo does not remove his prey, but stays on the spot and summons the hunter by a peculiar howl, repeated at shorter and shorter intervals if he has reason to fear that snow-drifts or prowling wolves will make his post untenable. Professional cimarrón-hunters generally carry a meat-bag, as contact with the hairy coat of the deer-sheep often afflicts the human skin with *cosquillas* (“sheep-tickle”), a persistent itch that sometimes spreads from the hands to the chest, but, strange to say, cannot be traced to any visible cause. Like mange and prurigo, it is probably caused by microscopic parasites.

Dogs can be employed only where the game is very abundant, for, if a band of cimarróns has been chased twice or thrice in the same sierra, they are apt to leave their old haunts forever or become so shy that the pursuit ceases to pay. A herd that has once smelt powder is very hard to get at: their natural timidity becomes a restless distrust, constant practice develops an almost preternatural acuteness of their organs of sight and smell, and they learn to recognize the form of their arch-foe at a great distance and in all possible postures,—standing, crawling, or on horseback. If they can only scent his approach without seeing him or knowing his approximate whereabouts, they instantly decamp to the wind-

ward, well knowing that thereby they will either elude their enemy or ascertain his position, preferring to bring matters to a crisis some way or another rather than endure the torture of uncertainty. Among the rocks of a high mountain-region the echo of remote sounds is strangely deceptive; the reverberations seem to come from all sides at once, and on hearing a shot or the boom of a distant rock-blast a whole herd will often resolve itself into a committee of investigation, scattering left and right, scrambling up the cliffs and spying in every direction, then, returning, confer with anxious looks and stamping hoofs, and disperse again till they can agree upon the safest line of retreat. They seem to have some notion of the *modus operandi* of gunpowder, for, if by any chance they meet an armed hunter face to face, they will strain every nerve not only to get out of range in the shortest possible time, but also to confuse his aim by the fitfulness and rapidity of their motion, touching the ground only for a moment, coming down in a wide leap and up again instantly, like a rebounding ball, but going zigzag withal: so that the best marksman has to fire at random or content himself with picking off a straggling lamb. A half-hit is as bad as a miss, for an old bighorn takes an amazing deal of killing: a shot through the neck or entrails will not produce any visible effect for the first thirty or forty minutes.

Herons, hawks, and some other birds that cannot hide their nests are sure to select the most inaccessible tree in a thousand, and a similar instinct seems to guide the cimarrón in the choice of his pasture-grounds. He knows what sort of rocks the average hunter would call inaccessible. The North American alps abound with such rocks. Only the roving Apache has ever approached the heights that hide the sources of the Rio Gila. In the Wind River Mountains, in the Wyoming Black Hills, and on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada there are thousands of square miles which no hunter's eye but that of Orion has ever surveyed. The town of Monclova, near Monterey, is half surrounded by the ram-

parts of the Sierra de San Simon, and from the bastion of a military post in the neighborhood of the town the soldiers could often see a herd of cimarróns frolicking about and cropping the grass at the brink of an inaccessible plateau. They used to disappear at the approach of the dry season,—on account of the meagre pasture, as it seemed, till it was discovered that in dry summers the plateau could be reached through the ravine of a creek which formed a series of cascades during the larger part of the year. Nearly every herd of our higher sierras has such a place of refuge, which they never approach by a direct way if they can hope to elude the pursuer by leading him a long chase through the rock-labyrinth of the lower cliffs. The ewes of a flying herd invariably bring up the rear, for fear of losing their lambs; and the American sportsman therefore makes it a rule to fire upon the first head in the troop, unless he can single out the males by their broad horns and stouter necks. If this rule were observed by the Mexican hunters it would explain the fact that in the Southern sierras, as well as in the Northwest, old rams are often met alone at a considerable distance from the regular pasture-grounds of their relatives. An old bachelor of this sort is almost unapproachable, and has a knack of disappearing like a mountain-sprite, or manages to frequent the borders of civilization for years before his existence is suspected by the next neighbors. A herd with nursing ewes cannot hide their tracks in that way; what with indiscreet youngsters and anxious mothers, they are too apt to expose themselves at critical moments, and are rarely out of trouble. The old rams seem to know this, and to have come to the conclusion that the safest paths are those which a body can walk alone, and that celibacy is, after all, the best life for a peace-loving cimarrón. Near Granite Gap, Colorado, the surveyors of the San Juan Railroad became familiar with the track of an old bighorn that used to pay a nightly visit to their bivouac in order to share the hay-rations of their ponies; but when they took it

into their heads to patrol the camp after dark their guest failed to return, and his spoor was seen no more.

The San Juan range used to be a great hunting-ground for bighorns, and it seems that they are reappearing on the southern slope since the old Utah trail of ante-railroad fame has been abandoned, and that portions of the California Coast Range have thus been repeopled by emigrants from the Sierra Nevada. On the heights of the great central plateau that forms the backbone of our continent the cimarróns will never be entirely exterminated. Their range is too boundless; the extent of the far-western sierras is too immeasurable. Even on a map the maze of winding and intertwined mountain-ranges, with their net-work of foot-hills, branches, and spurs, is quite bewildering; but only the hunter knows what a sub-labyrinth of highlands and valleys every one of those little shaded streaks represents, what jagged ridges, lateral chains, cross-chains, wide-branching creeks and cañons, plateaux, peaks, and wooded heights, stretching away in every direction farther than his eyesight reaches from the top of the highest rock, measureless alpine systems as intricate in their surface-conformation as the convoluted structure of a walnut-kernel,—all represented on the map by a shaded streak half an inch long and hidden among a net-work of similar streaks.

The incalculable influence of civilization upon the physical geography of cultivated lands makes it difficult to predict the ultimate fate of the wild fauna of a continent like ours; but, judging from present indications, it would seem that the buffalo must perish and that the mountain sheep will survive. The aborigines of the New World were a race of valley-dwellers; among their conquerors, too, the master-nation, the North Saxons, are lowlanders by preference; and in one respect North America will therefore probably remain what our ancestors found it three centuries ago,—a continent of lonely mountain-ranges.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

CRAQUE-O'-DOOM.



"TAMSIN TOOK HER PLACE WHERE THE YOUNG LADIES COULD NOT SEE HER."—Page 356.

CHAPTER I.

CHENOWORTH'S DAMSEL.

LIKE two night-birds who had strayed into the wrong season, a pair of girls flopped about on the snowy walk or huddled together outside of the Hill-house. The house was lighted. They could see, through one uncovered window, which extended to the veranda floor, the ruby grates, the cut-glass candelabra, and the luxurious furniture. The girls were on the west side of the house, which was a large square structure with extensions at the rear.

Below the hill an old turnpike town straggled eastward, its lights barely twinkling through a winter fog. The evergreens and old forest-trees all around the grounds were weighted with soft snow, and there were occasional slides from the roof which dropped with a half-liquid splash.

The sound of a piano made the air delicious to these girls outside. Light falling upon them from the window showed that one wore an old shawl over her head, and the other a dirty hood. The dusk blurred their outlines, and they shrank farther into it every time a pair of waltzers inside whirled near the window.

The waltzing pair were also two girls, near one age, beautifully draped, glowing, and handsome. Another young lady, in an outline of pearl-gray, could be seen at the piano. She threw her hands about with abandon, and a ring or two flashed in the firelight.

"I wish I knew how they done that," said the taller of the girls outside anxiously. "Ketch hold of me that way, Tillie, and le's see if we can't do it."

Tillie obediently caught hold of her sister, but, being much smaller, could

only reach her elbows. Placing their toes near together, they spun round with the motion of a top.

"Tisn't the way," pronounced the older girl despondently. "I could do it, though, just as good as they do, if I knew how they fixed their feet."

The piano and the waltzers went on. Tillie was not willing to stop: she spun ahead after her sister released her, inventing steps and skips.

"Don't go so close to the window: they'll see ye."

Tillie dropped back. The piano, as the waltzers flagged and began to promenade arm in arm, leaped from the waltz to a quick, gay melody, and Tillie's arms and feet responded.

"Can you knock that tune?" inquired her guide, philosopher, and friend in the old shawl.

The child "knocked" it to a nicety. Her cowhide shoes were dulled by the snow, but their muffled pat was true to the music. The figure she danced could not be called by any name. It was not a jig or a clog,—she had never heard of such things,—nor a double-shuffle such as plantation darkies and the rustic foot everywhere delight in. It was a skipping, patting dance of her own. She put her hands on her hips: from them downward she was electric motion and flopping scant skirt; from them upward, immobility and gravity. Her breathing became audible, but she knocked away. Her older sister sat down in a chair they had with them, and watched her. She knocked herself into the bar of light and out again. She was in a rapture of motion, when the other jumped up and a gate clanged.

"There's Tom Mills comin' from down town. Le's hurry in: he'll ketch us."

Tillie immediately took hold of her side of the chair, and, carrying it between them, they hastened toward the kitchen-door and knocked.

A colored man opened the door. Neal had come to his present home a contraband, sent North by Captain Mills at the close of the war. From a shuffling boy he had grown into a colored gentleman who conducted the gardening and the stables

at the Hill-house. He also moved the heavy machinery of housekeeping: fires and errands depended on him. He had grown to his place, and ornamented it with a good-looking black face and ceremonious airs. But there was one thing in the world that Neal hated, that thing being a poor white: he could see no use in such a person. With all a negro's respect for what he considers magnificent, and contempt for small resources, Neal would rather have been kicked by Captain Mills—though he never was—than fairly spoken by any of the Chenoworths. The Chenoworths were the "lowest-down lot" he knew. When the two girls on the step faced him he was stirred by an antagonism of race begun, perhaps, generations back in Tennessee, before a Chenoworth had come to Ohio.

"We brought home the chair Aunt Sally Teagarden sent to daddy to get a bottom put in it," said the elder girl.

"Oh, yes," said Neal, receiving it. "It's just a kitchen chair. Didn't know she's *your* aunt Sally."

"Folks always calls her so," returned the girl curtly.

"Didn't know she was aunt to Chinnyworth's Damsel," persisted Neal, putting the chair against the wall as he chuckled sarcastically.

"My name ain't Chinnyworth's Damsel," said the girl, letting the shawl drop from her head and standing in the kitchen before her sister. There was only a ruddy light of wood-coals in the stove, beside which Neal had been basking. The cook was down-cellars with the light.

"That's what folks always calls you," said Neal,—"Chinnyworth's Damsel. Ain't got no other name, have ye?"

"It's Tamsin," said the girl with a heavy intonation. She was scowling, and the little one, taking the cue from her, was scowling also. "You mind your black business."

"Them is mighty ellygant words. Shows your bringin' up."

Tamsin looked at him fiercely. She had a pair of black eyes which suggested lancets. The stove-light threw her head into relief against the dark door. She was olive-colored, with flaxen hair. All

the Chenoworths were tow-headed, but their type comprised almost invariably, in addition, livid skins and weak blue eyes. The younger sister showed the impress of her ancestry. She was yellow, flaxen, and blue-eyed, but she had a mouth and jaw which gave individuality to her little face. Her lips were rosy, and she had rows of small shining teeth which seemed to extend from ear to ear. This gave her a gay, good-natured look. She held to her sister's dress with one claw-hand and looked at Neal with dislike.

"I'll tell Mis' Teagard' you brought the chair," said Neal more kindly. "I's just a-teasin' you when I called you Chinnyworth's Damsel."

"I'm goin' in to see her myself."

"Wouldn't, now," argued Neal. "They's young ladies—visitors—in there."

"S'pose I'm afraid o' seein' them? They ain't no better than *I am*."

"Phu!" ejaculated Neal behind her back.

She made her way, without any announcement, through the half-lighted dining-room, with Tillie beside her, and presently appeared at the ruby grate, where Aunt Sally Teagarden sat alternately knitting and turning the leaves of a book on a table.

This noble-looking, portly old lady, with hair as white as puffs of thistle-down on her rounded temples, looked up quickly from her treatise and gave the two girls a pleasant "Good-evening." She had a peculiar twitching of the corners of her mouth when she spoke, not at all unbecoming to her, but of which she was quite unconscious. "Come up to the fire, Tamsin and Tillie," she said, with a twist of benign expression.

"We brought home your cheer," said Tamsin, spreading her fingers to the fire.

"Oh, you brought home that chair? Well, Thomas is in the other room, and when he comes out I'll get the money to send to your father. My pocket-book is up-stairs."

A male voice and the voices of girls sounded through the open archway of a parlor which branched from the side of

this. Tamsin wanted to see the young-lady visitors, but in order to do so she would have to walk boldly up the room.

"Take seats," said Captain Mills's aunt; and Tamsin sat down on a haircloth cushion, but Tillie stood by the mantel, resting one foot upon the other.

Aunt Sally glanced through her glasses at the new page of her treatise. "I am just reading a little in Andrew Jackson Davis's great book while I knit," she observed benignly, willing to share her favorite *ism* with anybody. "It's a wonderful book. Remarkable what a power of language he has. Has your mother finished reading that *Banner of Light* I sent her?"

"She pasted it up on the wall," said Tillie. Her sister was listening to the other voices.

"Well," said Aunt Sally, pushing up her glasses, "I didn't intend that. But perhaps," with energetic twists of her mouth, "that is as good a way as any to keep some of the remarkable séances in her mind. There was a beautiful account in that paper, given by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, of communing with a spirit from New Jersey." She went on rapidly, pouring Spiritualistic lore into her hearers.

Their eyes wandered up to the high ceiling and down the tinted walls, over velvet carpet and painted landscapes, bronze busts and a cabinet-world of bric-à-brac. Tillie started when the mantel-clock told the half-hour with a chime like music.

"Now, aunt," said Captain Mills, sauntering through the archway.—"Good-evening," in short parenthesis to the girls.—"I hear the Spiritualist drum beating a rally."

"Thomas," replied his aunt, "I never expect you to be a believer. The construction of your mind is such that you will not accept the most positive proofs. And I never thrust my opinions on anybody. The girls here are waiting. Have you got some change about you to pay for reseating a chair?"

The captain went into his pockets, and, having ascertained what amount was wanted, paid it. While he did so,

Tamsin watched him with speculative eyes. He was her single type of a gentleman. He had come home from the army as hairy as a monkey, the townpeople said, but at this date he was a smooth-shaven, prematurely iron-gray man of perhaps forty, with a thick black moustache and smiling eyes. He bore a family resemblance to his aunt, having her smoothly-rounded temples and high-arched head. The benignity displayed in her face became graver in his.

"Are you busy at anything now, Tamsin?" inquired Aunt Sally.

"No, ma'am," replied the girl, fingering the money in the corner of her shawl.

"Then you might come here and help about the house while we have company. There are a good many things up-stairs and around that need attention when the whole house is in use. I thought about sending down to see if your mother could let you come."

"She won't care. Have you got a good many visitors?"

"Three young ladies,—the captain's cousin and two of her friends. They came to spend the holidays with us. Very well. In the morning, then."

"I can come back to-night, after I take Tillie home."

Captain Mills was sauntering off through the archway.

"If you are not afraid of the dark—" suggested Aunt Sally.

Chenoworth's daughter smiled slowly. What difference did it make to anybody whether *she* was afraid of the dark or not? "I can run right quick."

"Well, you might come back to-night, then."

CHAPTER II.

THE CHENOWORTHS.

TAMSIN and her sister ran down the hill, crossed the pike, and walked along the middle of the road which led toward their back-street residence. Some dogs jumped out of the enclosures around large houses and barked at them. Though there was little traffic on the old canal

at that time, Tillie was moved to point at a light far off floating serenely through the fog and say, "There goes a boat."

"Tisn't!" observed Tamsin, hugging her shawl; "must be a lantern around the tavern."

They came to their home, standing dejected, unpainted, and humble in a wilderness of dried corn-stalks which rustled sadly in every breath of air, their dull bleached outlines suggesting ranks of diminutive ghosts.

Tamsin opened the door and looked in at a scene she had never loved. The interior was bare and coarse and smelled of onions. There was the open fire, but its light was dull. Her mother sat mending stockings by a tallow candle; her father stooped over the hearth smoking. He was a decent old man who seemed to have given his family up as a hard problem. Sarah Jane sat there holding her baby. Arthur had come in, and John and George had for once forborne to go down town, and were growling at each other. All, excepting Sarah Jane, looked clay-colored and bleached, as if the weather had held them at its mercy for generations.

Tamsin disliked her family. She had no filial affection for her parents. Their apathy and general thriftlessness roused unexpressed indignation in her. She felt her existence as an indignity which they had cast upon her. She compared them with people whom she considered admirable, and silently hated them. She hated the two lazy boys who crowded her in the humble house. Her scorn was of the high-bred sort which shows no outward sign but indifference. When they ate their food she despised their loud chewing, their greedy dipping into dishes. When they lounged down town with their hands in their pockets she despised them for following the gypsy instincts of their blood, and avoiding, or accomplishing nothing by, labor. She was a magazine of silent rebellions and hatreds. No empress ever had a mightier pride or stronger will. The spirit which her people had lacked for generations was perhaps concentrated in

her. She resented all her conditions of life. Under its pressure she was old. In a less aggressive way, she was as cynical as Timon. A reticent and dignity-loving nature thus became secretive. But, while silently denying the stock from which she sprang, this girl had been known to scratch her school-fellows for disrespect toward the name of Chenoworth. It seemed to her secret consciousness the last humiliation of all that folks should ever know how she despised the Chenoworths herself. There was vast endurance in her. Natural girlish delicacy and sensitiveness, which in her were extreme, had long since protected themselves by a thick shell. At that time she had no room for more than one strong affection: she loved her youngest sister, and she loved nothing else.

Tillie pulled off her hood and approached the fire, but Tamsin merely stood and announced that she was going back.

"I wouldn't work for them proud things," said Sarah Jane, who had an aquiline nose and lines which made a triangle of her chin.

Mrs. Chenoworth had nothing to say: her children always did as they pleased. She looked up, and, observing that her nephew Arthur was about to leave the house also, suggested plaintively, "Stay longer, Arter."

"I guess I'll walk along a piece with Tamsin," said Arthur.

"I guess you won't!" retorted Tamsin scornfully. "I don't want you along of me."

"You'll get over your spiteful ways, miss," remarked Sarah Jane, "when you've seen the trouble I've seen."

Tillie clasped the black-eyed alien round the waist, and they looked most confidently into each other's eyes.

"Come up to-morrow," said Tamsin.

"I will," replied Tillie.

"Don't kick the kivver off to-night. You might git a bad sore throat again."

"Then mammy'd make me poultice it," laughed Tillie.

"I s'pose," remarked Arthur as he left the door behind Tamsin, "you wouldn't have anything against me walk-

in' on the other side of the road from you if I's goin' the same way?"

She did not reply or wait to see which side he chose. Her shawled head flitted away from him, though he could hear heavy shoes beating the snow till their rush died in the distance.

As Tamsin ran up the hill the oldest of the young-lady guests was holding a fresh skein of yarn for Aunt Sally to wind, and saying, while Captain Mills and the girls were occupied with themselves, that she did wish Aunt Sally would tell her some of her recollections or experiences. The girls had said she knew charming Irish fairy-stories.

"The wee folk," said Aunt Sally, pulling off a long thread.

Yes, but Miss Rhoda Jones preferred to hear about real folks,—the people in this little town, for instance. Mrs. Teagarden must know all about them,—their peculiarities and trials and unwritten histories.

Aunt Sally knew that Miss Jones was what is called a "writer," and that this was a hook thrown out for a good catch of "material;" but she inclined toward furnishing material. She was convinced that if she had not lived a busy practical life she would have been literary herself. Andrew Jackson Davis and Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch were dearer to her because they "wrote." There had been one lovely school-girl niece in the family, Captain Tom's sister, who died at her blossoming, but whose poems were turning yellow in Aunt Sally's treasure-box. How could she look otherwise than affectionately on an author, when her namesake-girl had been prevented only by death from taking the lead in letters?

"Well," said Aunt Sally with an energetic preliminary twist of the mouth, "most of the trials of the people about here are caused, as they usually are, I have observed, by their own thriftlessness or carelessness. The Chenoworth girls came in here awhile ago, and I was reading Andrew Jackson Davis's book: somehow, I got to thinking of the strength of hereditary tendencies."

"Chenoworth?" questioned Miss Jones as she turned her hand for

the passage of the yarn. "That's rather a pretty name,—much higher-sounding than Jones."

"The people who know them wouldn't say so," continued Aunt Sally, always with the beneficent twitching. "It's a name that means around here everything base and good-for-nothing. I have known the Chenoworths from my childhood, and I never saw one of them amount to anything, except one that died in Tom's company during the war, and he was a notorious thief before he 'listed. But it's a shame to bring up charges against the country's dead," Aunt Sally admonished herself solemnly. "He was sent home in his box after Lookout Mountain: Tom saw that he was sent home."

"There are girls in the family, you said?"

"Oh, yes: there is a large connection of them,—all about alike, except that the younger ones seem to grow worse than the old ones. I heard it said there was a solid county of them in Tennessee before they moved to Ohio. Always living from hand to mouth, the men usually with no trades or business of any kind, and the women struggling to support prolific families."

"Poor things!"

"Yes, indeed! Such people are always multiplying their helpless offspring. I have thought sometimes Tamsin might turn out a little different from the rest, and I do what I can for her and encourage her; but," the old lady paused in her winding to say impressively, "hereditary tendencies are stronger than life itself. Her history was all written down before she was born."

"Tamsin?" murmured Miss Jones.

"Yes. She was here with her little sister awhile ago. I feel sorry for that girl. Nobody knows any harm of her, but what good can she ever come to?"

"Why not?"

"The name of the family will drag her down. Good blood," said Aunt Sally, who saw it coursing gently through the thin veins on her very round and handsome wrist, "is the best inheritance a child can have. But where a stock has sunk below respectability as far back

as you can trace it, what can you expect of it?"

"How old is this Tamsin?"

"About fifteen or sixteen, I should think."

"Pretty?"

"Not to my notion. She had a sister who was called rather pretty,—Sarah Jane. Sarah Jane went up to the capital to learn millinery, and she's just home with a child in her arms, trying to give it away to somebody to raise, I hear. There was poor Mary. She was the oldest girl of the set, and she did real well for a while. One of our rich farmers' wives took her and made a daughter of her; and I have always thought it was fate against the poor child, and not her fault, that she didn't do better. The family she lived with made everything of her. Mary was good-looking,—that is, as near good-looking as I ever saw a Chenoworth. She had a beau, and I think he disappointed her. It would have been a fine match for her, and she certainly loved him. But he went off, and she turned and married one of her trifling cousins: the Chenoworths intermarry to that degree it seems as if they can't mate with anybody outside of their own stock. So there the poor thing is, tied down for life, with half a dozen miserable little ones to follow her around and no living provided for them. The farmer's family were so indignant at her throwing herself away that they would have nothing to do with her."

"Poor thing!"

"Yes. And there was the oldest,—Sam. He married Mary Mann. He was a poor half-witted thing, and she lived a jade's life; and finally she took poison one night, and he lay there drunk beside her, and she told him what she had done and begged him to help her. While she groaned and cried, 'Well,' said he, 'you oughtn't to took it!' and went to sleep. When he waked in the morning she was cold."

Miss Jones hid her face on her arm. She saw the dying and helpless woman, and felt the tragedy through every nerve.

"The second boy is in the county

jail for stealing, and the two young ones are common loafers. Old Mr. Cheno-worth is a harmless creature, so far as I know, and his wife doesn't seem to be a lazy woman, but probably in the generation before him are to be found the seeds which ripened in this." The chronicler ended with a meditative twitch of her mouth.

"That poor girl!" mused the other.

"Tamsin? Sometimes I think there is something in Tamsin."

"Why couldn't she study? Why couldn't she make a woman of herself?"

Aunt Sally shook her wise head: "It isn't in the stock to take to education: they are all ignorant. Once in a while I send a copy of the *Banner of Light* there, but I doubt if any of them read it."

"Or if she had some talent that would lift her up?"

"Tamsin hasn't any gifts out of the common, that I ever heard of. She's just a good ordinary girl."

Rhoda Jones shook her head slowly, having this melancholy figure in her mind: "It is like living under some crushing weight, or in swamps where the live-oak moss would make one want to commit suicide,—worse than being a homeless and kinless orphan. If she were an orphan without relatives, somebody would take pity on her, but, as she has *too* many relatives, they despise her."

"She'll probably marry her cousin Arthur, a hulk of a fellow; but he hasn't much harm in him—or anything else. Some one told me he was hanging after her. And she'll go the way of the rest of them."

The dining-room door, which had stood ajar, moved silently back, and Tamsin came in with her shawl around her shoulders.

CHAPTER III.

"SEEDS OF TIME."

BOTH speakers looked at her with a start, but Tamsin's face gave no sign of what she had heard. She did not meet their eyes, but went and sat down some

distance from them in the unconscious dignity of loneliness. Rather than have them know that she had heard and was tormented by this formulated statement from other tongues of her own nebulous convictions, she would have hugged her blistering shame in secrecy if it killed her.

Aunt Sally felt disturbed, and the fountain of her kindness flowed: "Come nearer to the fire, Tamsin. Ain't you cold?"

"No, ma'am."

"Is it thawing out-doors?" inquired Miss Rhoda, wishing to open communication between this girl and herself.

"Toler'ble soft." She sat as immovable as an Indian, her eyelids lowered.

Rhoda scanned her with two or three keen looks, and, finding this scrutiny apparently unnoticed, studied her with a silent gaze, turning her skein-supporting hands now to this side, now to that. "There is great force in her," thought Miss Jones,—"an individuality which is going to assert itself. She looks good: the oval of her cheeks is splendid. How do people who rarely have enough to eat get up that curve and rich olive color? Black eyebrows and eyelashes and light hair! A reticent expression, but one, also, that seems to be absorbing everything around."

Aunt Sally wound the last end of yarn upon her ball. "Now, Tamsin," said she, rising, "you come with me up-stairs, and I'll show you what to do there."

Captain Mills and the girls were very merry in the other parlor, and after gazing at the fire awhile Miss Rhoda joined them. At eleven o'clock he bade them good-night.

Aunt Sally always retired at nine, after ordering breakfast and seeing to the fastening of all the doors. She left Tamsin the choice of going to bed at that time or sitting up until the young ladies had gone, to see that the fires were well down and read Andrew Jackson Davis. Tamsin took her place, with no light but that of the grate, and without Andrew Jackson Davis, on a small sofa beside the arch connecting the

parlors, where the group of young ladies could not see her. Her object was to look at them as much as she pleased. As to their talk, she did not think of overhearing it, yet when she began to notice it she listened keenly. Jennie Mills, who was really a beautiful brown girl, pleased her eye. Louise Latta, a very sweet-natured blonde, was pronounced by Tamsin the image of pride, because she had pretty airs and turns of the head and a fine clock-stockinged and slippers foot resting on the fender. The Chenoworth doubted not they all three considered her as the dirt under their soles. She put out her own foot and looked furtively at it. The leather was heavy around its shape, and that looked big compared to the one on the fender. Jennie Mills threw up her hands to exclaim, "Oh, girls!" and Tamsin looked at her own hands,—not white and sparkling with ornaments, but chapped and red. More attractive to her than the others was Rhoda Jones, the wearer of the pearl-gray dress, who had played the piano. How wonderful it must be to play the piano! She seemed to be a person who could do anything she wished.

Tamsin tried to detect how the other two "did" their hair. There they all three sat toasting themselves by the deeply-red fire, saying they must go to bed, but lingering to tell a story or a joke. What good times rich folks' girls had!

"If we go up-stairs," said Jennie, "there are only the registers, and of course the furnace-fire must be low: so let's bask as long as we can. Oh, how I should love to spend *every* winter in Florida! Cold weather kills me."

"You ought to marry a Southerner, Jen," suggested Louise.

"And have the yellow fever every summer? You horrid thing!"

"Oh, you could spend the summers with us."

"How silly you girls would be to think of marrying at your age!" exclaimed Rhoda energetically.

"We don't think of it: it's the far-

thest possible thing from our thoughts. But look here, Rhoda Jones: we're twenty-two,—that is, I am, and Lou is going to be soon. Gracious! we're pretty near old maids!"

"Old maids," said Rhoda scornfully, "are things of the past."

"I know they are," said Louise: "they feel it themselves."

"No, they don't. Come to that, *I'm* one."

"You don't look a day older than we do, Rhode."

"Why, certainly I do! I've years of experience and thought that you don't know anything about. But I tell you the scarecrow old maid *is* a thing of the past: it was set up to frighten silly women away from the fields of independence. The woman of to-day, when she gets ready to marry, marries, and it doesn't make any difference to her whether she's twenty-five or a hundred. We don't live in the hard conditions that our grandmothers lived in. We aren't old at forty any more; our bodies ripen on instead of withering. We learn how to take care of them and how to bring ourselves in happy relations to society, and we get a few dabs of art-knowledge; and literature is a mighty preservative of the tissues. When I was fifteen I was a skinny little thing; but look here." She held up one half-revealed plump arm, and her face seemed to sparkle. "I just learned how to live, and I'm *going to live*—all over, every faculty of me—as many days as are granted."

"Now, come, Rhode," coaxed Jennie, catching the uplifted hand: "do tell us if there's anything in this splendid turquoise ring."

"My finger, as you see."

"If *I* were engaged," remarked Louise in an injured tone,—"and, mind, I don't say I ain't, but—I should tell my friends about it some time, especially my real old friends."

"Well, you two ancient goddesses—"

"Ah, Rhoda, you are!"

"Of course I am. Because I expect to be married before very long."

The other girls uttered little squalls and crowded closer to her: "Oh, tell us



all about it. Is he light or dark? Is he real fascinating? Oh, what is his name? Is it Smith? Is it some gentleman where you are living now? Oh, Rhoda Jones, to think we have known you all our lives and don't know who you are going to marry!"

"I meant to tell you when I got around to it. Why, what's the use of making such a fuss about it? Marriage is only an incident in men's lives,—an important one, of course,—and why should it be more in ours?"

"Mercy, Rhode! you're getting to be strong-minded. But, oh, do tell us his name!"

"His name is Mr. Burns."

"Burns? That sounds nice."

"Of course it does: it is nice. I shan't be Burne-Jones, but Jones-Burns. He is a most agreeable old gentleman."

"Old!" Both girls emitted a low shriek.

"Why, certainly! You don't think I would marry a boy, do you? Don't you know I'm thirty? but I think I shall stay twenty-nine until after the wedding,—not that I am afraid of thirty, but twenty-nine seems a more interesting age to be married at. Yes, and the top of his head is bald."

"Bald!" Both girls emitted another choral shriek.

"Oh, you needn't make a fuss. He has a very nice fringe above his ears and around the back of his head."

"And is he rich?"

"Yes, of course he is rich. Do you think I have been poor and deserving all my life to bestow myself on a poverty-stricken husband at last?"

Tamsin was listening intently to these revelations from a higher sphere. She leaned farther forward to ponder on the speaker. Was that proud, commanding, well-dressed girl poor? Here she was, a guest in a rich man's house and going to marry another rich man. The Cheno-worth division of all society was simply into rich and poor. The rich were favored in every way; the poor were necessarily down-trodden. How, then, was that girl different from Tamsin Cheno-worth, being poor, according to her

own testimony? In a dim way Tamsin comprehended that there was a strong individual spirit in that pearl-colored figure, and that education was a species of riches. Her mental receptiveness was roused to the fullest action. Rhoda loomed before her suddenly a vast example. What Rhoda said became seed, which she strewed plenteously without knowing it.

"I used to think," exclaimed Jennie, "that you and Cousin Tom might make a match some time."

"Captain Tom? I don't see how you could think that, when we've always been such excellent friends."

Louise looked up from the grate with a pensive expression: "Are you very much in love?"

"With my future prospects? Yes, I am. I'm going to have everything I ever wanted, and a comfortable husband who knows my untamed ways and won't thwart me." Rhoda took out a great many hair-pins and let her mass of hair come down to her waist while she declaimed to the two fair faces near her. "If there is anything on earth I am sick and tired of, it is all this nonsense about sentiment. Now, there you sit, both of you, stuffed full of love-stories without a grain of practical sense in one of them, expecting a knight, if only in the shape of dear, simple Davy Crockett, to ride up and carry you off. When you see that very excellent backwoods play—it has literary merits—don't your heart-strings ring to Davy's rough rendering of 'Young Lochinvar'? 'I want my bride,' says the knight.—'Git out!' says the dad.—'Whoop!' says the knight; and he disappears from the scene with the willing young lady. That's all very entertaining, but I like civilization. Not to put too fine a point on it, I like luxury."

So did Tamsin, though she had never defined her delight in beautiful and sumptuous surroundings.

"And I can't do without it," continued Rhoda. "I like the things money will buy, and I've never had enough to buy them. In the Middle Ages, when everybody was fighting

against everybody else, the strongest baron was the safest man to have for a husband. Money is the feudal power to-day: the strongest baron now is the man who can make the most money."

"I should be afraid to marry for money," sighed Jennie. Her thoughts flew to a very handsome youth in her father's law-office.

"You'd a great deal better be afraid to marry without it."

"But is it quite right?" murmured Louise.

"You've been reading Miss Mulock's novels," puffed Rhoda scornfully. "I haven't a bit of patience with that woman. She harps on the same old silly string year after year, and you girls listen and weep and long for an impecunious young man on the altar of whose fortunes you can make a sacrifice of your youth and comfort. Don't you know that the key-note of the times is not sentiment, but practical sense? Just after the war, when the country was wrought to a high pitch of nerves, current literature overflowed with self-sacrifice. According to that showing,—and current literature ought to be a good reflection of the times,—everybody was running around trying to outdo his neighbor in the broken-heart and self-renunciation business. One heroine gave up her lover to a friend who fancied him; another sacrificed her future prospects to nurse somebody. All that sort of thing was 'noble.' I think it was mawkish. It isn't natural and human. I am a healthy, selfish girl,—not mean or unjust,—but I have had some sharp, and even cruel, experiences. I know to my own satisfaction that poverty causes more evil than perhaps anything else in the world, and that easy circumstances are a great nourisher of the virtues. Why should I let my own observations go for nothing and take the dictum of sentimentalists who have no gauge for my individual life? Ah! dear Charles Lamb!" mused Rhoda, leaning forward and resting her elbow on her knee. "He told the truth, for he had felt the pinch: 'Goodly legs and shoulders of mutton, exhilarating cordials, books, pictures, the

opportunities of seeing foreign countries, independence, heart's ease, a man's own time to himself, are not *muck*, however we may be pleased to scandalize with that appellation the faithful metal that provides them for us.'"

"Oh, my! I should hate to be real poor and nobody at all, and have no parties or dresses or good times," exclaimed Jennie.

"So should I," murmured Louise. "But then I should hate to marry a man I didn't like at all."

"The man I am going to marry," said Rhoda, tossing her head back and winding her hair in a knot, "I do decidedly like. As to being in love with him, I am not a bit so: that would be very disagreeable and give him an advantage over me. Besides, love is a fleeting quality, while you can put your hand on abundant means and always find them there. I have been desperately in love—"

"Oh, Rhoda!"

"And desperately disgusted with it; while I find that comfort never disgusts me. I like power and a good position."

("I'd like such things too," thought Tamsin.)

"And I like travel and culture. It is very kind of this excellent man to lift the burden of life from me and give me the delicious sensation of not having to slave for an actual living,—though, of course, I've always tried to get a full life. I expect him to have faults, and acknowledge it is not agreeable to hear him drinking as if his oesophagus was outside instead of inside his throat, and smacking his mouth at table. Still, I can forgive him that. A man whom I doted on might let me carry my own packages or pierce me with unmerited reproaches. My observation is that men can be very tyrannical and abusive toward the women of their families."

("Oh, can't they, though!" muttered Tamsin, breathing through closed teeth.)

"Therefore I want to protect myself as much as possible from the miseries of matrimony. A girl of my acquaintance married for love, pure and simple and

plenty of it. She expected too much. She took a very fair young man and spoiled him with flattery and free service, and exacted no courtesy, no respect, no delicate consideration, in return, —nothing but his protested love. The last time I saw her she was a faded, jaded creature, effervescent sourly at the world, pinched by a paltry income, while her dear lord rode high and free, enjoying life in his own way, though doubtless loving her still. You see, love-matches are just as apt to turn out badly as any other kind."

"I shall be afraid ever to marry anybody if you don't quit saying such dreadful things," exclaimed the brunette.

"That won't hurt you," said Rhoda sagely as she rose. And, laughing, she added, "What a gallop I have been taking on one of my hobbies!"

"And you haven't told us a *word* about your wedding-trip or what things you are going to have!"

"Oh, I am promised the foreign tour. As to my wardrobe, I shall have to do as well as I can: in my case, you know, there is no rich relation to insist on decorating the sacrifice. I rather like the situation: it would gall me to owe a trousseau to parties not responsible for me. When we arrive at Paris, I think I shall have been married long enough to warrant my accepting a dress or two from my husband if he insists. He is very generous, and would load me with gorgeous presents now if I would allow it."

"I should allow it," exclaimed Jennie. "You make me perfectly green with envy."

"Me too," chimed Louise as heartily. "Oh, Rhoda, can't you find each of us a nice old gentleman with that pretty fringe above his ears and plenty of money?"

"This is what I will do, girls: when we come back and are settled down, I'll have you to spend several months with me. It's a very gay little city; you can have germans and rides and parties to your hearts' content."

Both girls clapped their hands lightly with quick enthusiasm.

"We must go to bed now," declared Jennie. "It's getting near the witching hour, and I am such a coward! There isn't a soul up in the house except ourselves."

They gathered up as many of their belongings as they had scattered about, and Jennie blew out all the candles except one, which she transferred to a china candlestick to light the way. In its rather feeble company, and encircled by an outer rim of darkness which it could not pierce, the girls tiptoed through the hall and up-stairs, seeing long distorted spectres of themselves stretching up the walls.

When the noise of their closing doors came to Tamsin's ears through the deep stillness, she slipped into the front parlor and stooped down before the remaining coals. Like an automaton she took the shovel and heaped ashes upon their trembling light. Fire has the color and the motion of a living thing. Tamsin hung over it with a sensuous pleasure in its beauty. Every point where a violet flame reared suddenly from the red-hot bed received a benediction of ashes. Her hand forgot its mechanical business. "You needn't think you're goin' to be slighted," said Tamsin, talking to a little coal gazing reproachfully at her through a hole in the ashes. "Here's a good lot for you, —enough to wrap yourself up in all night. Every feller will be served alike. Now, you're winter wheat that's sowed in the fall and comes up in the spring. The grain's all buried deep; dirt's over top of it. Folks couldn't tell the's so much seed kivvered here ready to sprout."

CHAPTER IV. PREPARATION.

Two or three busy days passed rapidly by. The whole village of Barnet knew there was to be a party given in honor of the young-lady guests at the Hill-house. There could be no loftier pinnacle of festivity. Like every country town over fifty years old, Barnet had its solid people who formed its society,—

people whose goods increased with every generation, who lived in time-tinted, hospitable-looking homesteads, sent their sons to college, their daughters to seminaries, and loved to prove to all strangers that they were not a whit behind the age. In such mature villages you find, instead of the provincial manners you have a right to look for, a jealous conformity to what these villages consider city life. But while the citizen is a free agent, with his own set, perhaps his club or several clubs, and his amusements, aside from the serious business of life, the villager is hampered by a heavy etiquette and a servile imitation of what he considers standard models.

The Barnet girls were preparing for the party with delight; the young gentlemen were also anticipating, according to their several temperaments, the pleasure or terror of a white-glove assembly in a community averse to dancing and card-playing. It is true that the very flower of Barnet society patronized the great yearly ball at the tavern which celebrated Washington's Birthday; but general sentiment was against such frivolity, and ministers about that time waxed very warm in denouncing the pleasures of sin which are for a season, and indulgent parents felt compunction that their pretty girls or spirited boys succeeded in gaining permission to partake of this exhilarating wickedness.

Barnet was not intellectual, but it had long since discarded the plays and marching chants which belong to primitive society. At its fashionable assemblies it stood up straight and conversed with miserable effort, or promenaded, or listened with hypocritical enjoyment to piano-playing.

But very cheerful preparations were going forward at the dwelling which had been locally known as "the Hill-house" ever since the Mills's grandfather built it there to be away from the fumes of his distillery, which, half a mile distant, had discharged slops into the canal at its side and vast clouds of blackness from its monumental chimney into the sky. The silent distillery at this date leaned as if it meditated making a noise

in the world yet by coming down with all its bulk into the canal; the street leading toward it, which in earlier days had creaked with loads of grain, was still called the "cinder-road," and owed its hardness to ancient ashes from the distillery; the chimney stood as inflexible as the shaft of Bunker Hill. But the Mills barely deigned to own it now, and perhaps felt no gratitude toward the venerable edifice for the fortune it had given them.

Wax candles, multiplying themselves thousands of times in pendants and looking-glasses, shone all over the Hill-house. They were a light peculiar to that homestead, whose venerable mistress disliked modern lamps and the smell of oil. The Mills had always afforded wax candles. Aunt Sally moulded dozens of them after the best recipe known to man, which could be found only in her recipe-book on the page with spring beer and mince-pies. The faces of her neighbors and neighbors' children never appeared so pleasing as when swimming in the mild radiance which wax lights alone can shed. If the candles ran down or sputtered—though hers seldom did—or pointed lengthening spires of wick knobbed with "letters" for the young people to take off on their fingers, that was the nature of candles. One branch of Neal's business on company-nights was to tiptoe around at least once with the silver snuffers and tray and snuff all the candles.

A house prepared for guests seems to sit smiling expectantly while it listens for the first arrival. The piano is open; doors or curtains are drawn back that parlors and library may melt hospitably together; the dressing-rooms are warm and light; the fires are banks of burning color; the flowers are as fresh as the first girl in white who bends her neck to smell them. Our familiar haunts are not ours for the time: they belong to the genius of Hospitality, and we are merely its purveyors.

Precisely at half-past seven o'clock Aunt Sally left her last order with Neal and turned toward her own room to put on the black brocade and lace bosom-piece which all Barnet honored. She was a most capable hostess, and her face shone

in the glory of its white hair and benevolence. It was never a weariness to her to have guests in the house; and guests were there constantly. Jennie Mills or any other cousin felt privileged to bring troops of friends at all times, and the captain had constant satellites,—old comrades, new and odd acquaintances, sporting gentlemen who came to hunt with him in the season.

"Tamsin," said Aunt Sally, looking at the girl and remembering how rapidly and willingly she had worked, "I should have let you run home to change your dress before it got dark. But Tillie is here; you can take her for company."

Tamsin stood still, looking at the long and glittering table in the dining-room. "They won't mind me," she muttered.

"Remember not to stay long," admonished Aunt Sally.

Tamsin looked up in real anguish: "Do I have to?"

"Have to what, child?"

"Put on something else."

"Why, that dress is dirty."

"I know't," fingering the threadbare cotton folds with a trembling touch and speaking in a whisper. "I thought I'd git time to run home and wash and iron it; but I didn't." Her fingers tightened and twitched the faded thing.

"Haven't you any other dress?"

"No, 'm," fiercely, as if the confession were torn from her.

"I wish I had known it," said Aunt Sally, pushing up her glasses. "I wanted you to help pass the supper. Why, that's too bad, Tamsin! You ought to have bought yourself a dress with the last money I paid you. Let me see: when was that?"

"Father wanted it," Chenoworth's daughter deigned to add, with her eyes on the floor.

"Well, I'm sorry," said the fair old lady kindly, and she went up-stairs with the benevolent intention of speaking to one of the girls in behalf of her humble Cinderella.

Tamsin stood still, fingering the old dress, her olive face heated and her mouth curved down in scorn. "It's always going to be so, it's always going

to be so!" that strong spirit which ground her down mocked in her ear; upon which her own spirit defiantly retorted, "It isn't! it shan't."

Nobody would ever learn from her own lips that her father was in the habit of borrowing whatever she could earn and charging up her board and lodging to her as repayment. If the old man suspected himself of meanness, he silenced that suspicion by pointing to the fact that he had a large family to support and somebody must support it. One or two small producers fare badly among half a dozen non-producers.

"I wanted to git Tillie a dress, daddy," Tamsin had petitioned on the last occasion.

"Dresses is all vanity," said the old man.

"And I'm nearly naked myself."

"Well, where's corn-meal and side-meat to come from, and all the sugar that you eat up, if so much money has to be spent on clothes?"

"Why don't the boys work? Why don't you *make* 'em work at something?" she cried fiercely; at which the old man had growled helplessly and put her earnings in his pocket.

"I might 'a lied and hid it," whispered Tamsin, winking back a glare of tears which made the few lights in the dining-room each put a nimbus over its white length. "Then me and Tillie needn't be shamed as bad as we are. But somehow I never do: I always give it to him. And folks believe I don't care how I look. Folks don't know what you're thinking about." To keep folks from even suspecting, she changed the expression of her face the instant the kitchen-door opened, and looked to see Neal enter in his best black coat and air of politest superiority. "I hate niggers!" she hissed under her breath. "They feel so smart when they've got plenty to eat and to wear and a nice house to live in."

But it was Tillie who came in and ran up to put her arms around her elder's waist. Every curve in Tamsin's face became maternal and tender. She smoothed the flaxen poll. "I hain't seen ye for so long," said Tillie.

"Did you miss me, honey?"

"Yes; I don't like to git shut of ye."

"What they doin' down there?"

"Nothin'. Sary Jane's baby ain't very well."

"You might 'a come up and stayed with me awhile yesterday."

"I hate to stan' round in the way. When Aunt Sally Teagard' saw me comin' in awhile ago, 'peared like she'd think my room was better than my comp'ny."

Tamsin laughed and rocked the wide-mouthed little creature to and fro in her arms as they stood: "'Most anybody'd think that of such rag-bags as you and me. Oh, honey, how I wish I was rich! If I was, I'd give you everything heart could wish."

"We're poor," said Tillie lightly, but with conviction. "We won't never be rich."

"Sometimes I b'lieve I *will*," stated Tamsin with fierce energy. "There'll be some chance. I'd take you off, honey, to see everything in the world. You wouldn't have to stick in the mud here. Fine dresses! A 'cordion to play on!"

"Oh, Tam, *would* you git me a 'cordion?"

"The finest kind of a one."

"I'd play it and knock the tunes while I's a-playin'." Tillie began to shuffle her feet and spread her hands with an imaginary accordion between them.

"And decenter shoes than you ever had on your feet yit," added Tamsin savagely. "What would you like to have the best of anything now?"

"All the good cake I could eat, iced thick," replied Tillie, gazing on the glittering table.

Tamsin rocked her to and fro: "Oh! And we've got to go into my bedroom and stay hid."

"What for?"

"Because I ain't fit to be seen. You don't look so bad, but I do."

Tillie looked grave. Her guardian cast about mentally for cheerful entertainment with which to pass those hours that the guests would spend in gayety.

"And Mis' Teagard' needs me to help

pass the supper, too! But you can say all your hymns out of your little pink book to me settin' there in the dark together."

Tillie assented dubiously and suggested as a specimen "I thank the goodness and the grace." She moreover plunged at once into the recitation, knocking the time with her head instead of her feet: "I've said 'I thank the goodness and the grace' more times 'n I've got hairs in my head, Tamsin :

"I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me in this happy place
A happy Christian child."

"I was not born, as thousands are,
Where God is never known,
And taught to pray a useless prayer
To blocks of wood and stone."

"I was not born without a home,
Or, in some broken shed,
A gypsy baby, taught to roam
And steal my daily bread."

("You was born pretty nigh as bad off, though," said Tamsin under her breath.)

"My God, I thank Thee, who hast planned
A better lot for me,
And placed me in this happy land,
Where I can hear of Thee."

"Tamsin!" It was Miss Jones looking out from the parlor. She was in a loose cashmere dressing-gown, but her hair was elaborately finished. "Will you come up to my room—and bring your little sister if you want to—to help me a minute?"

CHAPTER V.

AN ARRIVAL.

THIS was Rhoda Jones's device for playing a brief part as godmother. Aunt Sally had gone to the girls to have her lace bosom-piece set straight and mention Tamsin's predicament. "If I had known it in time," she said with a sympathetic twist of her mouth, "I could have provided something for her to put on. There are several good calicoes of mine she could have, but they would need a considerable amount of taking in."

"Haven't I got something?" cried

Jennie Mills through a mouthful of dangerous pins and a checked laugh as she manipulated the lace on the old lady's noble shoulders.

"You leave it to me," called Rhoda from across the hall. "Your girl down-stairs, Mrs. Teagarden, is one of the royal personages in disguise who are sensitive to all approach. She will have to be surprised into raiment not her own, or she will not put it on."

"Tamsin is a good, quiet girl," said Aunt Sally; "but you don't know the Chenoweths."

"She is the revolt of the Chenoweths," expounded Rhoda, appearing at the door. "I haven't had my eyes on her nearly a week for nothing."

"You have such queer ideas, Rhoda!" laughed Louise, looking back from her dressing-glass, in which a glorious blond head was being constructed. "Give Rhoda a stump and an old woman with a blackberry-basket, with a little patch of sky overhead and a bit of woods at the back, and she'll get a story out of it, when I couldn't put it into a decent pencil-sketch.—Oh, where is that powder-puff?"

"That's because you draw so abominably," exclaimed Jennie.

"I'll draw a ribbon out of my box for Tamsin, at any rate. Here's one."

"Gracious! she can't dress herself in one ribbon.—I might give her my black cashmere, Aunt Sally. She's larger than Louise, but she's about my height."

"Janet," said Aunt Sally, "don't say another word about it. Your black cashmere is nearly new, and your father and mother would have a fine opinion of me if I encouraged you in such extravagant generosity."

"But you will need her."

"I think I can manage with Neal. And the young gentlemen are always very forward to assist."

"There goes Rhoda down-stairs," said Louise, setting a knot of ribbon in her hair where it would do most damage to beholders.

And very shortly Rhoda returned up the back stairway with two other pairs of feet following her. She shut her door,

murmuring, "This must be a close séance. Other mediums—even the most noble—might spoil the communication."

Tamsin waited, erect and folding her arms, without betraying that she tingled in her raiment beside this wealthier poor girl's fine half-toilet. Tillie sat down on a cane chair by the corner of the open fire and curled her rough-shod feet out of sight.

"The others are over there together," said Miss Jones, unfastening her wrapper, "having no end of fun while they dress. So I thought of you, Tamsin, and wondered if you *would* sew that white frill under the edge of my velvet train for me. There are needle and thread and thimble. Just baste it,—pretty strongly, though: I haven't any doubt some masculine hoof will be set through it. The girls are going to look like angels. Have you seen their dresses?"

"No," replied Tamsin, bending her head over the sewing.

"I keep pretty steadily to black and rich, heavy things. They are less expensive in the long run. Louise is going to be a fluff of lavender-color with a fashionable name, further neutralized by lots of lace. Jennie is going to be a blaze in the landscape: she has a scarlet satin that makes her look like a dream of Egypt."

Tamsin actually felt no sting in these things, told to her as to any young girl. She glanced up at Rhoda Jones, and half smiled with interest.

Rhoda paused in the occupation of pencilling her eyebrows to laugh back. "They were always so pale," she explained. "Not black and straight, like yours."

Tamsin brushed the back of her hand across one eyebrow with a hasty gesture. She rose up with her little task completed.

"Ever so many thanks. Now I wish you'd put on this black skirt and red basque and little red cap, will you? I have a great fancy to see how you'd look in them."

She brought the garments out of a wardrobe. The skirt was cashmere; the jacket and tasselled cap were velveteen. They were full of sandal-wood odor.

"Now, don't refuse," begged Rhoda. "I don't mind telling you I made these things over for you myself since I first saw you."

"Made 'em for me?"

"Yes; you're picturesque, and they'll make you look more so. You can afford to put on odd things: all girls of your style can. The cap and jacket I had for some private theatricals. I believe they will fit you to a dot."

"Oh, dress up in them, Tamsie!" put in Tillie.

"Do I?" said Rhoda, turning from her dressing to extend her large beautiful arms in argument. "Why shouldn't you make yourself fair to look upon, as well as any other girl? And those things are yours; I fixed them for you."

Tamsin took up one piece after the other. Tillie came to look around her elbow.

"And you'd better hurry, my dear," said Rhoda. "Oh, I nearly forgot: here are a pair of low shoes and scarlet stockings which go with that dress."

"I'm very much bleeged," Tamsin spoke the words slowly, as if she were struggling against the gifts.

"Not a bit. I'm obliged to you for helping me."

"I don't see how you come to fix 'em —for me?" with a slight upward inflection of her voice.

Rhoda came forward laughing, but as if she did not observe the hesitation and trembling of this chrysalis woman. To Tamsin her manner seemed completely charming. It was neither too reserved nor too familiar. It conferred kindness as a matter of course, and started an exhilaration like joy through veins accustomed to torpor.

Without a word of warning Rhoda powdered the flaxen hair and olive face, and Tamsin submitted, laughing with her.

About ten minutes thereafter there was the noise of a vehicle in front of the house, and in due season the door-bell rang.

"Now, there are the Balls," exclaimed Aunt Sally, bustling out of the chamber

where Louise and Jennie had impressed her willing hands in their service: "they always drive in early. I wonder if Tom is down-stairs? Make haste, girls, and tell Miss Rhoda to hurry down." She looked over the stairway. "Where's Neal? Why doesn't he answer the door?"

"I'll answer it," said a figure hurrying forward from the back stairs. "Shall I?"

"Why, Tamsin Chenoworth!" exclaimed Aunt Sally, bringing her glasses to bear. "Who on earth did fix you up in that kind of a way?"

"Don't I look right?"

"Why, yes, you do. You look real well, considering," said Aunt Sally with discretion. She followed the figure down-stairs with her eyes before turning to descend by the back way.

The bell rang again. Tamsin opened the door wide and looked out at night. The hall-lights were behind her. She saw nobody, and heard only the soughing of the wind in the evergreens.

Suddenly, it seemed at her feet, a voice spoke, and she saw a man's head on the top step as if it had just emerged from the shadow where the bell-handle was. There seemed to be a very little excepting the head, and it was all muffled up. But the face was raised to this picture of a black-eyed, light-haired girl in scarlet and black and black-lace frills, slim in figure, beautifully oval in face.

Tamsin looked down at the head without uttering a sound. She was terrified, but with instinctive compassion betrayed no terror.

"This is Captain Mills's residence?" The head's voice was pleasing and melodic rather than heavy and masculine.

"Yes, sir."

"Is he at home?"

"Yes, sir. Will you come in?"

He did not see the pallor around her mouth as he grasped the side of the door and swung himself up into the hall. Whatever his length of limb may have been, it was concealed by a tiny ulster. The top of his head was not on a level with Tamsin's waist when he pulled his cap off. He drew a card from some in-

ner pocket and handed it up to Tamsin. It bore the name of "Isaac Sutton." She closed the door, and was directing him toward the open parlor, when Cap-

tain Mills came into the hall, exclaiming, "Why, Craque-o'-Doom, how are you? Come in, old fellow, come in!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ON A CALIFORNIA RANCH.

THE winter rains were over, the blue sky had reappeared, and the sun shone down with dazzling splendor. The valleys and foot-hills were clothed with freshest green, and wild flowers bloomed on a thousand slopes,—great patches of blue that seemed, a little way off, like clear lakes reflecting the sky, expanses of flame-colored tulips, bunches of yellow and purple lupines, clusters of wild lilac whose delicate blossoms wreathed the banks of the water-courses like curls of faint blue smoke, and a variety of smaller flowers, white and scarlet and yellow and pink. There was no dust in the clear air, no haze on the clean-cut hill-tops. The full streams glittered in the sun on their way to the sea; the sea itself reflected the brightness and shone with an intenser blue.

It was a favorable time for entering upon a new and untried life: in a world of such freshness and color one could not forebode dull and depressing experiences. I was on the back-seat of a crowded stage, rolling southward along the coast of Central California. The front and middle seats were occupied by Spaniards, swarthy-complexioned men with broad sombreros, and one or two with serapes thrown picturesquely over the left shoulder. On the top of the stage, by the driver, were other passengers. My neighbor on the right was a business-man from San Francisco going to look after his interests in an extensive sheep-ranch in the southern part of the State. He on my left was a young man from the East, whose thin chest and hacking cough proclaimed him a consumptive: he was going to Santa Bar-

bara in the hope of being cured by the climate. We passed through a rolling country which looked like one vast apple-orchard, dotted thickly as it was with live-oaks whose size and general contour were those of gnarled old apple-trees. The houses by the roadside were not comparable to the substantial, comfortable farm-houses one sees in the East, being wooden structures erected, apparently, hastily and carelessly, but most of them had been freshly whitewashed, and the white walls, together with the profusion of scarlet geraniums blooming near them, fairly dazzled our eyes. What need, thought I, of spending time and thought and money in building fine houses and adorning their inner walls in a climate where one can live out-of-doors the greater part of the year, under skies of such glorious blue and amid scenery of such inspiring beauty? Dwellings here are what they were originally intended to be,—places of shelter for the night and for stormy weather, not prisons for the perpetual confinement of those who scour and dust the household gods. This was a region of vineyards and fruit-ranches, of sunny, sheltered valleys and tree-dotted hill-sides, bounded in front by the ocean and on the back by a spur of the Coast Range Mountains, whose sides were densely clothed with majestic redwoods and other evergreen trees.

Toward noon we left this fertile, flowery country and came out upon level, treeless tracts devoted to dairy-ranches. The wind swept in from the ocean with great force, and the consumptive shivered as he drew his thick shawl closer around

his chest. A little Spanish town was built in a bare, unpicturesque spot on the coast; and, as we drove down its one long street, the sand and dust whirled upward by the horses' feet and the stage-wheels settled upon our faces and clothing, and set the invalid to coughing. The adobe houses and tiled roofs of the earlier civilization had disappeared and been replaced by commonplace wooden structures.

Nearly all the Spanish passengers left us here, and, while the others ate dinner and the driver changed horses, I sat in the dreariest of hotel sitting-rooms and watched the flies buzzing on the window-panes. A further ride of two or three hours through the same bare, unpicturesque country brought us to another small coast-village with a Spanish name. It had an hotel, one store, and about twenty dwelling-houses. The inhabitants were all Americans, but the place had the air of dozing quiet which characterizes the little Spanish towns. There was no harbor within several miles, nothing to connect them with the outside world but the daily stage. The arrival of this was an important event. The entire population looked out of doors or windows or came into the street, to count the passengers, if any, and speculate on their destination and business, or to look hard at the stage, inside and out, if there were none, at the driver and horses, the mail-bags and packages in the boot, as if anxious to catch at something that would lift them for a moment out of the *ennui* of their idle existence and give them something to talk about for the rest of the day.

This was the end of my stage-journey. Before I could get out, a short, fat, greasy, and dirty Dutchman peeped inside, and, looking in the faces of the three or four passengers, asked, "Ish der anybody here for Dale's Ranch?" I said that I was going to Dale's Ranch. "Den coom along mit me," he answered, and in reply to my questions explained that Dale's Ranch was several miles inland, that Mr. Dale was expecting me, and had asked him, as he was coming to the village in his wagon, to bring me.

I got out of the stage, and he led the way to a little one-horse spring-wagon, with a board seat in front and two chicken-coops in the back part. Afterward I learned that he was a huckster and went about the country buying poultry, eggs, and hides, which he took to the city to sell. The stage having gone by the time we were ready to start, the entire attention of the village loafers was directed to us, and the public curiosity would have mounted to fever-heat had it not been allayed by the information that the new-comer was the school-ma'am who was going to teach in the Dale school-house. The road turned inland, and we soon left the village behind and entered the bare, rolling land which extended back from the sea. I had hoped that my lot might be cast amid picturesque surroundings, but seemed doomed to disappointment, for the country was treeless, monotonous in color and outline, and without any grandeur of horizon. We came in sight of a plain, square school-house on a bleak, wind-swept hill near the road, and my heart sank within me; but the Dutchman said, "No; dat ish not Dale's school-house," and I was relieved to find that the next year of my life was not to be spent in such a cheerless place. The ranches we saw were dairy-ranches; the rolling country about us was devoted to grazing, and the few houses we passed were hastily-built, comfortless-looking structures, surrounded by barn-yards, cow-sheds, and various out-buildings. The country grew more broken and hilly. The road had not been mended since the winter rains, and it was washed out in many places. We came near tipping over sometimes; the board seat slipped often, and it was with difficulty that I kept myself from falling out, by clinging to the dash-board. Several times, when we were going up hills, the chicken-coops behind fell out, and I had to hold the lines while the Dutchman got out and picked them up. Once he came so near falling out himself that he clutched at me and held on by my cloak, but generally he sat placidly in his seat without noticing me or saying a word,

except the monotonous refrain, "Gaat op! Gaat op!" addressed to his horse. When we had passed the wide, thousand-acre dairy-ranches that extended back three miles from the coast, we came to a more picturesque country. Live-oaks, hung with gray moss, grew along the roadside, the hill-sides were green with young wheat, the door-yards of two or three farm-houses were filled with blooming roses, and the buildings were neat. We met a clear little creek, winding through willows, wild lilac, and jasmine-vines, on its way to the sea; and, looking ahead, I saw that we were entering a valley through which the creek ran. It was bounded on the north by high treeless hills, on the south by a range that rose gradually into mountains, whose steep sides were clothed with a dense growth of manzanita, madroño, and stately redwoods.

When I saw the redwoods I was satisfied. No spot can be commonplace where they grow. The school-house was soon pointed out to me by the Dutchman. It stood, surrounded by live-oaks, on the side of a steep hill which sloped to the laurel-bordered, vine-hung creek.

We drove down into the creek-bed, between willows whose branches slapped us in the face, and came out again on a smooth, level road, which stretched onward through a lovely vista of laurels, water-maples, and other trees. We were skirting Dale's seventeen-hundred-acre ranch, and soon the Dutchman stopped and opened a big gate and we drove in through a field to Dale's house. It was a story-and-a-half wooden structure, originally painted yellow, but now much stained and weather-beaten. There was no grass in the door-yard, and geese, ducks, and hens fluttered in the dust or quacked and paddled in a slimy green pool made by damming up a small stream which ran through one corner. There was no attempt at ornament in the way of flower-beds or shrubbery, but a row of young willow-trees had been planted all around the yard and redeemed somewhat its bareness. Immediately back of the house rose a steep, wooded hill. Judging from the general appearance of the

house and yard, I inferred that Mrs. Dale was careless and slovenly, and was much surprised, therefore, when I was greeted at the door by a neatly-dressed, sad-eyed woman, whose face showed refinement and who was unmistakably a lady. She apologized for the conveyance which had brought me from the stage, saying that the roads were so bad that her husband or sons could not go to the village with the two-horse spring-wagon. Mr. Dale came in from the kitchen with his clay pipe in his mouth and shook hands with me. He was followed by three half-grown sons and three girls. Two older sons, who were at that time on the upper ranch in charge of the dairy, completed the family, but the household was increased by the presence of two or three *vaqueros*, or cattle-herders. The sitting-room into which I was ushered resembled the waiting-room at a small railway-station. It was large, with a bare floor, a wooden settle, a big chair made of boards, and two or three other chairs. Prints of muddy boots were on the floor, and marks around the fireplace showed that it was the target of profuse expectation. A map hung on the wall, but there were no pictures.

The big board chair was given to me as the seat of honor, and all the men and children sat around the room and looked at me while Mr. Dale asked me about my journey and answered my questions regarding the school. Soon Mrs. Dale called us to supper, and we went up a step higher into the dining-room. The house, being at the foot of a hill, was considerably higher at the back than at the front, and all the dust from the calf-stable, goose-pen, and chicken-house, which adjoined the kitchen, floated down through the house, penetrating even to the best room, when the door of that sacred apartment was open.

The dining-room was bare, like the sitting-room, containing only a long table, with a bench on each side, and a stool at each end. The windows were on a level with the yard above, and, though there were bars across to resist the encroachments of the poultry, one old gander stuck in his head at meal-time and

rolled his pale-blue eyes around in search of a convenient morsel, while two or three expectant ducks, waiting for the cloth to be shaken, quacked outside. A persistent old hen made her way into the house and flew upon the table when the viands were set on and there was no one to guard them, and when any one advanced to drive her out she ran into corners or got under chairs, ignoring the open door and clucking all the time in an aggravating manner. Once she got upon the bureau in my room and upset the lamp, spilling the oil; and once she penetrated into the spare bedroom and laid an egg in Mrs. Dale's best bonnet, which was on the bed. Besides the poultry there were two pet lambs, which occasionally came into the house, butting and bleating in a disorderly manner, and three large dogs, who ate the scrapes in the cupboard if the bottom doors were left open, and sniffed and nipped the fresh meat hanging up in the wash-house. There was no vegetable-garden on the place, and, as the supply from the hucksters' wagons was irregular, we generally had little variety. Beef and bread constituted the supper to which I first sat down, and most of the meals I ate for the next two years.

When Mr. Dale was seated at the head of the table, with a huge joint before him, and a bench full of hungry men on either side to whom he forked large pieces of meat, it reminded me of the banquets of the gods in Norse mythology, where Odin and Thor and the others eat the sodden flesh of the boar which is perpetually renewed and perpetually devoured. No fruit is raised in this vicinity, but the hucksters brought delicious grapes and plums and pears.

My room opened from the parlor, and was directly under the stairs by which the men mounted to the sleeping-loft above. As six or eight pairs of feet went noisily up at night and came noisily down in the morning, I thought that "the foe and the stranger did tread o'er my head," as in the case of Sir John Moore. My one window looked into the side-yard and commanded a view of the duck-pond, which, in addition to the

geese and ducks, attracted an old sow and her pigs. One of the little pigs fell in and was drowned, and its carcass lay for a long time in the water, contributing its share to the mingled odors wafted from the goose-pen and calf-house. It seemed a wonder that this stagnant pond did not breed typhus fever; but the health of the whole family was perfect, owing, no doubt, to their out-door life and the glorious climate. The barn, a tumble-down building, was some distance from the house, but not for any sanitary reasons.

At first sight, this large family, gathered under one roof-tree, possessing flocks and herds and much land, suggested patriarchal times, when life was simple and serene, when the father was wisdom and mouth-piece for his household, when the occupation out-of-doors, in the unclouded sunshine or under the large bright stars, favored contemplation and elevation of spirit; but viewed more closely the likeness faded, the attraction ceased. In reality this life was a sordid one; there was no aim on the father's part beyond making money, no wisdom above that of business shrewdness. The glories of the outer world had no spiritual meaning for him; he had no eye for the grandeur of the mountain-wall above which rose the morning sun, no ear for the distant music of the sea, no appreciation of the beauty which bloomed in a thousand forms on his own hill-sides and in his own valleys. He was blind to the capabilities of his children; the boys were taken from school about the time they had obtained a fair start, and set to work on the ranch to herd cattle, to milk cows, to make butter and take it to market. But their education went on, and all unconsciously he was their principal teacher. Influenced by his example, the older sons had learned to drink, to swear, to speak rudely, even insolently, to their mother, to care only for the grosser pleasures and material possessions of life. The daughters, being more under the mother's control, acquired some gentleness of manner, and occasionally aspired toward better things; but the influence of coarse and low



associations was all around them, as subtle as malaria in the air, and they breathed the poison day by day. I soon learned the meaning of the hopeless, despairing look in Mrs. Dale's sunken eyes. The circumstances of her life had long ago passed from her control, and for many years her feet had trodden unchosen paths, her hands done ungenial work. In early life, when our experience is shallow, we sometimes say complacently that we can see "the leadings of Providence" in all the events which have befallen us, that we can discern the wisdom and goodness which have shaped our ways; but in later years, when we are led by dark and devious wanderings to barren results, when we drink cups of useless suffering, when our best powers are wasted, our strongest endeavors baffled, and our highest aspirations denied fulfilment, we can only say, "It is all a mystery: viewed from a human stand-point it is all waste and loss;

But yet we trust that, somehow, good Will be the final goal of ill."

Mrs. Dale belonged by birth to a good middle-class English family. She had come to this country with her parents and brother when young, and settled in an Eastern city. Her parents died about the time she was grown, and, not wishing to burden her brother with her support, she sought employment as a companion and seamstress, and found it in the family of an ex-governor of the State. Here she was treated with the greatest kindness and consideration,—in fact, just as one of the family. When she went away on short visits to her brother, the governor's coachman took her to the dépôt in the carriage and met her there on her return. "Oh, why didn't I stay with them?" she exclaimed when telling me the story of her life. But her brother removed with his family to a Western city, and she accompanied them. Here a young mechanic began paying his addresses to her, and her brother encouraged her to accept them, on the score that he was a man of good character, that he had a pew in church, and that every woman ought to

marry. Little knowing the possibilities of unhappiness that lie in married life, she yielded to her brother and accepted Mr. Dale. At that time the tide of emigration was setting strongly toward California, and the young couple, thinking they could do better in the Far West, crossed the Plains and settled in Sacramento. This was during the flush times. Wages were high: Mr. Dale, being a good carpenter, received sixteen dollars a day, and Mrs. Dale got four dollars a dozen for ironing starched clothes for a laundry. With the money thus obtained they afterward bought a ranch and settled on it. Years brought prosperity to them; the land increased in value, until, at the time I knew them, it was valued at forty thousand dollars. Mr. Dale had hired men to help him, and lived a life of comparative ease, occasionally going to the city to drink and carouse,—"to have a good time," as he expressed it. But all this increase of prosperity brought no respite of toil to Mrs. Dale. She was the household drudge, and spent the time from early morning till late at night cooking, washing, ironing, sweeping, scrubbing, mending, uncheered by any appreciation or thoughtful kindness. Her husband treated her with disrespect, and his example was followed by the older sons. Her requests for money to get clothing for herself and her little girls met so often with a blunt refusal, she experienced so often the humiliation that many wives do in similar circumstances, that she resolved to obtain money herself in some way, and began raising poultry for market. That was the meaning of the flock of hens and geese which fluttered and squawked in the yard. Her husband did not scruple to rob her even of this resource: sometimes, when she had sent her poultry to market by a huckster and the money came to her at the post-office, Mr. Dale opened the letters and kept the contents. She was a lady in every instinct and fibre of her being, and suffered keenly in her degradation. There was not only a total lack of sympathy in all her tastes, but a positive antagonism to them, on the part of her husband. In

vain she pleaded with him not to keep the vaqueros and other hired men in the family and expose the children to their vulgarizing influence; in vain she begged him not to set such a bad example to his sons in the way of drinking and swearing. Equally vain, though not of such importance, were her constant efforts to keep her house clean and dainty. Dust in summer, mud in winter, the inroads of poultry, and the disorder resulting from the careless habits of the men, kept her constantly busy in a never-finished task. The discouraging aspect of her outer existence was only a reflex of the hopelessness of her inner life. Her soul thirsted for sympathy, for love and respect and appreciation, and remained unsatisfied. Like many another unknown, unsung martyr, she is still bearing her burdens in uncomplaining silence, fulfilling every duty, spending her strength for others, expecting no recompense in this part of life, but looking forward to the great hereafter which awaits us with its fresh opportunities and rich compensations.

The little girls went to school, and the only help Mrs. Dale had in the house was a Spaniard named Manuel, who had the features of a real *hidalgo* and was well educated, but who was deaf and dirty. By what strange chain of circumstances he had come from old Spain to be a cook on a California ranch I cannot tell. Besides being hard of hearing, he understood very little English, and it was difficult to converse with him. He wanted every one to understand that he was a Castilian, not a California greaser or Mexican, and was a stickler for the purity of the Spanish language. He kept a greasy, well-thumbed copy of "*Don Quijote*" in a chest in the kitchen, and read it in the intervals of work, gesticulating and exclaiming to himself in the ecstasy of enjoyment. His bread was indifferent and his soup doubtful, but there remained boiled eggs and baked potatoes for the fastidious eater, and a consciousness that not every cook could appreciate the immortal knight's delusions regarding Dulcinea del Toboso and Mambrino's helmet. Notwithstanding

we were on a dairy-ranch, the supply of milk for household use was scarce. The dairy was over the hill, a mile or two away, and all the cows were kept on that part of the ranch, except one old yellow one with a broken horn, who wandered round the house nipping the scanty herbage. There was no regular time for milking her: when Manuel wanted some milk he took a pitcher, went out to the old cow, and milked what he wanted. The supply of butter was also irregular, on the principle involved in the old saying that shoemakers' families and blacksmiths' horses are poorly shod. Butter was made by the hundred pounds, but it was sent off to market from the dairy and did not find its way to the house. The dairy, as I have mentioned, was on the other side of the ranch. I went to it one Saturday, strolling with the little girls over the wind-swept hills, picking wild flowers on the way, and stopping now and then to gaze at the ocean, which was visible from the highest swells of land, or at the purple mountains that came into view above the eastern, forest-clad wall.

Part of the ranch was devoted to wheat,—a crop which never fails from drought here, as it sometimes does in the inland valleys of the San Joaquin and Sacramento Rivers, but receives sufficient moisture during the bright, rainless summers from the sea-fogs. There was little timber on the ranch, and no crop but wheat was raised; all the rest was devoted to grazing. The cows wander over the hill-sides during the day, and at night a mounted vaquero, or herder, gallops about, gathering them together and driving them into a corral near the dairy-house. Here they are milked by three or four men and boys, and here they stay till morning. The milk, after being strained into shallow half-gallon tin pans, is set away on racks to cool. The work of skimming, churning, washing the pans, and working the butter is all done by the men or boys who stay at the dairy-house; no women are employed.

My earliest recollections of a dairy related to a log milk-house with mossy, clapboarded roof, shaded by a leaning

beech-tree, and kept perpetually cool and fresh by a spring of water which bubbled from under the roots of the beech and ran through one side of the milk-house over a bed of clean white sand and gravel. Dale's dairy-house was quite different. It was on a hot, bare hill-side, and close to the milk-room there was a kitchen and a lodging-room for the men. The vaqueros were loafing about, smoking, it being the middle of the day, and the butter-maker, a middle-aged, cross-eyed man, was getting dinner with his coat off and his hat on. Our unexpected arrival embarrassed him; the same wrinkle of worry which appears upon housekeepers' foreheads when company comes unlooked for to dinner appeared between his eyebrows; but he hustled around, poached some eggs, and set a creditable dinner before us.

The youngest girls—aged nine and eleven—mounted bareback on one of the vaqueros' horses and were off galloping over the hills while the butter-maker explained to me the process of preparing butter for market. They were bold riders, and did not fear to mount the wildest colts on the place. A California ranch is a good riding-school. There are plenty of horses and saddles, there are wide spaces to traverse, and galloping over the breezy hills or flying like the wind along the stretches of smooth, sandy beach is exhilarating and delightful. There is no danger of buckles breaking or straps giving way, for the saddles are "cinched" on, Mexican fashion. With one of the girls, or alone, I frequently took long rides, going farther inland, penetrating the forest of grand redwoods, whose trunks were fifteen feet through and whose tops towered two hundred feet into the air, or to the village for the mail, and thence to the beach and up and down the wet sand, close to the fringe of breakers.

There was a light-house a few miles below, and a stretch of beach composed of beautiful rounded pebbles,—red, green, yellow, milk-white, and transparent. Some agates and cornelians found here have been set and worn as jewelry. Large univalve shells, called *abalones*, which

we value much on account of their beauty, are here so plentiful that little account is made of them. They are sometimes used for soap-dishes, or as borders to flower-beds and walks. The most delicate pink sea-moss is washed ashore on these beaches, some of it being "frosted,"—that is, the pink filaments are covered with a growth of grayish-green moss too fine to be examined with the naked eye, but resolving itself, under the microscope, into branches and fibres, like tufts of lichen. The nearest loading-place for vessels was the "chute," several miles up the coast. Directly under the chute were some large rocks which had fallen from the cliff above, and here at low tide we once found a number of star-fish. They were alive and clinging to the rocks, but we wrenched them off and carried them home. But the most beautiful things we found—sea-jelly and sea-ribbons—could not be preserved. An English vessel had been wrecked off this coast two years before, and the owners or underwriters hired some professional divers to bring up what they could of the cargo. The divers themselves in their armor looked like some strange monsters of the deep; the eyeless sockets of their helmets glared without speculation in them. Memories of days spent on the beach come thronging back as I write,—idyllic summer days, when earth and sky and sea appealed to one's spirit with all the beauty and meaning of a grand poem, when life seemed large and free and full of divine possibilities, when the rhythmic music of the sea beat like some once loved and familiar but long-forgotten measure, and the lines from Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality" repeated themselves again and again in my thoughts:

In seasons of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,—
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport along the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

The Saturdays on which I did not visit the sea-shore were usually spent upon the flowery hills, along the little creek whose steep mossy banks were overhung with

fragrant wild laurel, and whose cool bright waters, issuing from some spring in the mountains, were clear as crystal, or in the depths of the forest, where Nature still reigned, wild and free and beautiful, untouched by the hand of man. Once a doe and two fawns came out of a thicket and gazed placidly at me, then passed out of sight unscared. The trunks of the magnificent redwoods rose a hundred feet into the air without a branch, then mingled their evergreen boughs, forming the roof of a vast natural cathedral, down whose long aisles the slant sunbeams stole, brightening the green gloom, resting here and there on a shaft, and filling the whole forest with a "dim, religious light."

Sunday, on Dale's Ranch, was a day of lounging. There was no church within many miles, and if there had been the men would not have attended. The vaqueros and other hired men came down from the dairy, and all lounged about in their working-clothes, smoking and talking, either on the front stoop or about the yard. The younger boys, having a dim longing for something better than the kind of life they led on the ranch, pored over the few books that the house afforded. Manuel sat on a stool outside the back door, smoking and dreaming with half-shut eyes, or reading his beloved "Don Quijote," having doffed for a while the dirty apron which he usually wore. Mrs. Dale, looking neat and ladylike, as she always did, even in the midst of the worst drudgery, superintended the getting of a larger dinner than common, or sat down to read the weekly religious newspaper which she subscribed for herself and paid for out of her poultry money, and which afforded her the only glimpse she obtained of the outside world. The little girls raced with their pet lambs, or played with some of their school-mates who came to visit them, or went visiting themselves. Sometimes the drone of the Caucasian voices in the front yard was broken by the shrill sing-song and cackle of several Chinese laborers who had come to buy some ducks. While the new stage-road was being cut, a number of Chinese were

camped about a mile from the house, and we once went to visit their camp. They lived in tents, slept on mats, and cooked their rice over a fire in the open air. Sam Wing, the foreman, who spoke broken English and was the most intelligent of the gang, entertained us by singing and playing on an instrument resembling a zither, and by showing us the counting-frame by the aid of which he calculated and kept accounts. Some of this gang were Tartars, from beyond the Great Wall of China. They were taller than the true Chinese, and their complexions were darker.

There were no other ranches in this neighborhood so large as Dale's: the land adjoining his was divided into smaller lots, running up the mountain-side and having thick groves of timber on them. The nearest neighbor was a man called, from his nationality, Portuguese Joe. He owned a neat little cottage on the edge of the creek, and a few acres of fertile bottom-land. His wife was an Irishwoman, and, both being fervent Catholics, they dedicated the best room in their house to the priest, who occasionally came to this neighborhood to look after his parishioners. Joe was a silent, swarthy, good-natured man, who wore gold rings in his ears. He cultivated his bit of land assiduously, and attended strictly to his own business. His wife, Bridget, was a loud talker, and something of a gossip, but she worked hard, washing out-of-doors and bringing water from the spring bare-headed. Both being industrious and economical, they became forehanded, and when any one in the neighborhood wanted to borrow a small sum of money he was sure to find that Joe or Bridget had a few gold pieces stowed away in some nook, ready to be invested.

One of the timber ranches on the side of the mountain was owned by a man from Canada. He had lived there as a bachelor for a number of years, then gone back to his native town, married a wife and brought her out to California. There was a great contrast between them. He was tall, broad of chest, with piercing dark eyes and a complexion browned by

wind and sun,—a fine type of that class of men who went to California in the early days. She was small and fair and delicate, with an appealing look in her blue eyes. Their home was a pattern of neatness. The house stood on a slope in a little clearing among the tall redwoods, and was surrounded by a paling-fence, inside of which it was death for a hen or chicken to come. Roses and other flowers bloomed in the yard, and on one side there was a vegetable-garden. Inside, everything was beautifully clean. The ceiling overhead was "soft-finish" white muslin tacked on to the rafters; but this did not denote poverty, for among other evidences of prosperity was a hundred-dollar set of china. The house was built of redwood planks, and still retained their fir-like odor. I often spent my Sundays here, and shall always associate the place with Sabbath peace and quiet. To wake in the morning, in the midst of perfect stillness, and look through my open window into the forest, to watch the slanting sunbeams play among the green shadows and over the stately trunks, to breathe deep draughts of resinous fragrance,—this seemed to me the perfection of restful enjoyment.

One of my pupils was a Mexican boy of about sixteen, named Juan Ortiz. Though born and reared in poverty, he had the instinct and manners of a gentleman: perhaps the blood of some far-off Spanish hidalgo ancestor flowed in his veins. He was slow, gentle, and dreamy by nature, patient, affectionate, and obedient, as were all those of his race who were enslaved in the name of religion by the mission padres of California a century ago. He had not the brightness and quickness in learning, but neither did he have the self-assertion, sauciness, cruelty to animals, and other kindred traits characteristic of the average Anglo-Saxon school-boy.

His home was a little hut not far from the school-house. The path leading to it wound along the high, steep bank of the little creek, through a perfect jungle of laurel, wild lilac, and poison-oak, and was sweet with the fragrance of the jas-

mine-vine which overran these shrubs. It dipped into a hollow dark with the shade of some mighty redwoods, then crossed the creek on stepping-stones, and climbed the steep bank on the opposite side. Juan's mother, a dark, wrinkled little woman, always greeted me with a welcome in her soft musical Spanish tongue when I went to see them, and seemed totally unconscious that her home was bare and poor. These children of the sun do not look squalid and miserable in the midst of poverty, but are so graceful and pleasant and so much at ease that one gets the impression that they have chosen this manner of living for the sake of simplicity and convenience, instead of being forced to it by necessity. Juan, who had the soft dark eyes of his mother, but a clearer olive complexion than hers, looked on in quiet amusement as we tried to talk in broken Spanish and English, or came to the rescue and interpreted for us. The little four-year-old boy, darker than Juan, clung to his mother's skirts, peering at me with frightened eyes, and she laughed when I said he was *miedo* (afraid), and answered, "*Si, si.*" She was a native of Chihuahua, Mexico, and had come to California but a short time before. Her husband had died since she came, and she was anxious to return to her native place, but had not the means to do so. Juan was a most dutiful son, and earned their living by teaming, by hiring out to the farmers in the neighborhood, and by cultivating their little patch of land. Their principal crop was *lanteja*, a kind of pea, and this, made into soup and seasoned with red peppers, was an important part of their food.

Sometimes Juan went hunting with a neighbor and brought back a quarter of venison as his share of the game, and in spring he speared the salmon that came up the creek from the sea. Once he brought me as a present a beautiful salmon, two feet long, which he had speared in the water near his home. His mother had been taught by some nuns to make open-work embroidery in white muslin and linen, and the dress which her little boy wore at his christen-

ing was a marvel of needle-work ; but there was no demand for her one accomplishment in this neighborhood, and she was unable to add to the household resources.

Another neighbor was a retired sea-captain. He owned an extensive ranch and lived in a comfortable house, the best in the neighborhood ; but, though scrupulously polite when in company, he did not encourage visitors, and the neighbors saw little of him or his family.

Though far from home and friends and deprived in a great measure of congenial society, the two years I spent on this California ranch were not unhappy ones. The climate was so fine, the air so pure, that it seemed impossible to feel ill or dull ; while the inspiring beauty of the scenery was a perpetual delight. Slight references have been made to it

in the foregoing pages, but I despair of conveying, even by a careful description, an adequate idea of the varied grandeur and loveliness of mountain, stream, and sea. The deep music of the surf was borne to our ears when the ocean itself was out of sight, the bright little creek gurgled and sang in its pebbly bed overhung by high vine- and fern-clad banks, and the deep forest had a subdued melody of its own. There was a quiet beauty in the views of near and far-off slopes framed in the arching branches of live-oaks ; the mountains, "in purple distance fair," constantly drew the eye to the horizon ; and the seven stupendous overlapping hills that stretched down to the sea seemed, when transfigured in the bright haze of sunset, like the very hills of Paradise.

LOUISE COFFIN JONES.

AT NIGHT.

THE moon hangs in a silver mist,
The stars are dull and thin,
Sweet Peace and Sleep spread loving arms
To fold the whole world in ;
The air is like a spell ; the hills
Waver, now seen, now lost ;
The pallid river wanders by,
A vast unquiet ghost.

A hornéd owl, on silent wings,
From out a cavernous place,
Speeds, like a bolt of darkness hurled
Athwart the shimmering space,
Above the vale, from wood to wood,
And leaves no trace behind,—
Like some dark fancy flung across
A pure and pious mind !

MAURICE THOMPSON.

JOHN HENRY.

I.

JOHN is a good name, and so is Henry; but the combination is frightful.

Miss Janet Grimshaw, sitting in her comfortable old-maidish parlor one autumn night, read, with many inward quakings, the letter heralding John Henry's advent into her sober house, where he was to stay while developing his intellectual powers at the Fairmount Academy. One thing afforded Miss Janet some comfort: at the end of every paragraph of her cousin Maria's letter was something like this: "And I do assure you, Janet, that John Henry is an *uncommonly good boy*;" "You will find that our dear John Henry is *the best of boys*;" or, "His Sunday-school teacher says he is a boy of the *highest principles*;"—each remark underscored, as the habit is with those to whom a pen is an unfamiliar implement.

Miss Janet was good to look at. Her white hair—she was barely forty—was arranged on the top of her head in cunning little puffs, and ornamented with a beautiful tortoise-shell comb that had been her grandmother's. Her features were still young and lovely, and when she smiled she had a heavenly look in her eyes. Her shapely figure was arrayed in a soft, lustrous black silk that had a gorgeous train to it of black satin.

There was a loud pull at the bell, which was answered by Jemima, the cook,—red-handed, not from blood but toil,—who presently announced in a loud, rasping voice as she flung open the parlor door, "Major Battle, mum."

The major, a big, soldierly man with a grizzled moustache and a pair of intelligent eyes, walked in, looking slightly sheepish. "I am afraid I ought to apologize for coming so often," said he, fumbling with his cap.

The major, on leave after fighting the Indians for ten years, retained but one

vestige of his military career until he should join his regiment: this was an ancient and battered blue cap, the braid much tarnished, and otherwise the worse for wear, which he regarded with a sneaking affection and sometimes wore under cover of night. Finding it in his hand on entering the parlor, he hastily stuffed it into his pocket.

Miss Janet's heart gave a little jump when he was announced, as it had done at the mention of his name any time these twenty years. This gentle and faithful creature had experienced a positive thrill of delight when she heard that by the death of Mrs. Battle the major had become a widower. She suffered agonies of remorse on account of that thrill.

"Don't apologize,—pray don't!" said Miss Janet, looking kindly at the stalwart major. "Indeed, your coming this evening is very opportune. My cousin, Maria Grimshaw, in Vermont, writes me that her only boy, John Henry, is in delicate health. The doctors think a more southern climate would be good for him. She writes me asking me to take him for the winter and let him go to the academy. I am delighted to have a chance of obliging Maria, although a thirteen-year-old boy is not exactly the company for an old maid—"

"Pooh! pooh!" said the major—

"To choose. Now, you have had some experience with boys: I dare say, if I take him, I shall have to call on you for advice very often in managing my young one."

The major had two big boys at boarding-school, and a little twelve-year-old girl with her mother's relations. He often lamented to Miss Janet his separation from his children and deplored the impossibility of his having a home until his little daughter was old enough to be its mistress. Miss Janet's motherly heart warmed toward the two moth-

erless boys and the orphan girl, and she often thought how happy she would be if she could take care of the major's three children. Of course she never thought of taking care of the major himself.

"Well," said he, "I have not been so successful with my own little fellows. Nice lads they are, too, but I see the lack of home-training in them,—a training that I cannot supply."

A blush rose to Miss Janet's cheek, still soft and white. A vision of the home she might make for the two boys rose before her: "Maria tells me that John Henry is a very, very good boy. He got the first prize this year in the Sunday-school."

"Humph!" said the major. "That looks bad."

"What!" cried Miss Grimshaw in horror.

"Yes, indeed it does. My youngest, George, was taken with a pious turn: I was quite relieved to find out, at my last visit to them, that he had quite got out of it, and had licked his brother tremendously just before I came."

"Oh!" said Miss Grimshaw, raising her hands. "Two brothers fighting, like Cain and Abel!"

"Yes," said the major cheerfully; "that's the way. A boy that won't fight his brother ought to be shot."

"But have they no consciences?"

"No, ma'am. A boy's conscience is a mystery. When I was a boy I did everything bad except tell lies."

This rather upset Miss Janet's theories. The major had been rather a dashing young fellow when he had come home from West Point, eighteen years before, but the idea that he could ever have been a downright naughty boy had never dawned upon Miss Grimshaw.

The major had not much advice to give in regard to John Henry, and was very discouraging about his apostolic goodness. He talked a good deal about his little girl, and showed Miss Janet a picture he had just received: "It's a sweet enough picture, but there is something a little odd about the dress. I wish she looked more like other little girls. Her great-aunt, who has charge of her, does

not seem to care whether her clothes are fashionable or not."

The ever-ready tears sprang to Miss Janet's brown eyes. She would have known at a glance that it was a motherless child and that she lacked the adornment of a mother's hand. The picture was that of a sweet-faced girl, but her clothes were ill-fitting, her shoes too large, and her pretty light hair bobbed off short at her neck in the fashion of fifty years ago.

The major was pathetic in his simplicity: he dimly realized all this, and that there were some things he could not do for his little girl: "She is very pretty, and her dress makes no difference now: she will soon understand how to dress herself, and will be as fine as possible."

The tender-hearted major liked to talk about his little daughter, and Miss Janet liked to listen. But they talked about some other things besides, and then they had some music: Miss Janet played neatly some serious, old-fashioned waltzes. The major stayed pretty late, and went back to his lodgings whistling the Morning Star Waltz.

The next week John Henry arrived: he walked in quite composedly one morning. He was a nice-looking boy, of a Puritanical countenance. Miss Janet, with a large apron on and her sleeves rolled up, was washing the "best china." Now, it is not in the nature of boys of thirteen to embarrass ladies of forty, particularly so gentle and self-possessed a lady as Miss Grimshaw; but such was the case this time. He was such a very prim boy, he carried his goodness around with him so openly, and was at first sight so superhumanly priggish, that Miss Janet felt as if she had been caught by a bishop at least. She was so flurried that she began to pull down her sleeves nervously, but, on observing John Henry's stature, self-possession returned to her. "Pshaw!" she said to herself; "such a snip of a boy!" and added aloud, "Have you had your breakfast, John?"

"John Henry, if you please, Aunt Janet," said the youth, evidently supposing his last name to be obnoxious to Miss Janet.

"Very well: John Henry, then. Have you had your breakfast?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," replied John Henry: "the train stopped twenty minutes for breakfast at a wayside station. I had a glass of milk and some oatmeal."

"Good gracious!" cried Miss Janet, "and you a growing boy!—Jemima! Jemima!"

"If you please, Aunt Janet, I don't want any more; I never eat anything but oatmeal and milk in the morning. Man, you know, must eat to live, not live to eat."

"That's true; but most boys like a substantial breakfast."

"I should be very sorry, Aunt Janet, if I liked what most boys like," said John Henry severely.

This asceticism in one of his sex and age amazed Miss Janet. She plunged into conversation with this extraordinary boy. "Tell me all about your mother, John Henry," said she.

"Mother is very well indeed, and in the enjoyment of every earthly blessing. Here is a letter from her," producing a neat packet from the pocket of his neat coat, "in regard to my conduct while I am with you, and the care of my clothes and pocket-money, which I hope you will entirely approve of."

"I shall if you behave yourself," said Miss Janet; but the slight tone of doubt in her voice seemed to strike John Henry with amazement: "If I behave myself! Oh, Aunt Janet!"

Miss Janet called Jemima to show Master Grimshaw his room, across the passage from hers, and the hired man was summoned to carry up his trunk. John Henry disappeared within his apartment, and did not present himself again until Miss Janet's two-o'clock dinner, when he called her in to see the effect he had produced. The walls were placarded with Sunday-school diplomas and similar religious knick-knacks, and an assortment of books suited to John Henry's habits and modes of thought were conspicuously displayed.

The next morning John Henry was duly installed as a freshman at the Fair-

mount Academy, and on Friday evening returned laden with honors and perfect in lessons and deportment. Meanwhile, except for his piety and general priggishness, Miss Janet found him unexceptionable. He was regular at his meals and astonishingly neat in his habits, and at the table never missed adding a loud and fervent "Amen!" to Miss Janet's whispered grace. He spent his evenings with a book in his hand, from which his eyes never wandered unless Miss Janet addressed some remark to him. At nine o'clock punctually he kissed his aunt good-night and marched off to bed. The boy who would go to bed without being told inspired Miss Janet, and even Jemima, with awe.

Major Battle had been away from town on a visit to his two boys, but about a week after John Henry's advent he came in. He was in fine spirits and full of his boys; he told anecdotes about them with great glee. He was very proud of Tom, the elder, who, among other achievements, had formed an intimacy with the son of a butcher after having challenged and whipped him no less than eight pitched battles in one term.

John Henry's countenance during this recital was a study. He evidently thought the gentlemanly major a perfect ruffian.

Major Battle turned to him: "Well, my boy, you've been to school a week: how many boys have you whipped?"

"Not one, sir," answered John Henry, drawing himself up.

"Been licked every time, eh?" said the major, with a queer look in his eyes.

"No, sir," responded John Henry: "I never reply to abusive words."

"But boys don't usually stop at words."

"There was a boy, sir,—James Jones by name,—who threw a stone at me and called me 'Prayer-meeting Jack'; but I walked off, although he followed me and dared me to fight."

"By George!" said the major, and relapsed into silence.

Punctually at nine o'clock John Henry kissed Miss Janet, bowed to the

major, and retired. He was hardly out of the room before the major turned to Miss Grimshaw: "Miss Grimshaw, you are going to have trouble with that boy."

"Oh, major! The best boy!"

"Mark my words, ma'am. But, if it becomes absolutely necessary, send for me, and I will come over and wallop him for you."

Miss Janet turned pale at these awful words. She to send for Major Battle to wallop Maria Grimshaw's John Henry!

The major did not stay late that night, and as he went out Miss Janet said timidly, "You seem to prefer naughty boys, major."

"I do indeed, Miss Grimshaw. Boys, as a rule, are perfect dev—demons; and when I see one of these abnormally good ones I don't know where to have him. Good-night."

II.

OLD Dr. Sunbury was the rector of St. James's Church, of which Miss Grimshaw had been an exemplary member for the last thirty years. He was very conservative, and belonged to the Church party denominated Low by its friends and Slow by its enemies. He preached a plain sermon for them every Sunday, and did not object to a few flowers at Easter; but a faction in the parish, consisting mainly of single women of all ages, managed to intimate to the doctor that he was in want of an assistant.

"Bless my soul!" said the doctor, "I am as hale and as hearty—" Suddenly a thought seemed to strike him. "Yes," he said humbly, "I am getting old; new blood is needed. I should like to have an assistant."

Thereupon was imported a young clergyman, by name the Reverend Augustine St. John. He was a slender, handsome young man, about twenty-eight, who wore ultra-clerical clothes and was delighted to be mistaken for a Catholic priest. He held "advanced views," and was as High-Church as he dared to be. He raised St. James's Church several tones higher than it had

been before, and was only stopped in his upward course by the stubborn fact that it requires more money to be High-Church than Low-Church, and that many people's views are influenced by this consideration. Therefore, when the parish, which had paid Dr. Sunbury a small salary grudgingly for thirty years, spent twice as much as his yearly stipend in stained-glass windows, fonts, and other ecclesiastical adornments, the doctor only smiled, and when the Reverend Augustine wished to organize a paid choir of boys, instead of opposing it the doctor only winked to himself a clerical kind of a wink; but when the proposition was laid before the vestry they all with one accord "reckoned"—this occurred south of Mason and Dixon's line—"they had spent about enough on the church;" and the boy-choir added another to the young clergyman's longings after the unattainable.

Having been balked in this, the wish of his heart, the Reverend Augustine took up another kink: this was the celibacy of the clergy. It was well for him that such was his opinion, for he had come to be blindly adored by the female part of his congregation in less than six weeks, and there would have been an interneceine war if he had been what is vulgarly and with vulgarity called a "marrying man." Major Battle sarcastically remarked that the reverend gentleman ought to have his life insured on account of so many women who were in love with him, and the old rector smiled grimly and said that he too believed in the celibacy of the clergy on a salary of seven hundred dollars per annum.

The Reverend Augustine was in the habit of visiting Miss Janet Grimshaw a good deal, and she was beginning to be infected by the prevailing enthusiasm about him, although Major Battle had a way of sneering at Mr. St. John's collars and making light of his coat, which, together with his aversion for John Henry, the pattern boy, made Miss Janet suspect him of being rather a wicked kind of man. But if Major Battle had no use for John Henry, the young clergyman certainly had. They were soon bosom friends, and were quite inseparable.

"Oh, Aunt Janet," John Henry would say, "do you think I could ever be a clergyman?"

"Yes, John Henry, I hope so. Dr. Sunbury—"

"Oh, I don't mean a clergyman like Dr. Sunbury: you know it seems wrong for a clergyman to have a wife."

"Go along with you, you impudent boy!" said Miss Janet with sudden heat. "The idea of your daring to criticise Dr. Sunbury!"

John Henry looked at her in sorrow not unmixed with anger. "Aunt Janet," said he, rising gravely, "with your permission I will retire."

Miss Janet saw him "retire," with positive pleasure, but she felt reproached for her vehemence, and when they met at dinner was absolutely weak enough to make an apology, which John Henry gracefully accepted.

One day the Reverend Augustine and John Henry were taking an afternoon walk. Mr. St. John felt rather low. He had received an intimation from the vestry that his already small salary was to be further reduced, that the bill for the stained-glass windows had been larger than they expected, and, owing to financial pressure in the church, etc., etc.,—the upshot of which was that if he chose to remain on two hundred dollars less than he had been receiving they would be glad to keep him, but that if not he must seek another field. The reverend gentleman was considerably depressed on this evening, and confided his troubles to his young friend; for John Henry was such a very old kind of a boy that Mr. St. John often found himself talking to him as if he had been of the same age.

"Oh, how sorry we shall be if you go away!" exclaimed John Henry. "And such a loss to the parish! Just think! only for two hundred dollars! and there is Aunt Janet, who has more than that a month!"

The Reverend Augustine pricked up his ears at this. "More than that a month!" said he.

"Yes; I heard her say so myself," said John Henry.

Mr. St. John went through a rapid arithmetical problem in his head, but said nothing.

John Henry continued: "And I heard her say that everything she had, except her house and lot, was in United States bonds. Now, what does that mean, Mr. St. John?" asked John Henry innocently.

"Don't ask me," said Mr. St. John abstractedly, clasping his hands behind his back.

"Are you under a vow not to marry?" asked John Henry after a pause.

"No, no!" said Mr. St. John hastily,—"that is, my views at present—"

"If you could only satisfy your conscience, what a thing for you if you could marry Aunt Janet!" exclaimed John Henry with fervor.

"Hush, hush, my boy! Do you think your aunt Janet—"

"Likes you? Well, I should think so!" said John Henry, looking very knowing.

An anchorite in the desert could not have heard this much without wanting to hear more, but John Henry perceived his advantage and immediately relapsed into silence, and no blandishments on Mr. St. John's part could coax another word out of him.

But Mr. St. John paid Miss Grimshaw a visit that very evening, and, having by accident mentioned a friend of his who had lost a great deal of money through a decline in stocks and real estate, took occasion to warn Miss Grimshaw against speculating. She smiled innocently, and said that nearly all she had was invested in United States five per cents.; which made the Reverend Augustine's heart beat slightly quicker.

The visits of her clerical friend steadily increased in length and frequency, and at last he came one evening evidently with a purpose. This purpose was formed after a course of reflection. Mr. St. John reasoned thus:

- I. That all women want to get married.
- II. That an Augustine St. John is not met with every day.
- III. That Miss Janet would jump at him.

There seemed to be a sort of concert between Mr. St. John and John Henry, for as soon as the clergyman appeared the obliging boy took himself off.

Mr. St. John artfully turned the conversation on matrimony, and showed wonderful knowledge on the subject. He finally confessed that he had considered the question prayerfully and had experienced a change of conviction. He considered it the duty of all clergymen to marry.

"And so do I, Mr. St. John," said Miss Janet, working her knitting-needles a little faster. "I am glad to hear you say so. There are a great many excellent and pleasing girls in the parish."

"But a girl would not make the wife for me: I need a woman of mature character. I am older than my appearance indicates; I shall soon be thirty-two."—That is, he would be thirty-two in four years; but whether that is soon or not is a matter of opinion.

"Very well, Mr. St. John," said Miss Janet. "Not a girl in her teens, but a woman of twenty-four or five—"

"Twenty-four or five—!" said Mr. St. John reproachfully, as if the contemplation of such immaturity filled him with disgust.

Miss Janet was seated on a sofa, and Mr. St. John, looking very intently upon her, seated himself by her side. "Miss Grimshaw," said he, "has it ever occurred to you that a woman of your charms might make a man supremely happy?"

Miss Grimshaw turned scarlet at this. The truth was, it *had* sometimes occurred to her that she could make Major Battle very happy if she had the chance; hence the blush, which Mr. St. John rashly interpreted as a symptom favorable to himself. "Miss Grimshaw," said he, turning his eyes upon her with his most pleading expression, "do you know you could make *me* very happy?"

Miss Janet seized upon an idea immediately. The young clergyman wanted to marry some girl and was trying to get her to make things smooth for him. She had a tender heart: so she looked

at him and said in her kindest voice, "Can I, Mr. St. John? About whom?"

"Oh, Miss Grimshaw, do you not see—do you not know—that *you* are essential to my happiness?"

Miss Janet rose slowly. She was so dazed that for a moment she did not exactly comprehend him; but Mr. St. John rose too, and, to make his meaning plainer, he put his arm round her waist.

Now, I have represented my heroine as kindly and refined, but the truth must be told. When Miss Janet saw the clergyman's glossy head and perfumed beard so close to her, she lifted up her hand—I blush as I write it—and gave the Reverend Augustine such a whack with it that it might have been heard in the street.

There was an awful pause. Suddenly the door opened, and Major Battle marched in, followed by John Henry. No explanation was necessary. The resounding slap, Miss Janet standing erect, crimson with wrath and shame, her hand still uplifted, Mr. St. John purple with rage,—the situation was evident at a glance.

"That man," said Miss Janet, in a trembling voice, turning to the major, "has insulted me by proposing to marry me, and further by putting his arm—" Miss Janet could not finish: she only added, "A woman of my age! Old enough to be his mother!"

John Henry, at this, rushed to the front: "Oh, fie, Aunt Janet! beating the minister!"

Major Battle stepped forward, and, pointing to the door, gave Mr. St. John a look that was equivalent to kicking him out-of-doors.

The irrepressible John Henry again burst forth: "Oh, Mr. St. John, did you really think you could marry Aunt Janet and get all her money? Why, I knew all the time she was in love with Major Battle. She's got a picture of him that she keeps in her Bible."

Miss Janet turned on John Henry and looked at him in a manner that rivalled in fierceness and intensity Major

Battle's prolonged gaze at Mr. St. John. John Henry, in consequence, considered it prudent to slip out at the door.

"If it were not for my cloth—" began Mr. St. John, trying to face the scowling major.

"Confound your cloth, sir! Get out!" said the major.

Mr. St. John did get out, in such a hurry that he forgot his hat, which the major flung contemptuously out of the window after him.

Miss Janet and Major Battle were now alone. Her face was very pale, while he flushed up. "Miss Grimshaw," he said, "if the truth was told by that little liar—"

It suddenly occurred to him that his remark was not calculated to advance a courtship. He appeared slightly discomfited, and, feeling in his pocket, he found his old blue cap, which he produced and surveyed as if he had never seen it before. He began again, looking very serious: "Miss Grimshaw, I have not, until lately, thought of marrying again. I was deeply grieved at the loss of my wife. The care of my children—" He stopped again, blushing like a peony.

Widowers, as a rule, make the most ridiculous figures in their second courtship. Perhaps the knowledge of the immensity of what they ask for—nothing less than the half of another existence—awes them. At any rate, the major hung fire most awkwardly. He now took a sentimental turn. "The heart can never grow old," said he, and felt hot all over the instant he said it.

Miss Janet was quite out of patience with him by this time. She was so excited by her tilt with the minister that she felt like taking the big major by his broad shoulders and shaking the impending offer out of him. She raised her eyes and looked him squarely in the face, very much as she had done John Henry.

That look brought the major to his senses like a bucket of ice-water. "Miss Grimshaw," said he in a cool, natural voice, "I love you dearly. If you will marry me, I shall be the happiest man alive."

"That sounds something like," thought Miss Janet.

III.

The first thing that the major required of his *fiancée* was to send the odious John Henry back to his parents. Miss Janet agreed,—that is, she submitted. The major had a will of his own: so it was settled that John Henry was to go the following week.

During the last few days of his stay John Henry scrupulously avoided his future uncle. Major Battle desired to have a final interview with him before he left, but looked for him in vain until the evening before his departure. As he was making his way toward Miss Grimshaw's, where he now visited three times a day and had literally to be turned out of the house at a decent hour at night, he suddenly came upon John Henry, who dived into an alley hard by at his approach; but the major was too quick for him, and seized him. "I have been thinking a good deal about you lately," said the major. "If I were to give you a few shakes with my hand—by your collar,—so,—what would you consider a fair equivalent?"

John Henry was not deficient in perceptions; on the contrary, he was extremely shrewd. He examined the major's brawny arm, and reflected. "Five dollars," said he.

The major put his hand in his pocket and transferred from thence into John Henry's outstretched palm something that made the youth's eyes glisten. "You can put it in the missionary-box," said he. He caught John Henry by the back of his neck and gave him a scientific shake that made his teeth rattle. When he put him down, the youth was considerably frightened, but not a bit hurt.

"Now take yourself off," said Major Battle.

"I am going to," meekly responded John Henry; "but remember, I forgive you, Uncle Battle."

The major gazed after him in helpless rage.

SYDNEY CHASE.

PRESENT TENDENCIES OF THE FRENCH DRAMA.

IN his admirable essay on the genius of Calderon, Archbishop Trench has pointed out that thrice, and thrice only, has there been a really great and popular drama, and that "the conditions of a people, which make a grand outburst of the drama possible, make it also inevitable that this will utter itself not by a single voice but by many." In a note the archbishop shows us that each of these dramatic outbursts has been comprised in the space of a century or but little more: thus, *Æschylus* was born B.C. 525 and *Euripides* died B.C. 406; *Lope de Vega* was born in 1562 and *Calderon* died in 1681; and *Marlowe* was born in 1565 and *Shirley* died in 1666. Now, although in France there has been no grand outburst of the drama as the one voice through which the nation was uttering itself and spake to foreign countries and posterity, there have been two occasions when, beyond all cavil, the drama was the first and most important form of literature. The earlier and by far the greater of these two epochs when the supremacy of the drama in French literature is indisputable was the space of a little less than a hundred years which elapsed between the birth of *Corneille* in 1606 and the death of *Racine* in 1699,—a scant century which saw the making of all the masterpieces of *Molière* and which displays a dramatic literature inferior only to that of Greece and of England and, it may be, of Spain. The second and secondary occasion when the drama became the most important form in French literature is in our own time, in the half-century extending from 1830 to 1880. Just what will be the future estimate of this drama, of course, we cannot now do more than guess at, nor what it is to become in the immediate future. But it is possible to consider cursorily the course of the drama in France from the beginning of this century and to see whether we cannot discover in what direction lie its present tendencies.

"The theatre is, of all the countries of the world, the one most subject to revolutions," says M. Edmond About; "it renews itself and gets younger every day, like the society of which it is the image. . . . The stage is a magnifying mirror in which are reflected the passions, the vices, the follies, of each epoch. Now, the vices of yesterday are no longer those of to-day; fashion governs passion, and we change our follies as we do our hats. *Molière* did not know the stock-broker; we have lost the courtesan. The shopkeeper turned gentleman is played out; but we have the gentleman turned shopkeeper, selling wine and flour and putting the family arms on his labels. We must not be too greatly astonished if after thirty or forty years plays, like women, begin to age,—excepting only a few masterpieces whose style preserves them. We may say of a comedy, as of a duchess, that she was beautiful in 1720. We may say of a drama, what the Spaniards say of a soldier, 'He was brave such-and-such a day.' French drama has had two such revolutions in this century; it has got younger twice; and even now it may be on the edge of a third rejuvenescence. At the opening of the century the theatre in France was oppressed by the rigidity of the imperial rule, fettered by a blind obedience to the so-called unities, and shackled by a superstitious regard for dignity and propriety. After *Beaumarchais* abandoned the stage, comedy had been barren; and tragedy had nothing to show since the death of *Racine*, a hundred years before, saving only the plays of *Voltaire*. The drama was lifeless, except in the minor theatres, where melodramas of the German type drew throngs. In 1817, *Eugène Scribe* began to renovate the national *vaudeville*, and in his hands it gained value and variety. *Scott's* novels were eagerly read, and imitations of foreign plays were now and again seen on the stage. In 1827 a young French poet, *Victor Hugo*, pub-

lished an unactable play called "Cromwell," to which he prefixed a declaration of dramatic principles, and the revolt of the Romanticists against the Classicists was proclaimed. In 1829 "Henri III," a drama by a young quadroon called Alexandre Dumas, took everybody by surprise. The next year was acted Victor Hugo's "Hernani," and, as Señor Castelar puts it picturesquely, it "was wondered at like a comet and announced in the heavens a war in the realm of poetry." The often-described rows which accompanied the first performances of "Hernani" marked the bitterness of the fight between the young Romanticists and the old Classicists. The resistance to "Hernani" was not the decisive battle, as some have supposed; it was rather a sort of dying in the last ditch, for the Romanticists had won so sudden and unexpected a victory with Dumas's "Henri III" that the Classicists knew themselves hopelessly beaten if they let "Hernani" likewise pass without a struggle. In their revolt against the formality and severity of the old school the Romanticists went to the other extreme. The dramatist slighted accuracy and even common sense; he sought to astound and to stupefy the spectator into silent acquiescence. Not a few of the most brilliant of French dramas saw the light of the lamps at this time. Historical plays especially found favor in the eyes of French theatre-goers, and history, or rather a fantastic semblance of history, filled the stage. And so a movement which promised much accomplished little. The rubbish of Classicism was cleared away, and that was all. "The great point," said Goethe, "is not to pull down, but to build up, and in this humanity finds pure joy." The Romanticists pulled down, but the power of united action in building up failed them. A few fine works by the great writers who led the movement still survive, but toward the foundation of a distinct and enduring school Romanticism did little or nothing. It was Maurice de Guérin who characterized Romanticism as "that youthful literature which has put forth all its blossom prematurely and has left

itself a helpless prey to the returning frost."

It is important to remember that the romantic drama in France, although seemingly a fresh creation, was in great measure an evolution from the melodrama of the minor theatres. Before Hugo and Dumas were Victor Ducange and Pixérécourt; and "Henri III" and "Hernani," although immensely superior to "Thirty Years, or a Gambler's Life," differed from it in degree rather than in kind. The poets of the Romanticist movement robed in royal verse plots not greatly above those which the humbler playwright clothed in common prose. Even during the height of the movement, Bouchardy drew the multitude to see "Lazare le Pâtre." And when the poets gave up the stage, successors to Ducange and Pixérécourt and Bouchardy were not wanting. M. Dennery and his fellows began the long list of modern melodramas, of which the best specimens are "Don César de Bazan" (borrowed from Hugo's "Ruy Blas") and "Les deux Orphelins." Lacking in elevation, their plays were constructed with the utmost technical skill. Nothing was neglected to heighten the effect on the playgoer, and everything was sacrificed to it.

In this making of melodramas, the influence of the Romanticists was very obvious and indeed unmistakable. But there was a form of drama on which the movement led by Hugo and Dumas had had no effect whatever. After having made over the *vaudeville* to his own satisfaction, Eugène Scribe invented the *comédie-vaudeville*, and from this to comedy in three or five acts was but a step. To the writing of comedy Scribe brought the unexampled skill acquired in the writing of a hundred minor plays. His knowledge of the stage, and of what could be done there, and of how to do it, has never been equalled, and probably never will be. What can be smoother and what can move more gently and in better-oiled sockets than the machinery of "La Bataille de Dames" or of "Adrienne Lecouvreur"? The present world-wide acceptance of French drama is owing

to the perfection of Scribe's methods,—methods which he used in *vaudeville* and comedy, and which M. Denney and his associates imitated in the making of melodramas. What Scribe on the one hand and the melodramatic playwrights on the other devoted themselves to, was the construction of a self-acting plot, and when once constructed this plot could be dressed up just as well in English or German or Icelandic as in the original French. But after we have once admired the petty trickeries of mere ingenuity we tire of them and crave something better, something more substantial. The melodramatists and the Romantics still in active practice met this demand by extravagance and by the accumulation of horrors. Time was ripe for another transformation.

In 1843, perhaps fifteen years after the beginning of the Romantic movement, a young poet named Ponsard brought out a tragedy called "Lucrèce," and was at once hailed as the founder of a new school,—the "School of Common Sense,"—a compromise, as it were, between the coldness of Classicism and the fire of Romanticism. But it is useless to be hailed as the founder of a school, if you have no scholars; and Ponsard had none. It is true that when a friend of his produced a delightful little poetic comedy of antique life, its author, M. Emile Augier, was declared to be of the school of Common Sense. But M. Augier never set himself down as a disciple of Ponsard's; and when the real transformation of the drama did come at last it was seen not only that M. Augier did not belong to the school of Common Sense, but that the school itself had never had any substantial existence. It sprang up quickly, but it had no root, and it withered away as quickly. Further, when the new movement began it was not poetic, but prosaic. Nothing more clearly declares that the present is not a time for a great outburst of the drama than the fact that there is nowadays an almost universal divorce between the poet and the playwright. In the three great epochs of Greece, Spain, and England,

and even in the French literature under Louis XIV., the dramatist was *perforce* a poet. Now, not only in France but everywhere the playwright is very rarely a poet, and the stage is correspondingly prosaic. Even Hugo is not a true dramatic poet: he is a curious combination of a playwright and a lyric poet. Alfred de Musset was a poet first, and a dramatist by accident only. Ponsard was a respectable poet, and M. Emile Augier can write fine verse; but the mass of contemporary French drama has but little touch of poetry. Now and again a comedy in verse or an old-fashioned tragedy in five acts gets before the footlights; but, although the form is relished by the inner circle of literary epicures, it is out of fashion with the throng which alone can fill a theatre. Beautiful as some of these poetic plays are,—and I know nothing more beautiful in the modern drama than M. Théodore de Banville's "Gringoire" (which, although written in prose, is instinct with the truest poetry) or than M. François Coppée's "Luthier de Crémone," both written for the acting of that admirable comedian, M. Coquelin of the Comédie Française,—they remain individual efforts only, and are insufficient in either number or importance to be considered as a school.

About the middle of the century there was a sharp reaction against the violence of the melodramatists and against the childishness of the machine-made plays, against M. Denney and his fellows and against Scribe. Fact began to take the place of fantasy. Dramatists invented less and observed more. A photograph of modern life was offered in place of a pretentious historical painting, the maker of which had relied on his fancy for all details. Romanticism was followed by Realism; Hugo and Alexandre Dumas were succeeded by M. Emile Augier and M. Alexandre Dumas *sûs*; just as in pictorial art the large manner of Decamps and Delacroix gave way to the genre painting of MM. Meissonier and Gérôme and the landscapes of MM. Rousseau and Dupré. The dramatist sought to be probable,—to give an exact transcript of life as he saw it around

him,—to do for the stage what Balzac was doing for prose fiction. In 1852 M. Dumas *filz* brought out his "Dame aux Camélias," and two or three years later began the series of social studies which includes "Le Demi-Monde," "Le Fils Naturel," and "M. Alphonse." M. Emile Augier, whose hand had hitherto hesitated, saw at once where his real strength lay, and, abandoning verse, gave us the stirring and sturdy satires of which "Le Fils de Giboyer" is the best, and the long list of high and keen comedies chief among which is "Le Gendre de M. Poirier," perhaps the best French comedy of this century. In the footsteps of M. Dumas and M. Augier have walked Théodore Barrière, M. Victorien Sardou, and MM. Meilhac and Halévy. The effect of their example was felt even by the melodramatists, who left the Middle Ages and sought for subjects and excitement in the crimes of the present.

When "La Dame aux Camélias" was first acted, Théophile Gautier hailed it as a protest against the cheap complications of the Scribe school and the dark, deep plots of the Dennery melodramatists. "What does most honor to the author," he wrote, "is that there is not the slightest intrigue, surprise, or complication in all these five acts, despite their intense interest." Any one who glances through the volumes of Théophile Gautier's collected dramatic criticisms cannot but note how often he flings out against the machine-made plays of his day, in which one part fitted so perfectly into another that there was no room for any life or nature and all the spectator was called upon to admire was a sort of Chinese-puzzle ingenuity. Scribe's formula, for instance, was to take a simple situation, to present it frankly, and then to carry it out to a carefully-considered conclusion by means of a series of amusing scenes, which, while showing various phases of the idea, seemed to delay the determined end, while in reality they were skilfully made to serve in its preparation. There was, in short, an essential unity of plot, carried on by a well-balanced and intricately-complicated intrigue, in the course of which poor

human nature was wofully twisted to suit the exigencies of an end arbitrarily agreed on. This principle of construction is right enough if not pushed to extremes; but the temptation to which Scribe and his disciples succumbed was to invent difficulties from mere delight in their own dexterity in surmounting them. With the coming of Realism and the consequent demand for a closer resemblance to actual existence, the machine-made play went out of fashion: indeed, the pendulum swung as far one way as it had the other, and plays are now as ill made as they were then too well made. Exactly the same change has taken place in the making of French plays within a quarter of a century which has taken place in the making of English novels within half a century. As Mr. Richard Grant White reminded us a few months ago, the modern novel—Mr. Anthony Trollope's, for instance—slights plot and is slovenly in structure when we compare it with one of Scott's, in which we cannot but be struck by the neatness of the workmanship and the dexterity with which the story is shaped. In France, Scribe has gone out of fashion, and his formula with him. Just as Gautier protested against the well-made play, so now M. Francisque Sarcy, the foremost of Parisian dramatic critics, protests against the neglect of constructive principles which characterizes nearly all French plays of our day.

Even the farces and comic dramas, which in Scribe's hand were as carefully finished as plays of more importance, now rely on the wit of their dialogue and the jests liberally sprinkled through them, and not at all on the humor of the situation. Instead of a comic plot which could be used in any language, we have only an anecdote in dialogue, purely Parisian in its abundant allusions and full of a local wit which loses its color ten miles from the capital. Many of the comic plays of M. Goudinet and of MM. Meilhac and Halévy, delightful as they are to those who can appreciate their Parisianism, do not bear exportation: they are like the fairies, who cannot cross running water. The pieces of

inferior artists are indeed *articles de Paris*: they are like the cheap French bronzes,—glittering and hollow and brassy, and they do not wear well. Even in more important comedies the same defect is to be detected. Clever as are the later comedies of M. Goudinet,—for instance, the charming play called “*Les Grands Enfants*,”—we find in them no unity of plot, no sequence of situations, scarcely, indeed, any situations at all; instead, we have a pell-mell medley of pictures of different phases of the fundamental idea, huddling one after another with no apparent order, and lit up by a rapid running fire of very good jokes. A play of this kind, clever as it may be, presents no unity of impression, and fades out of memory far more easily than a play of inferior material so constructed that there is something salient for the mind to cling to.

Romanticism dates from 1827, Realism from 1852: another quarter of a century has elapsed, and what new force is now making itself felt on the French stage in the stead of the Realism which has spent itself? If we pay attention only to the noise a new doctrine and its disciples are wont to make, there is no need of hesitation: the coming power is Naturalism, and M. Zola is its prophet. M. Emile Zola is a robust young man who has roughly shouldered his way into literature. In this country he has rather an unsavory reputation from the dirt which encumbers the corners of his ignoble but powerful novels. Dirt has been defined to be matter in the wrong place; and in Zola's novels it is in the wrong place, for it hides their strength and keeps many men from reading them who would keenly appreciate their force were it not for the indecency. Although indecent, they are not immoral, any more than a clinic or a dissection is immoral; and it is as the operator at a clinic that M. Zola poses. The system of an artist always takes color from his personality; Naturalism is no exception; it has been warped to fit the nature of M. Zola. So it is well first to consider what manner of man he is, before discussing his literary code.

The first impression we get from his works is one of main strength, often perversely misapplied and never corrected by good taste. M. Zola seems to delight in describing the unspeakable. In his eye everything is unclean, sordid, and despicable. He has a gloomy dissatisfaction with life, and is, indeed, as disgusted with it as most readers are with the degradation laid bare in his novels: Schopenhauer himself could scarcely be more pessimistic. This explains his dislike of sympathetic characters; he simply does not believe in them: in his eyes Colonel Newcome would be an idiot or an impossibility. To him there are no good men, though some men are not so bad as others. Health is as scarce as virtue: so he studies the diseases of his characters and details their sufferings. It is hard for him to meet the accusation that the Naturalists are artists who refuse to paint your portrait unless you are pitted by the small-pox. M. Zola has none of the saving grace of humor. In fact, he has a most un-French lack of *esprit* and a corresponding hatred of it. His chance attempts at jocoseness are painful: when he trees a poor little joke he brings it down mercilessly and nails up its skin as a warning. No writer ever stood more in need of the sense of humor than M. Zola, and he has it not. It takes a strong stomach to read through certain of his books without qualms, and a little humor would do much toward clearing the atmosphere of its foulness. His grossness may be matched in Rabelais, perhaps; but M. Zola's work is without the broad breeze of humor which blows across the pages of Rabelais, setting the reader in such a gale of laughter that he has no need to hold his nose. He is as devoid of humor as a graven image. His substitute for it is a chill and bitter irony,—with which he is not scantly supplied.

Turning from the man to the system, we may define Naturalism as the application to novels and plays of the principles of what in history and criticism is known as the “historical method.” It is easy to trace the growth of this idea to its present maturity as we look back

through M. Zola's writings. Fifteen years ago he declared, "I must find a man in every work, or it leaves me cold. I frankly sacrifice humanity to the artist. If I were to formulate my definition of a work of art, it would be, 'A work of art is a corner of creation seen through a temperament.' And what matters to me all else? I am an artist, and I give you my flesh and my blood, my heart and my thought. . . . Have you then not understood that art is the free expression of a heart and of an intelligence, and that it is the greater the more personal it is?" A year later the idea had grown: "I am for no school, because I am for human truth, which excludes all sects and all system. The word *art* displeases me; it contains I do not know what ideas of necessary arrangement, of absolute ideal. To make art (*faire de l'art*), is it not to make something which is outside of man and of nature? I wish that you should make *life*; I wish that you should be alive, that you should create afresh, outside of all things, according to your own eyes and your own temperament. What I seek first of all in a picture is a man, and not a picture."

A platform like this needed but one more plank to let M. Zola take a purely scientific view of literature, excluding art utterly. This plank was soon added. M. Zola's advanced doctrine has been most succinctly formulated in his essay on Naturalism in the Theatre. He defines Naturalism as "the return to nature; it is what scientific men did when they first thought of beginning with the study of bodies and phenomena, of basing themselves on experience, of working by analysis. Naturalism in literature is also the return to nature and to man, direct observation, exact anatomy; the frank acceptance and depicting of the thing as it is." M. Zola claims Homer as a Naturalist,—which is rather damaging to the assertion that Naturalism is a new thing. From Homer it is a far cry to Diderot; but M. Zola clears the distance at a single stride. Diderot, as we all know, begat Balzac; and Stendhal and Balzac bring us down to Flaubert and the brothers De Goncourt and M.

Zola himself. In its perfected form as it is to be in the future,—for perhaps all present Naturalists are too tainted with the conventionalities of contemporary art ever to rise to the height which their followers may easily attain,—the Naturalistic novel or drama is to be "simply an inquest on nature, beings, and things," and its interest is to be sought "no longer in the ingenuity of a fable well invented and developed according to certain rules. Imagination is no longer needed, plot is of little consequence." What the coming Naturalist must stand and deliver is facts, documents on humanity. "Instead of imagining an adventure, complicating it, preparing stage surprises which from scene to scene will bring it to a final conclusion, one simply takes from life the history of a being or of a group of beings whose acts one faithfully registers." The work has no other merit than "exact observation, the penetration more or less profound of the analysis, the logical linking of events." In short, the theatre is to be made "the study and painting of life," and not "a mere amusement of the intellect, an art of balance and symmetry, ruled according to a certain code."

Like most reformers, M. Zola breaks too many images; his zeal runs away with him. The drama, like all other arts, exists only through certain conventions which are absolutely necessary to its existence. Other conventions there are, not absolutely necessary, and changing from time to time: these M. Zola may attack with impunity and credit; but all struggle against the former is futile. On the stage the absolute reproduction of nature is neither possible nor desirable. There are scores of every-day situations which cannot be shown in the theatre. As M. Dumas reminded us in his preface to "L'Etrangère" (intended as an answer to M. Zola's essay), no matter how closely we seek to copy nature there is always a point at which exact imitation must stop and convention take its place. "An artist," says M. Dumas concisely and conclusively, "a true artist, has a higher and more diffi-

cult mission than the mere reproduction of what is: he has to discover and to reveal to us that which we do not see in things we look at every day, that which he alone has the faculty of perceiving in what is apparently patent to all of us."

Then, again, the inborn eagerness we all have for story-telling, is this to be satisfied by coldly-scientific statements of ascertained facts? Bare facts are poor food for the fancy. The imagination which moves us while yet in the cradle is not to be shut out at M. Zola's bidding: indeed, he cannot even shut it out of his own work. When we examine his novels we find his practice better than his precepts; he is often an artist in spite of himself,—as in "*La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*," for instance; and again he falls below his doctrine to the other extreme, and gives us in "*Nana*" a tale as conventional and false as it is dull and obscene. It is but fair to add that these two stories are units in a series to contain twenty tales and called collectively "*Rougon-Macquart: Natural and Social History of a Family under the Second Empire*," laid out on strictly scientific lines and having for its backbone the principle of heredity. To prove how the character of each child is the result of its parentage, he prefixed to one of his novels a family tree of his double set of personages.

A proof of the importance of the drama in France nowadays, and of the fact that there, at least, it is still the highest form of literature, can be found in M. Zola's anxiety for the success of his principles on the stage. The Naturalists of to-day, like the Romantics of half a century ago, look upon the theatre as the final battle-ground on which their theories must conquer or perish. With those who have possession of the stage now M. Zola is thoroughly dissatisfied. He brushes Hugo aside impatiently and sweeps away Scribe. The three chief Realists of the contemporary drama fare a little better at his hands. M. Sardou, it is true, is a prestidigitateur who plays with marionettes, and his "human documents" are commonplace and second-hand; M. Dumas is almost a

Naturalist at times, and his "human documents" are fresher, but he is too witty and too clever, and he "uses truth as a spring-board to jump into space;" M. Augier is nearly always a Naturalist, but his plays are too well made, and some of his characters are too good to live.

Just what kind of a play M. Zola wants it would be hard to say. No play yet acted exactly meets his views. Three times he has himself come forward as a dramatist, and the pieces have been damned out of hand. A dramatization of his novel "*L'Assommoir*," made by two hack playwrights, was successful; but M. Zola distinctly disavowed its paternity. No one of his own three plays fits into his formula. Two of them are rough and coarse farces, suggested one by Ben Jonson's "*Volpone*," the other by one of Balzac's "*Contes Drôlatiques*." M. Zola's hand is too heavy for fun even of the lugubrious kind here attempted, and such gayety as he can command is stolid and sodden. The other play, "*Thérèse Raquin*," is a grim and ghastly drama, full of main strength and directness, and having the simplicity of genius. It failed in Paris, but has since had better luck in Italy. The figure of the paralyzed Madame Raquin ever present between the two murderers of her son like a palpable and implacable ghost, gazing at them with eyes of fire and gloating motionless over their misery, is a projection of unmistakable power. If M. Zola had written nothing but this one play, it would be impossible to contest his ability.

After the Romantics had declared their principles, they proceeded at once to put them in practice, and in "*Henri III*" and "*Hernani*" exhibited concrete specimens of their theories. The same obligation rests on the Naturalists; and so far, at least, it has not been met. For ten years or more M. Zola has been crying aloud from the house-top that reform is necessary in the drama, but he has not yet proved his case by showing an example of the improved play. The only visible effect of his exhortation has been to accentuate the tendency to the more exact

imitation of reality in the scenery, costumes, and accessories of the stage. There is a general desire now in the playhouse, wherever it is possible, to substitute the real thing for the imitation of it which has hitherto contented both stage-folk and spectators. Within limits this taste for exactness is unobjectionable; but it may readily be carried to excess, and at best it tends to divert attention from more important parts of the performance,—from the play and from the playing. It is well to remember that when there is a real interest in the drama as such, there is always great indifference to dresses, scenes, and properties. The play, the play's the thing; all else is of small account. In two, at least, of the three great outbursts of the drama, in England in Shakspeare's time, and in Spain in Lope de Vega's and Calderon's, when the drama was the chief expression of the national life, the mounting of the plays was simple and even shabby.

That the drama at large is to be made over to fit M. Zola's theories, may be doubted: so far, at least, there are no signs of it. But that they will have a distinct influence on French dramatic art in the immediate future seems to me indisputable. This influence will be good in so far as it may make the coming dramatist a more attentive student of life, a closer investigator of human nature, a more diligent seeker after truth, which has to be sought long and earnestly before it yields itself. But in so far as it may tend to exclude poetry and imagination, and to limit fiction to the transcript of the bare realities of life, we may unhesitatingly declare it to be doomed to sterility. In so far also as it seeks to deify the technical skill of the trained playwright, it is misleading and sure of contradiction by the event. It is the abuse, not the use, of technical experience which is to be decried; it is the production of plays by writers who have no other qualification for the work than their familiarity with the boards. The true dramatist cannot ignore the exigencies of the stage; he ought, indeed, to have so thoroughly mastered all the tricks of the trade that

he can use them unconsciously. In a word, the dramatist should know the grammar of construction so well that he need give it no more thought than the trained speaker gives to the grammar of language. Shakspeare and Molière owed no small share of their success to their complete mastery over the tools of their trade: besides being the hack dramatist of his company, each was actor and manager.

The century begins to draw to a close, and on the French stage Romanticism and Realism have come forward in turn and played their parts. It is full twenty years now since M. Victorien Sardou, the youngest of the three chief Realists, made his first appearance. It is time for a new doctrine and for a new man. It may be that Naturalism will be the new doctrine and M. Zola the new man; but, for the reasons given in the preceding pages, I doubt it. That he himself is a potent force must be admitted, but that his principles are destined to triumph I do not believe. To my mind the outlook indicates a return, sooner or later, to the well-made play, to be written by those as deeply imbued with the desire for physiologic and psychologic accuracy as M. Zola himself. It will be a union of the school of the past with what M. Zola proclaims as the school of the future, blending the best features of both, and so obliterating the weakness of either. It will, in short, be that commonplace thing, a compromise. With a simple and most skilful symmetry of plot the playwright will have to unite the most vigorous exactness of character; and so shall we have a new drama, compounded of the theories of the past and the present. We may rest content with the prediction of M. Dumas, who declares that whenever there shall come a writer knowing man like Balzac and knowing the stage like Scribe he will be the great dramatist of the future. And we may be sure that morality will find full expression, consciously or unconsciously, in the plays of this dramatist of the future,—in spite of M. Zola's precept and practice.

J. BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE ZOAR OF THE AMERICAN LOYALISTS.

AT the evacuation of the British army a drooping lion and a disconsolate unicorn left New York, with twelve thousand other loyalists, for Nova Scotia. There were men of learning, position, and wealth in the unhappy band of exiles who had given up honor and estates for the love of Old England, but none of them had occupied more exalted positions than these gilded supporters of royalty. They had presided at many a weighty council in the old State-House at Boston, poised like genii above the head of Hutchinson, and been looked up to with as much reverence as the carven effigies of mediæval saints. But a strange frenzy possessed the Bostonians, and they scoffed at the idols which they had formerly worshipped. The loyalists entrenched in New York gave the scorned emblems a place of honor in Trinity Church, and there for a space they lent their silent sanction to the prayer, "God save our gracious sovereign, King George the Third." But the spring of 1783 drew near, and the unicorn grew gray with fear, while an angrier expression seemed to twist the features of the cowering lion. There were ominous rumors in the air. Some said that the loyalists had lost their young mother-country, but with this report came another that Great Britain, with the expedition common to widowers, had determined to provide them with a step-mother in cold Nova Scotia. The loyalists, like nearly all orphans similarly provided for, merged their grief for the lost mother in a dumb hatred of the new, accepting the provision made for them as something inevitable but not desirable. Some made the best of the situation, and jested with misfortune, saying that they were "going to a lovely country, where there were nine months winter and three months cold weather every year." More than one felt himself to be in the position attributed to James Rivington, the editor of the "Royal Gazette," by the "New York

Gazetteer and Albany Periodical," in a satire entitled

RIVINGTON'S REFLECTIONS.

The more I reflect, the more plain it appears
If I stay I must stay at the risk of my ears.
'Tis always the best to provide for the worst,
So evacuation I'll mention the first.
But what have I done, when we come to consider,

But sold my commodity to the best bidder?
If I offered to lie for the sake of a post,
Was I to be blamed if the king offered most?
The King's Royal Printer, five hundred a year!
Between you and me, 'twas a handsome affair.

On the faith of a printer, things look very black,
And what shall we do, alas and alack!
Perhaps you will say, As the very last shift,
We'll go to New Scotland and take the king's gift.

Good folks, do your will, but I vow and I swear
I'll be boil'd into soup before I live there.
A favor they think to send us there gratis,
To sing like the Jews at the river Euphrates,
And, after surmounting the rage of the billows,
Hang ourselves up at last with our harps on the willows.

Shall I push for Old England and whine at the throne?
Alas! they have liars enough of their own.

New Scotland, however, had been painted in colder colors than it deserved. The climate was hardly worse than that of Northern New England. The tides of the Bay of Fundy—which even in geographies of our own day appear to stand as a Red Sea wall similar to that which flanked the wing of the advancing Israelites—were found to be not at all the thing of terror they had been described. "The king's gift," too, was quite worth the taking. Up to the 16th of August, 1784, New Brunswick as a province had no existence. It was embraced in the province of Nova Scotia, under the name of Sunbury County. But King George, in order to create offices and salaries for his faithful subjects who had been ruined financially by their adherence to the crown, created the new province of New Brunswick, with a government of its own, whose numerous offices were filled by the exiles. St. John existed at this time only as an insignificant trading-post, inhabited by a

few poor descendants of the original French settlers. Five thousand of the American loyalists settled here, and at once it became a city. Large land-grants were given them at Fredericton and at other points on the St. John's. Fifty-five gentlemen petitioned Sir Guy Carleton to grant them each five thousand acres as indemnity for losses received. The refugees for a long time subsisted on rations issued to them by the crown; many arrived in New Brunswick in extreme destitution, and were obliged to spend the winter in huts of bark. But, though nearly all in penury, many of them were men of education and talent. The colony was particularly rich in lawyers of ability. Webster says that while the great body of the legal profession sided with our young country, the "giants of the bar" were loyalists. Judge James Putnam, of the same lineage as Old Put, judge of the supreme court of New Brunswick, was considered one of the ablest lawyers in America. John Adams was his student-at-law, and boarded in his family. George D. Ludlow, at the opening of the Revolution one of the judges of the supreme court of New York, administered the government of New Brunswick as senior member of the first council, and was the first chief justice of its supreme court. Jonathan Sewall, attorney-general of Massachusetts, and brother-in-law of John Hancock, was appointed judge of admiralty for Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Throughout his early career he was a warm friend of John Adams. They met in London in 1788 as cordially as ever, and had, says Adams, "two hours' conversation in a most delightful freedom upon a multitude of subjects." Judge Joshua Upham, Judge Allen, Judge Edward Winslow, surrogate-general, Judge Parker, Attorney-general Jonathan Bliss, Daniel Bliss, chief justice of the court of common pleas, Judge Amos Botsford, and Judge Ward Chipman, first solicitor-general, are names that glow in the legal galaxy of the new province.

The government was at first administered at St. John, then called Parrtown, after Governor Parr of Nova Scotia, while

the part to the west of the river was called Carleton, after Sir Guy Carleton, commander of His Majesty's forces at the time of the evacuation of New York. Governor Carleton moved the seat of government to Fredericton. The old House of Parliament, or Province House, built in 1786, still stands. The rambling old building is a most fascinating memento of former times. Its unpretending exterior and its low-browed but spacious rooms, the smoke-dimmed walls and ceilings, the old mahogany desks, the warm, crimson hangings and originally rich carpets, worn by the tread of many legislatures, the musty odor of erudition stealing from the well-filled libraries, and, above all, the full-length portraits of Lords Sheffield and Grinnell and of weak-faced George III., painted as at least ten heads high, and muffled in innumerable folds of snuff-colored velvet, with benign Queen Charlotte smiling on the subjects whose patron saints she and her husband were,—all this brings very near the days when the legal gentlemen of whom we have just spoken met in the sunny court of appeals just across the hall from the lower house.

By far the most interesting interior in St. John is that of the Chipman mansion. The house, whose grounds have a frontage of two hundred feet with a depth of three hundred feet, has but recently passed out of the Chipman name, and is kept up in the old style of furnishing, though the twelve chairs bought of Benedict Arnold, and called the "traitor's chairs," which stood at one time in the drawing-room, have been sold. Lorenzo Sabine says that they were carried from England to St. John by Arnold, and describes them as "of a French pattern, large and covered with blue figured damask; the wood-work white, highly enamelled, and striped with gold." Upon the wall, however, still hangs the convex mirror in its quaint round frame, which, with its mate the concave mirror on the opposite wall, reflected the faces of the judge's learned colleagues, and the fur-belowes of the ladies, who gathered in formal little "drawing-rooms" to discuss

court news and fashions just arrived after a seventy-five-days' passage from England. Here the Duke of Kent held a levee June 24, 1794, and here his grandson the Prince of Wales was entertained in 1860. The portrait of a red-coated Tory hangs over the sideboard, forming a spot of color as vivid as that of the flaming geraniums with which the fireplace is filled. There is a winding staircase with several landings in the broad hall. A window midway filters the sunlight through more flowers, and as we sit at the heavy mahogany table, turning over old ivory-tinted letters, we can almost hear the jingle of spurs and *frou-frou* of satin gowns upon the polished steps, for the letters we are reading are from fair women and stately men who frequented these rooms nearly a century ago.

The beautiful and unfortunate Mrs. Arnold was frequently a guest here. One can fancy her gliding out into the stiff, angular walks of the old-fashioned garden at the rear, to gather a breast-knot of heart's-ease,—she whose flowers in the days of her gay maidenhood at Philadelphia were always roses, who danced at the Meschianza with Major André and corresponded with him after the royal army retired to New York. We infer from a letter of her father's, quoted by Sabine, that she was extravagant, for, he confesses, "the style of life his fashionable daughters had introduced into his family and their dress" were arguments against his remaining in Philadelphia. But we can pardon her brief gayety as "belle of Philadelphia" when we remember the sadness of her womanhood. Here is a letter of hers, written from London to Judge Chipman in a delicate womanly hand:

"General Arnold is not yet returned to England, but I hope to see him in the course of a month. You have no doubt heard of the many wonderful escapes he has had, some of which could only have been effected by his uncommon exertions.

"With respect to politics I am a miserable croaker, and ought not, perhaps,

to touch upon them. The desertion and perfidy of our allies places dear Old England, in my opinion, in a very critical situation, and the late unpopular measure of bringing the Prince of Wales' debts again before Parliament, added to the heavy taxes that must unavoidably be laid for the prosecution of the war, create great uneasiness at home. But at present we certainly could not make a peace upon honorable terms.

"I hear much of the gayety of your little city, but find the party-spirit, particularly among the ladies, still rages with violence. Although I can never wish to return there, I shall always regret my separation from many valuable friends, among the first of whom I shall ever rank you and Mrs. Chipman.

"Believe me, sir, with much esteem,
"Yours, etc.,
"M. ARNOLD.

"LONDON, QUEEN ANN STREET EAST, June 1st, 1795."

Arnold himself writes to the judge from the West Indies. Money-getting was a passion in which he indulged whenever there seemed to be nothing to be gained by extravagance and display. It will be seen that he turned even his exile in Martinique to advantage.

"St. PIERRE, MARTINICO,
"Jan'y 18, 1795.

"You will, I make no doubt, be glad to hear that, after the variety of scenes I have gone through in this country (and some of them very hazardous), I am preparing to return to England, and expect to embark in April rather better in fortune, and infinitely more so in health, than when I left England."

More follows in reference to his business affairs at St. John, where he had resided for two years, having purchased a lot and built a store on Main Street in March, 1786. The business was carried on for some time under the name of Arnold & Hoyt. He bought out his partner in 1788, and shortly after the store and its contents were burned to the ground. Hoyt did not scruple to assert that Arnold had set it on fire to secure a

heavy English insurance. Arnold represented this, and instituted a suit for defamation of character. He gained the case, but we may judge how highly his reputation was valued when we read that the learned judges awarded him as damages two shillings and sixpence!

Here are other letters addressed to Judge Chipman by many prominent loyalists. One is from Judge Sewall, written during his residence in England, where he went first, establishing himself in Brompton Row, and meeting regularly with the Loyalist Club, until, in 1788, he decided to go to Nova Scotia to make some provision for his two children. Here he was appointed judge of admiralty, and it was in St. John that he died and was buried. He writes to Judge Chipman with reference to his son, then in the States, "Several schemes are floating in my noddle in regard to the major. I don't like the thoughts of his being educated among those turbulent republicans and fanatics who have once subverted one of the best of governments. I fear he may be drawn to adopt their pernicious sentiments or be exposed to that galling insult which must render him unhappy."

Bitter words; but they are as the unsoured milk of human kindness compared with those of a letter from Benjamin Marston to General Ruggles which, strangely enough, we find here among Ward Chipman's papers. We can hardly blame him, when we reflect that he was arrested on his return to the States to look after his property and confined for two years, first in Plymouth jail and afterward in the Bristol County jail. The letter is full of gloomy foreboding. Did any shadow of his lonely death upon the African coast fall on him, we wonder, when, in 1793, he set out upon a voyage to that almost unknown land in the service of Great Britain? He writes, "I embark for Boston to-morrow, if a fair wind, so must bid you good-by for this time; whether Providence ever intends that I shall see you again is at present very uncertain. The scarcity of money and high taxes in the States make it difficult to dispose of real property, which

embarrasses me to know how to act. If I can be happy enough to dispose of part, shall soon determine what to do, for to come without a sufficiency to make an establishment in this country would not suit me. I could wish government were disposed to suit my convenience by permitting me to bring my property in my own vessel, as I could build one on my land at Freetown.

"I am confident that the consciousness of having acted an honest, disinterested, upright part, of having steadily and heroically persevered in your attachment to that government and constitution of laws we were all born under, must yield you a much greater abundance of pleasurable, happy reflections than you could ever possibly have attained to or enjoyed could you have been received with open arms and solaced in the very lap of ease and affluence in that rascally country, which the more rascally conduct of those in power has obliged me to quit."

Colonel Edward Winslow, son of the Colonel Winslow who commanded the removal of the Acadians from Grand Pré in 1755, writes from Halifax to Judge Chipman in 1791 with reference to the coat-of-arms to which we have referred at the opening of this article, and which he says had left New York "with the other loyalists." Judge Chipman had it removed to St. John and placed in Trinity Church. The church was burned on the 20th of June, 1877, but the arms were rescued, and may now be seen on the wall of the school where the services of the church are at present held. Colonel Winslow begins his letters with engaging familiarity: "Dear Old Chip," and "Here's to you, Chip." He seems to have had a talent for writing gossip, entertaining letters,—a talent not shared by the feminine portion of his family, if the reference to the colonel's sister in the following letter from the Rev. Mather Byles, Jr., is to be credited. It is a little singular that the merriest of all these old letter-writers should have been a clergyman. He writes from Halifax,—

"DR. SIR,—We are quite a set of

dead-and-alive animals at this place, gaping at the flag-staff every few hours in expectation of arrivals from Europe to waken us up.

"The vast partiality for aprons which you discover to one of your fair correspondents has inspired your female friends with an idea of inviting you to town and getting you to give lectures for their benefit, and see if it is possible to beat into the hearts of the young men of these degenerate days that fundamental maxim, of which you seem so well convinced, that it is not good for man to be alone.

"Miss Winslow has several letters from you, and if you happen to be long-lived you may stand a chance for an answer, but if not, Lord help you! for her pen-operations go on very slow.

"MATHER BYLES."

Mr. Byles was at this time garrison-chaplain at Halifax. He was a graduate of Harvard University, had preached first at New London, Connecticut, afterward in Boston, and was subsequently the second pastor of Trinity Church, St. John. His father, the more celebrated Dr. Byles of Boston, although a rank Tory, did not choose to leave the city. During the Revolution he was confined as a prisoner in his own house, with a sentry before his door. It is related of him that, wishing some snuff, he desired the sentry to get it for him. "But my orders are not to leave this door unguarded."—"Very well; I will relieve you," replied the doctor, and, shouldering the musket of the guard, he proceeded to pace backward and forward before his door until the arrival of the snuff. He was extremely facetious, and many of his witticisms are still on record. The street immediately in front of his residence was in bad condition. Two of the selectmen in driving through it in a chaise stuck fast. The doctor made them a polite bow from his study-window, and remarked that he had often complained to the city of the nuisance, and was glad to find them at length *stirring in the matter*. Other examples of his humor are too familiar for mention.

The first rector of St. John was the Rev. George Bisset, of Newport, Rhode Island. He fled from Newport, leaving his wife, Penelope, in destitute circumstances. She followed him to New Brunswick. He preached the first sermon ever delivered in Trinity Church, on Christmas day, 1791. He remained its rector for twenty-six years, dying at the age of eighty-one.

The rectors of the Church of England in America were, with but two exceptions, faithful to the crown. But, while the legal and ministerial professions were so numerously represented among the exiled loyalists, there was a dearth of doctors. Records show, however, that no inconsiderable number of the medical profession were Tories. They probably found their practice too lucrative to leave voluntarily, and one writer hints that the influence of the ladies saved them from banishment.

Sabine computes the number of Americans who took up arms on the British side as at least twenty-five thousand. Whole battalions were raised and maintained in New York by the great land-owners. "The Rangers" (King's or Queen's) seems to have been a favorite name; "The Royal Fencibles," a Boston regiment, "The Loyal Foresters," "The British Legion," "The King's American Dragoons," and "Wentworth's Volunteers," are some of the names.

Governor Wentworth did not choose to form one of the new colony of New Brunswick. He retired to England on the breaking out of hostilities, but he writes to a friend, in 1783, urging him to go to Nova Scotia rather than to England. "As you ask it," he writes, "I can only say that you will find it expedient to remove and settle in Nova Scotia. As to your coming here, or any other loyalist that can get clams and potatoes in America, they most certainly would regret making bad worse. My destination is quite uncertain: like an old flapped hat thrown off the top of an house, I am tumbling over and over in the air, and God only knows when I shall finally alight and settle to rest."

Governor Wentworth was one of the

most popular of the royal governors, and we can surmise that his office as Guardian of the Royal Forests was but negligently filled, and that many a poor lumberman trespassing on "the King's Masts" was allowed to slip through the judicial fingers. His romantic marriage with his cousin just two weeks after her widowhood has formed the basis for more than one story of Colonial days. His mansion at Portsmouth is a most interesting relic. It contains the council-chamber, an imposing high studded room, decorated with rich carvings, from which opens the billiard-room, where stands a buffet of convivial suggestions, and a spinet once touched by the taper fingers of the Governor's lady. At the entrance to the council-chamber are racks for twelve guns. The Governor's stable contained stalls for thirty horses, and his manner of living was that which became

"An old courtier of the King and the King's old courtier."

The cold shores of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia were the scenes of many love-affairs. The meeting of so many families of kindred thought from widely different homes could not fail to furnish a fair field for Cupid. It was at Halifax that Sir Jahleel Brenton, Baronet, of a name so celebrated among the loyalists of Rhode Island, first met and fell in love with Isabella Stewart, the daughter of a Maryland refugee: they were separated for eleven years, but at last met again in London, and were married. The romantic history of the beautiful Sheaffe girls, of Boston, would make a very readable novel, as would that of Lady Franklin. Baronets seem to have had a particular admiration for American girls, but they were not always successful,—as witness the letters of Sir Nathaniel Duckinfield. These have already been published, but I cannot forbear quoting from some of them. He had been refused by a North Carolina lady, but wrote very generously to his rival, congratulating him on his success, and adding, "I have now the same reason to induce me to stay in England that I had to remain in Carolina, and which will perhaps be crowned

with success. I am determined to marry as soon as I can meet with a lady whose person and fortune will be suitable, and who will think *me* suitable." Later he writes, "I am now entirely free from the last tincture of that unhappy situation of being in love." And following this, "Since my last to you, in which I told you of one disappointment which I had met with, I have had another, with a young lady who, 'tis supposed, will be a fortune of near £100,000, and, though I was much distressed at first, I got the better of it in a short time. I am quite out of conceit with matrimony at present, but can't promise how long it will continue. There are some very pretty girls in the neighborhood." At last he announces himself married and "most perfectly happy. She is not handsome, but —devilish good."

The early newspapers of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia do not strike us as fairly up even to the journalism of that time. There are few men who, like Izaak Walton and Thoreau, can make wood-life and fishing consistent with literary pursuits. Transport a doctor of divinity or of laws of the present day to New Brunswick, and it is very possible that a salmon will be of more interest to him than any book in his library. We may be sure that one of the books to be found in the libraries of some of those old loyalists was Dame Juliana Berners's treatise on "Fyssh and Fysshynge." Salmon were very plenty on their arrival, and sold for fifteen cents each; but perhaps some of the grave men preferred the sport of angling for them to purchasing even so cheaply as this.

Among the artificial flies which Dame Berners recommends are two,—"The yelowe flye; the body of yelowe wull: the wynges of the redde cocke hakyll & of the drake lyttyl yelowe; & the blacke louper, the body of black wull & lappyd abowte wyth the herte of ye peacock tayll, & the wynges of ye red capon, wt. a blew heed." These are both very similar to flies advised now by the best authorities. We heard, however, of an instance where a fly much more simply made upon the instant, from a bit of an old felt hat and

a tuft of gray wool from the head of a negro, proved a very killing bait.

But little time could be spared from the stern necessities of life in those early years for any merely ornamental flourishes of the quill. Still, at an early day there were newspapers. One editor announces in a St. John sheet, "I shall resume the publication of *Porcupine's Gazette* under the title of *The Porcupine*. Direct to me at No. 3 Southampton Street, Strand. William Cobbett, Pall Mall, 6th September, 1800."

Under shipping notices we have, "St. John, November 4. This morning arrived the English mail for September, by which we have received European accounts to tenth of the same month.

"Wednesday arrived the brig Bee, Captain Thomas, from London, after a passage of seventy-five days."

The advertisements announce a variety of goods, among which are a number of stuffs and articles quite incomprehensible even to the most accomplished "shopper" of our own day. We have "baizes, duffils, strouds, rattinet, shalloons, calimanees, durants, tammies, camblets, moreens, taborets, modes, persians, osnaburgs, drawboys, and boggamontables." Will some Egyptologist please interpret?

In rather amusing proximity we find "colored shag for waistcoats, sprigg'd-and needle-worked clear lawns, an assortment of fashionable shoe- and knee-buckles, and two anchors of about eight hundredweight each." Also, "darning-threads and love-ribbons, splatter-dashes, ruffled shirts, summer-slops, taylors' sheers."

An undertaker advertises "mahogany and lead coffins and shrouds at the shortest notice. A pall gratis for the poor."

This brings us naturally to the cemetery. The tomb of James Putnam, surrounded by a railing, is the most conspicuous object. The inscriptions on some of the stones read like obituaries, or even memoirs. An example of this is the monument to "Christopher Billop, a member of His Majesty's council in this province, whose uncompromising loyalty as a lieutenant-colonel

in the royal cause during the American Rebellion obliged him, at the termination of that contest, to abandon without compensation his hereditary property on Staten Island, and retire with his family to this colony, where he has since resided universally respected. He died March 28, 1827, in the ninetieth year of his age."

Even where the inscription is much shorter, we are rarely allowed to forget that a *loyalist* is buried here, and there is an obvious making much of the offices held by the deceased. Observe the circumlocution in the following to avoid recognizing the United States:

Walter Chaloner,
Formerly High Sheriff of Newport, the then
British Colony of Rhode Island.

The stone to little Elizabeth Toole is touching in spite of its dislocated English:

Elizabeth Toole,
Aged 2 years.
Babes and Sucklyngs all doth Meet
And lays themselves at Christe's feet.

We seem almost to have known the daughter of the punning rector as we read:

Elizabeth Sevill,
Daughter of the
Reverend Mather Byles, D.D.,
Born 9th May, 1767,
Died 13th Nov., 1809.

Modest and mild with Innocence of Life,
Silent she shone the Daughter, Sister, Wife.
Jesus she loved, to him resigned her breath,
She saw Heaven opened, and she smiled at death.

The following epitaph which we read under the name of "Abell, son of Chapman and Mary Judson, who was drowned," might have been written by Dr. Byles himself:

The Boreas' blast and Neptune's rage
Have tossed me to and fro,
Now I, escaped from all their rage,
Am anchored here below.
Safely I ride in triumph here
With many of our fleet,
Till signals call to weigh again
Our Admiral Christ to meet.

One very short epitaph speaks volumes:

When they died, the poor lost friends.

With this visit to the garden of the dead we close our sketch of a time at once more simple and more formal than

our own,—of men grave and stately or
reckless and hot-blooded,—of

The parson ambling on his wall-eyed roan,
Grave and erect, with white hair backward
blown;
The tough old boatman, half amphibious grown;

The muttering witch-wife of the gossip's tale,
And the loud straggler levying his blackmail;
Old customs, habits, superstitions, fears,
All that lies buried 'neath the century, years
Of hardships Puritanic that recall the story
Of Mayflower ancestors of Whig and Tory.

LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

THE WOUNDED SINGER.

THERE is no song between my lips;
I keep a dumb and close-shut mouth;
It is my season of eclipse;
My life has fallen into drouth.
What are they doing in the South?
What is this murmur from the East?
What great deed thrills the zealous North?
Nay, these things move me not the least!
They cannot bid my spirit forth,—
It turns its back on fight and feast,—
My eyes go sadly toward the West:
Sunset and silence! these are best.

Yet why? My day is at its noon,
There is no cloud upon its sky,
And if my thoughts were shapen to tune
The world would pause, nor pass me by.
Still, here I hide and droop and sigh,
Too listless to uplift a hand;
Yet, once, who had a quicker ear
For all the clamors of the land?
Ah! once, to feel, to speak out clear,
To plan, to work, to give command,
Brought such a gladness to my life
No wine could warm me like the strife! .

What ails me now, when eyes are bent
In wonder on my fallen face?
Have I but shone in garments lent,
And shall they scorn my vacant place?
Ah, friends! could I take heart of grace,
And thrill you when you bid me sing,
To some great cause my full voice give,
God knows that I would do the thing!
Though I had but one hour to live,
That hour I'd into conflict fling,
Staked 'gainst a life that creeps along
Nor dares a battle with the Wrong!

But this dark mystery of defeat,
 This hidden cause of pain, close pent,
 This wound that came in conflict's heat
 Yet did not ache till strife was spent,—
 In sooth, I know not how 'twas meant:
 The high gods will not let us mark
 A path whereby their shafts may go,
 And I must suffer in the dark;
 Only, I scorn to sing my woe.
 I will not cry that you may hark!
 I lay my mouth in dust instead,
 Silent, till Pain or I be dead!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

SISTER WEEDEN'S PRAYER.

YES, we had gethered at the river, as the song says, to see a sight as might have surprised the angels. Ther was a crowd, sure. They had come from the four-mile, an' the six-mile, an' the nine-mile, an' from down in the timber, an' ther was even a pretty smart sprinklin' o' town folks kind of apart from the rest, with a plenty of artificial flowers in ther hats an' an air of gentility that differed 'em from the farmers' women with ther sun-bonnets an' babies. It was four o'clock of a Sunday afternoon, an' they was all assembled to see young Roland Selph baptiz'd by Preacher Powell, who expounded the word four times a year at Big Muddy meetin'-house.

It was a most like a miracle. Roland was a hard case. My husband,—who, bein' one o' the "swearin' Wallers," as they was called in Grandpa Waller's day, had a sort of ancesterl talent for usin' strong words, an' better that than for usin' strong drink, says I when twitted,—for what is words but a slap-dash thrown together of letters? an' if a man chooses 'em hard like goose-quills instead o' soft like goose-down, an' nobody's hurt, then where's the harm?—well, my husband he allays said that Roland was the "darnedest man to cuss on the prairie."

He never had had no bringin' up, was the trouble. His father, a rele active, nice man, was killed in a mill six months before he was born, an' his mother she took on so that she didn't have no strength to git him even so far along as teethin'. So his grandmother she raised him on sheep's milk an' a peach-tree switch. Kicks an' cuffs was sandwiched between the poor child's meals, until the old woman died an' left him, kithless an' kinless in the land. A wild-lookin' lad he was, with a shock o' black hair that you couldn't 'a combed with a wool-card, an' big eyes bold as the hub of a wheel, an' clothed summer an' winter in *rags*! He was mighty in demand at harvest-time, for he was as strong as a horse an' hadn't had a chill since his grandmother broke 'em on him at the age of fourteen with black pepper an' molasses an' santonine an' a bag o' camphor at the pit of his stomach. But people was powerful shy of associatin' with him. He was druv to the saloons for company; an' they said he could drink a quart o' whiskey as if it was spring-water.

How it had come about nobody knew. Brother Powell never was counted to have much influence, an' he looked powerful little an' meachin'-like beside

Roland, tall an' broad-chested an' as handsome as anybody in a bran'-new suit o' brown jeans an' a white shirt clean as clean.

As he went down into the water the men took off ther hats with a soft loose sweep, an' the women hushed ther babies at ther breasts. The sun shone out broad an' mellow; everything seemed to listen, somehow, as the words was uttered over that wild, forsakened one that made him a member o' Christ's great family. Then what a crowdin' roun' an' a han'-shakin' as he came out drippin' an' castin' a glance round half beseechin' an' half a-darin'! It was wuth comin' a long way jest to see that poor sinner a-welcomed inter the fold.

But I noticed one curious thing. Mrs. Biscoe was there with her two daughters Leila an' Jenny,—Rose an' Lily we used to call 'em, seein' as how one was a red beauty an' one a white. Jenny—she was the fair one—was the most help to her mother. Leila, for all her rosy cheeks an' black eyes, was a lazy little fittergibbet. Mrs. Biscoe she was a widow: a little, straight, dark woman, with plenty of snap to her, who took in sewin' for a living an' was much respected in the Baptist society. Well, she gave a quick little nod to 'ards Roland jest before he was dipped, an' she said in kind of an undertone, "They do look nice, girls, don't they?" I studied quite a spell over this speech, but I couldn't exactly make out what she meant by it.

Some days after the baptizin', Mrs. Wysnicker of the four-mile invited all the society to a wool-pickin'. Ther wasn't any declinations, for Mrs. Wysnicker was a master-hand for dinners. Never did she sit you down to her table unless she had "fresh," an' maybe a couple o' chickens besides; an' her pie-crust would break inter honest flakes if you so much as p'inted a knife at it. Furthermore, we wanted to see if her wool was so much finer than anybody else's. She had boasted considerable about it, an' we understood that she sheared fourteen pounds to a sheep. So it was candle-light breakfast all over the prairie, an'

by seven o'clock we was mostly assembled in Mrs. Wysnicker's sittin'-room, ready for work. The wool was on a sheet in the middle of the floor, an' a powerful big pile it was: seemed as if it reached nearly to the ceilin'. We was all a-sittin' round it, pretty prim, a-waitin' for the stiffness to wear off.

Ther was one person I was surprised to see in the company, an' that was Florindy Daggett. 'Twan't often anybody sighted her at wool-pickin's or apple-parin's or rag-tackin's, for she set up for a genteel, an' always washed dishes with a mop. She was a powerful dressy woman, too. Husband he allays said she was the kind that 'ud gin a man's pocket the swinney. But she loved *talk* beyond dress. It was joked around that old man Daggett told her once that he'd nuss her cheerful through a twenty-years' spell, if her disease jest happened to be paralysis of the tongue. Ther's apt to be mischief, too, in the tongues of these talkin' females. Thar she set, her mouth a-puckered up, three sand-colored curls a-hangin' as fur as her nose on each side, an', as a last dyin' touch, *kid gloves*. We didn't none of us take much notice of her, but we started out pickin' wool pretty peart. After a little, Florindy she sithed an' said, "Sister Wysnicker, what's the duty of one sister in the society, when she's discovered another sister in the act o' backslidin'?"

"P'raps she might make her a present of Brother Throckmorton's 'Serious Review of Infant Sprinklers,'" says Sister Wysnicker, who gits a laugh out of most things goin'.

"This is no matter for jokin'," says Florindy, solemn as Moses in the bulrushes.

Farmer Sweet's wife spoke up very excited: "Sister Daggett, you *do* surprise me all to pieces! Hev you *reely* caught a backslider? A *man*, of course. *Bad* is the *best* of 'em. Do *pray* don't wait another *minute*. Tell us *all* about it." She was a little sharp woman, whose words tumbled out of her mouth fast as chopped straw out of a thrashin'-machine, an' had jest about as much cash value.

"No man," says Florindy: "*it was a woman.* An' what she was doin' is so ser'ous an' awful that reveal it I won't unless the sisters here think it is my *duty*."

Well, now, do you know, not one of us had the Christian charity to say, "Hold your tongue, Florindy." Truth is, we was dyin' to hear what it was: so we jest edged our cheers a little closer together, an' sort of slacked in the wool-pickin'.

"Last Sunday, about noon," says Florindy, speakin' slow an' impressive, "as I was a-returnin' home after visitin' my brother's sick child, my throat got so dry that I knew I must have a drink of water. So I stopped at a certain cottage on the four-mile, where there is an althea-bush a-growin' in the yard, an' an oleander in a tub by the steps—"

"The Biscoes!"

"I name no names. The front door was shut, an' the blinds was drawn close, an' I mistrusted they was not at home. So I opened the slats very gently an' looked in—"

"An' what d'ye see? Do, for goodness' sake, stop lookin' so mysterious." An' Farmer Sweet's wife tore at a piece of wool quite reckless.

"*I saw the three of 'em—on the Lord's day—in a room dark as iniquity—a-sevin' for dear life!*"

"Sewin'!" "Sewin'!" "Sewin'!" "Sewin'!" "Sewin'!"

You reely would have thought it was the hissin' of a ring of geese.

"I stood there for a minute," says Florindy, "quite stagnated, as you may say, with surprise; an', besides, I wanted to see what they was sewin' on. But I couldn't make out, for the life o' me, an' I didn't dare to open the slats any wider."

"That ain't the point at all," says Sister Sweet: "whether 'twas carpet-rags, or seed-bags, or satin robes for the rich, it's all one. The sin was in sewin' at all on the Lord's day."

"Unless it was for a corpse," says Sister Wysnicker, "or funeral clothes for the family."

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"Well, it ain't no question of a corpse this time; an' what's to be done about it?"

"I'm lookin' for Sister Biscoe every minute. She's a mighty good hand at wool, an' she promised to come soon as ever she could git off."

"All I have to say," cries Florindy, "is that when she steps *in* I steps *out*. Hold countenance with sinners I won't. You can't touch pitch an' not be defiled. Ther's doctrine for it."

Mrs. Wysnicker looked powerful bothered, jest as if she didn't know which way to turn. "We haven't heard from Sister Weeden yet," says she: "perhaps she will give us a word in season."

Sister Weeden was the impressivest female in the Baptist society. She was tall an' clean-cut, an' not a bend in her from neck to knee. What she said was *said*. She had high cheek-bones, an' black eyes, an' a great twist of milk-white hair coiled on top of her head. "I have listened," says she, "an' if what Sister Daggett charges shell be proven true, we must expel Dorothy Biscoe from the society an' leave her to the mercy of God."

Cold shivers ran down our backs: it was jest as if she had said *Selah*.

At this minute I happened to look sideways through a crack in the door, an' what should I see but Leila Biscoe half stretched out on a lounge, with a picture-paper crumpled up in her hand! Her head was up, an' she was a-listenin' with all her ears, her face red as fire, an' her eyes sparklin', as lazy brown eyes will when they git fired up.

Up she jumped as she caught my eye, an' ran out of the other door. I said nothin' to anybody, but I quietly slipped after the child, a-leavin' my bonnet behind. I mistrusted she was goin' to meet her mother; an', sure enough, Mrs. Biscoe an' Jenny was footin' it along the road, when Leila flew at 'em, raisin' the dust with a swirl around her. "Mother!" she cries, "don't go near 'em. *Don't!* the scandalous old cats!"

"Leily Biscoe! what under the blue sky air you talkin' about?" She took

the child by the arm an' plumped her down into a fence-corner. "Now!" says she.

"Why, mammie, that horrid, sneakin', pryin', white-eyed—"

"Leila!"

"Well, then, the beautiful Mistress Florinda Daggett peeped into our windows last Sunday—"

"Oh!"

"An' saw us sewin'; an' they are havin' no end of a time about it, an' won't sit in the room with you, an' say you shall be expelled from the society—"

"So!"

I put in a word now, an' tried to smooth down matters; but, my stars! Sister Biscoe looked as if she could bite steel.

"Let's go home, mammie," said Jenny, beginnin' to cry.

"Home!" says she: "we're goin' to the wool-pickin'."

"But I tell you," cried Leila, "they won't have you: they will insult you."

"You can go home if you want to."

Leila felt, maybe, that she hadn't deserved such a snub, so she tossed her head an' followed her ma. I could hardly keep up with 'em. I hadn't felt so warmed up an' excited not sence I brought Belle Burns through a congestive chill after the doctor had give her up.

My soul! them women jumped, when they seen the widow an' her two daughters standin' at the door, as if the sheared sheep was a-chargin' in after the wool they'd been robbed of.

"I hear," says Sister Biscoe, "that my friends an' neighbors have been makin' mighty free with my name."

"Lor'!" says Sister Wysnicker in a quaverin' sort o' voice; "who's been a-bearin' any slanderous tale to you?"

"Slanderous, is it? Well, my daughter Leila is the bearer. I sent her on ahead of me this mornin', an' she wasn't no further from your talk than the next room."

"Nobody's said nothin' that they ain't willin' to stand by," snapped Florindy Daggett. "Women that use God's day

for puttin' money in their pockets must be ready to face the consequences."

Two red spots came out on the widow's cheeks; her eyes shot sparks like flints struck together. "I've nothin' to say to *you*," she says, turnin' her back on Florindy, "but the rest of you shall hear what's behind the story she's told. It looks as if those that has known me all my life, watched me strugglin' with poverty, workin' to keep a roof over these two girls that was left babes on my hands, an' never heard so much as a breath against me or mine, *might* 'a waited a little before talkin' about expellin' me from the society."

Everybody colored up, an' Farmer Sweet's wife *she* whimpered a little.

"I wish you'd take a cheer, Sister Biscoe," said Sister Wysnicker real treatin'.

"I'll sit in no house nor break bread under no roof till my pardon has been asked by all that thought ill of me."

Florindy sniffed, but no one jined in.

"Last Friday night a week ago," says Sister Biscoe, "Roland Selph knocked with his ridin'-whip against my door. Jenny opened it, a-drawin' back when she saw who it was, for Roland has a kiss an' a joke for every girl who will let him come near enough. But he walked in very quiet, a-followin' her into the back room, where I sat sewin'."

"Mrs. Biscoe," says he, "can you make me some decent clothes agin Sunday?"

"Not agin Sunday, Roland," says I, "for it's Friday night now."

"He set quite a while without sayin' anything, a-hittin' his boot with his whip, an' finally he said, in a loud, defiant sort of way, that he *had* thought of bein' baptized Sunday, if he could git anything to put on his back, for he was perfectly ragged.

"You baptized!" says Leila pertly. "Is the world comin' to an end?"

"Mebbe," says he very sullen, an' got up as if he would go. But I found strength to stop him. "Good gracious!" says I, "don't fly off the handle: let's talk it over."

"The long and the short of it is that I soon saw Roland was a-tremblin' between two worlds. He was that unregenerate that he wouldn't face the public at Big Muddy without the befittin' clothes, yet the Spirit was so workin' within him that he had set his heart on sealin' himself to God the comin' Sunday. I thought of suggestin' to him to wait until Brother Powell came round again; but, seein' as how he was just out of the devil's clutches by a needle's length, as you may say, I didn't *dare* to say 'put it off' to him. Would any sister here have done it?"

"NO!" says Sister Weeden, lettin' the word drop very ponderous.

"It might be then or never. To be the means of stoppin' him was more of a responsibility than I could shoulder. There was tears on Jenny's cheeks, an' she whispered to me, 'Say that you will, mammie.' An' even Leila nodded when I looked inquirin' at her. 'Roland,' says I, 'we'll do it. Come for your clothes Sunday noon. They'll be ready, and without money an' without price, for it's the Lord's work.'

"We got 'em cut out that night, an' we worked steady Saturday, an' Saturday night, an' Sunday mornin'. Yes, we did work on the Lord's day, for mortal fingers couldn't 'a finished the job without.

"By luck an' plannin', we saved all the hand-sewin' till the last, so that the noise of a machine runnin' on Sunday shouldn't bring reproach on my house. For many a thing is all right if it's kept quiet that fools label wrong if it comes to their ears.

"That's about the whole story. You all saw Roland Selph baptized that afternoon, an' can bear witness to how modest an' handsome he looked in his clean new suit, with the light of the gospel a-shinin' on his face. I won't speak of myself; but as for my two girls, who had gone without rest an' food an' worked their fingers sore to put him where he stood, I only hope that all of you said 'Amen' to Brother Powell's prayer with as clean a conscience as theirs. An' I will say for myself that, just as

sure as my name is Dorothy Biscoe, I would do it all over again! *An' it's a business between me an' my God.*"

She had swept us all along; and we was throwed into a confusion when she stopped short an' sudden, as if waitin' for some one to speak. Nobody knew jest how to lead off, an' it was a relief when Sister Weeden rose up an' says, "Let us pray!"

Down we all knelt promiscuous, the wool a-scatterin' from our laps, an' Sister Weeden, without stoppin' a minute to think up her words,—for prayin' comes to her by nature,—began: "O Father, our hearts is vile an' unclean as the wool we've been pickin' out this day; quick to catch at evil as sheep's backs to catch at brambles an' briars in pushin' through a thicket; clogged with meanness an' jealousies an' suspicions, till they're got no will nor power to beat harmonious with thy Spirit, which is love. O Lord, we'd give up, despairin', if it wasn't that immortal patience can cleanse them of trash that defiles; if it wasn't that Immanuel's blood can wash the blackness of blackness away; if it wasn't that we knew forgiveness was held out free as long as breath held body an' soul together. Every day Satan dangles some new temptation before us, an' we fall inter sin. Most especial to-day hev we failed in charity toward our sister here, condemnin' her without a hearin', an' never a-dreamin' that it was the Lord's work to which she give His day, as sinless as the act of Him who plucked the ears of corn an' was reproached by the lip-servin' Jews. Put it inter her heart, O Father, to pardon us without much more said about it. All for the dear sake of Him who died for us. Amen."

Then we said the Lord's Prayer all together, an' somehow a good healthy shame laid hold of us an' made us humble in our own conceit for once.

We didn't exactly like to look Sister Biscoe in the eye when we got up. We didn't know but what she'd hold out till we had made apologies all 'round; an' how to do it was more than we knew.

But, dear sakes! Sister Wysnicker—

she's such a comfortable woman—she says quite natural, "Won't you take off your things, Sister Biscoe, an' help us out with this wool? It's a powerful sight worse 'n I looked for it to be."

"To be sure," says Sister Biscoe a little hystericky, but very cheerful; "ain't that what I'm here for?"

So, pretty soon we was workin' like bees, an' chattin' by spells, as neighbors should, about the harvestin', an' the hard

work, an' the aguey, an' the Republican rally, an' the thrivin' business of them wicked saloons when politics was flyin' all abroad, an' other subjects harmonious to the company.

Jenny she stood by her mother and helped; but as for Miss Leila, she tossed her head and walked off home, as unfor-givin' a young one as ever listened to prayer with a stony heart.

SHERWOOD BONNER.

WASH LO.

AH SIN, so long the object of the nation's curiosity and regard, is no more. He, the sly, the shrewd, the crafty, the juggling,—whom we patronized while he tricked us, as kings laugh at court jesters,—Ah Sin, the welcome guest of an idle hour, is a creature of our memory only. The typical Chinaman of to-day is Wash Lo, the patient and enduring laborer, receiving little and accumulating much,—quite the reverse of the average type of the Californian to whom he is becoming a successful rival.

Therefore the Californian says that he must go. Ask an idle Californian almost any question ranging from the time of day to the health of his wife, and he will be likely to answer, "The Chinese must go." It is written on the fences, it is spoken from the sand-lot, and it is clinched with oaths in the bar-room. And what gives this popular verdict the fair aspect of right is the fact that the worker is almost as earnest in pronouncing it as the loafer, and the family man as the tramp.

"Why must the Chinaman go?" we asked of a hoodlum boy who was leaning against a telegraph-pole in a quiet old town of Southern California and invoking the wrath of heaven and elsewhere upon Wash Lo's shaven head.

"Because he works cheap and smells bad," was the argument.

It may be remarked here that our informant smelt worse and worked not at all.

"Just wait till next Sunday afternoon," continued the hoodlum boy, "and if it's a fine day we're going to give the Chinamen the grand bounce."

"How do you go about it to bounce a Chinaman?" we asked, in search of information.

"Just you wait and see. It lays over a circus. We rig up a pole like a well-sweep, and tie his heels to one end of it over a pond, and souse him in the water like he was a cat. Then we pull him up and let him drip, and pelt the stones and eggs and things into him. Bring your pockets full of eggs, mister! It's boss fun," he said gloatingly.

"What! do you kill him?"

"No—o—o," doubtfully. "Break an arm or a leg, maybe, but if we kill him we do it accidentally."

We did not stay to see this promised entertainment on the modern ducking-stool, but we did see the Chinamen walking the streets with their customary non-chalance, peddling the products of their little farms and carrying linen to and from the laundries. From their composure it would seem that they antici-

pated no retribution this side of the judgment-day, and their fearlessness would have been admirable if, so great is the stolidity of their nature, they had not seemed incapable of fear.

The sphere of the Chinaman in America is surely expanding. In the kitchen and the laundry he has long been celebrated, and now, introducing from his native land certain arts of fertilization by which the vilest substances are transmuted into delicious fruits and vegetables, he is reaching out for the premiums in market-gardening. But it is especially as a navvy that he has become so important a factor in our national growth. Compared with the Caucasian in a physical sense, he is what the *bronco* mule is by the side of the thorough-bred horse; that is, he can stand infinitely more of the rough and disagreeable in life, he does not wear out in the mountains nor faint in the desert, and he is neither discouraged by misfortune nor daunted by persecution. He gets homesick only on his death-bed, when he piously consigns his bones to the land of his birth. And, best of all, he can live on almost nothing and cook it himself. This is why he is so useful in a new country, where there is hardship enough to wear out that life which accompanies even the most phlegmatic disposition.

The average American cannot shovel dirt. He is too ambitious, allowing his mind to aspire to that glorious thing, achievement, which is quite unwise, and he becomes exhausted. Only very deliberate men can follow the profession of shovelling, which involves great strain upon the body, and only very deliberate nations, like the Irish and the Chinese, can furnish steadfast navvies. These look once around the horizon and twice at the sun in the interval between two shovels of earth, and thus allow repair to keep pace with waste in the muscular system.

In this capacity their patience amounts almost to laziness. "They're a sly crowd," said one of the overseers on the grade, "and they have to be watched and drove, sir. Every time my back is turned they stop and lean on their shovels and scrape them with their hoofs for an excuse.

Then, when I wheel around to catch them at it, one of them clicks a kind of signal between his lips, and they nigger into it again. They're a sly lot, sir."

From this testimony it will be seen that Wash Lo is not worthy of indiscriminate praise. Ignorance of his true character and philanthropy in the abstract have made him hitherto an object of much misplaced sympathy. Be not deceived, distant reader: he is not the soft-eyed, timorous, shrinking creature that the popular fancy paints him. On the contrary, he is bold and brazen, clamorous in the street and uncivil on the sidewalk, and if you engage with him in either a hand of seven-up or an interchange of badinage you are very likely to be worsted.

Until one gets accustomed to him, and gets into the lofty habit of considering him an animal and not a man, the persistent curiosity of this fellow is annoying. To a lazy Chinaman, as to a philosopher, everything is matter for marvel. His life is wondered away by the hour. He picks up a piece of scrap-iron in the street, and first he wonders for an hour what it has been used for, and then he speculates for sixty minutes concerning some possible use to which he may turn it. You step into the post-office to mail a letter, he follows you, wondering what you are going for; you buy a stamp, he counts the change and estimates the cost; you lick it, he is amazed at the process; you slide the letter into the box, he catches a last glimpse of the vignette on the stamp, notices a man's head with attachment of pigtail, and he goes out and sits down on the extreme edge of the sidewalk and stares at nothing while he wonders if that man was Confucius.

Like the proverbial country-boy who has never left his home, the Chinaman is gawky and ungraceful in the extreme; but never was there a book-agent, one of that class of men who travel so much, that had more of cool audacity than he. His jocose familiarity is more than audacious at times, it is insolent. Should you stop in the street to exchange a word of courtesy with a lady acquaint-



ance whom you meet, John loafing along with his slovenly slippers flapping at his heels, and suddenly your coat becomes a subject of mighty import to him. So, in his innocent impertinence, he walks around you and stares, studying it as if he were a tailor and an artist. Then, coming nearer to examine the fabric, he does not hesitate to take the skirt in his hands, pressing it to his palm or his cheek—of which he has great quantity—in order to determine the nature of its texture. Now, such hangers-on are not pleasant to have, albeit they are of celestial origin, as they boast: the Chinaman is a very good cook, but he is not handsome enough to play the valet or footman, to hold up one's skirts in the streets.

Once an old and toothless child of the sun entered our camp and inquired, "Who bossee here?" It being supposed that he had vegetables to sell, he was referred to the tent of the gentleman in question. This he invaded, sidled up to the occupant, slapped him convivially on the shoulder, and said, "You bossee here? Bully! Shake hand!" And, having paid his respects in this informal manner, he seemed to have no further communication to make, but began an inspection of our camp-furniture, which task promised to occupy him the rest of the day. Thinking to entertain our high-born guest, our musical-man sang him the song beginning—and, it is to be hoped, ending also—with the following lines :

Pretty little Chinawoman cook a little chow-chow,

Live beside a little hill, in a little house;
Take a little pussy-cat and a little bow-wow,
Cook 'em in a little kettle with a little mouse.

"What do you think of that, John?"

"Heap crazy man!" was the disdainful and laconic rebuke with which the heathen crushed our minstrel.

They are a very unhandsome race. They are small and stunted in growth, and their faces are sadly deficient in agreeable expression. The countenance slopes from mouth to chin and forehead at great angles, and a band around the latter is closely shaven, making the slant

apparently greater than it is. Then the remnant of hair is pulled severely back and worked into a braid, which, as the hair dwindles out, is gradually interwoven with the ornamental pigtail of silk. This fashion of *coiffure* gives the face a peeled and naked aspect not comfortable to contemplate, and is perhaps responsible for those gaping mouths and that general appearance of inanity which we are accustomed to see behind the gratings of our idiot asylums.

But it is perhaps not fair to judge of intellect by the uncertain criterion of looks, nor yet by the more scientific argument of facial angles. Even among us Caucasians handsome men are not necessarily of brilliant mind any more than an elegant sign before a shop is surety of good merchandise within. Indeed, if you will but notice, a very large percentage of our geniuses are red-headed men, and it is of better augury that a baby should be born with red hair on its head than with a silver spoon in its mouth.

Therefore we need feel no surprise on learning, as we do, that the Chinese are intelligent, bright, and quick even to sprightliness when they choose to be so. They also seem to be blessed with a liberal allowance of education, after their own methods; else how do these washermen manage to write as fluently and keep accounts as accurately as they do? These men are certainly of the lowest and most ignorant grade at home, and yet there are few laundry-workers of other nationalities—Irish, German, or colored—who can handle the pen as easily as they wield the brush. Take your week's linen to one of these houses, and immediately one of the inmates seats himself at a desk, dips the brush into the moistened surface of a cake of ink, and with many a dash and artistic stroke, every one of whose curves is a line of beauty, he makes out a memorandum of the articles consigned to his care. These washing-lists, looking so like the labels on our packages of fire-crackers, are greatly in demand, and are carried away as souvenirs of travel in Chinatown. Absent fathers send them home to their children; humorous students on summer vacation consign them

to their old professors, calling them lost manuscripts of great archæological worth; and once there was an injudicious lover who sent one home to his sweetheart.

It was in this way. He was a practical joker, and, having one of these laundry documents in his possession, he thought he would have some fun. So he sprinkled the delicate paper with sweet essences and addressed it to his heart's own. With it he despatched a letter, in which he said that the enclosed was a Chinese madrigal, written at his instigation expressly for her by one of the greatest of China's poets, and, further, that it was to be read to slow music from the gentle tomtom, with an occasional passionate outburst from the gong. The lady, devoured with anxiety to learn the sweet words of this mystical message, forwarded it to a translator, who returned answer, couched in all the cold precision of business, that the writing certified that this gentleman, the practical joker, had deposited with Mr. Wash Lo, washerman, one shirt, two collars, one pair of hose, *et al.*, and that the same were to be duly cleansed, ironed, and ready for return on such a day. It is said that the lady's reply to this practical joker was read without the assistance of a translator, and the tune to which he read it was a dirge over a lost love. This fable teaches us that it is well to reserve one's practical jokes on one's sweetheart till after the wedding-day,

In one of those smoky dens of idols, kittens, and gabbling workmen, the Chinese laundries, we saw Ah Sin for the last time. He was principal in a piece of sharp brokerage and financial ruling which gave evidence of an ample fitness to enter the troubled politics of our times. My companion had dropped in to pay him a bill of four dollars, and gave him a five-dollar gold piece, expecting one dollar in change. The Chinaman returned him, instead, eight silver dimes, and, in response to his customer's look of inquiry, he went on to explain. Taking up one of the dimes between his fingers, he said, "This one bit—you know."

"Yes," admitted my friend.

"Eight bits one dollar, I guess," continued the Chinaman.

"Yes."

"All right. Good-by. Come again."

"He's cheated you," said number three of our party as we left the house.

"I know he did; but how did he do it? That's what bothers me. His reasoning was logical."

"In this way. A 'bit' is twelve and a half cents, but, since there is no coin of that value, ten cents, or a 'short bit,' is legal tender instead. Not by the quantity, however, since nothing short of a quarter of a dollar will be considered two bits. You buy a glass of wine at the bar; everything to drink or smoke in this country costs a bit, and, giving a quarter of a dollar, you receive ten cents in change. That is all right, owing to a certain understanding existing between buyer and seller. The next day you purchase a cigar and give him the dime you find in your pocket, and that is all right also. But if you fill your purse with short bits and never give the seller the advantage of the odd two and a half cents, you will be frowned upon, snubbed, and finally classed with the great army of beats. Such is the peculiarity of the California monetary system; and now you will see the petty magnitude of the swindle this heathen has practised upon you."

"The Chinese must go!" groaned the victim.

Six days does Wash Lo work, and on the seventh he gambles. He cannot resist the allurements of the gaudy tables which are spread for the transaction of business in faro, monte, chuck-luck, poker, and kindred branches of speculative industry, and hither he comes. But first he goes to the storekeeper and begs to exchange the dollars and half-dollars of his wages into short bits, which, repairing to the gilded saloon of the white man or to the game in the gutter with his kinsmen, he loses one at a time and thus prolongs his amusement. At noon, having but one coin left, he buys with it a bottle with mysterious contents and becomes a leader among his people, who dog his footsteps as he goes. This bottle he dangles by his side, occasionally lifting it to his eye and gazing fondly thereon. At these moments the follow-

ers will be seen to nudge adjacent ribs with their elbows, moisten their lips, and wink knowingly each to each ; whereupon the man of the bottle affects a superior and distracted air, drops the mysterious vessel into its oscillations as before, and the pursuit continues, persistent and seeming never to end.

At evening behold him again. He stands in the centre of the highway, mo-

tionless as a statue, with arms folded and left foot in advance. For the last hour he has stood there gazing at the sky, rigid of body and absent of mind. What he is thinking of nobody knows. He may be either contemplating hari-kari or inventing a new trick at cards ; for he is a very mysterious fellow, and his thoughts are hard to read.

FRANK D. Y. CARPENTER.

AFTER BETROTHAL.

MARJORY'S finger wears a band
Brilliant with the diamond light :
Every motion of her hand
Flashes on her happy sight
Love's most splendid prophecies :
Sitting in his light she is.

Marjory's eyes have looked to-day
Into eyes before unmet ;
Hour by hour has slipped away,—
She is deep in reverie yet ;
But to him who owns her vow
Not one thought is tending now.

This new power, as strange as strong,
Works upon her promised heart,
Till, as if surprised in wrong,
Now she gives a guilty start :
"Dark it grows ; the night is near :
Soon my lover will be here."

Suddenly poor Marjory feels
The bewildering, awful sense
Of the ring, and what it seals :
She would almost draw it thence,
In her longing to be free,
In her dread of perjury.

Very soon, perhaps, her soul,
Shriven and true, will turn once more,
Give love's undivided whole
To her lover as before,
Or the force of this strange eye
Bar or break betrothal tie.

Which, we know not. This is sure:
 When the heart at first perceives
 That the love it deemed secure
 Out of sight its object leaves,
 Dazzled by some sudden grace
 Found not in a lover's face,—

Then, like Marjory's, it must fear
 Either error or misdeed;
 For if love be rightly dear,
 What its place can supersede?
 Troth is sweet till golden band
 Weighs like iron on the hand.

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

NINETEENTH-CENTURY NOTES.

I knew one that when he wrote a letter he would put that which was most material in the postscript, as if it had been a bye matter.

BACON.

CAMHAVEN, March 15.

DEAR KITTY,—I haven't seen you for an age, and I want to see you bad. Let's take a drive. I have lots to tell you and to ask you. I'll come for you any afternoon you say.

Yours,
 BERT.

CITY, March 17.

DEAR BERT,—I shall be very glad to see you. I have engagements for the remainder of this week, and for Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday of next. You may choose whatever other day you please, as it will doubtless make more difference to you, on account of your recitations, than it will to me.

Your affectionate cousin,
 KATE.

CAMHAVEN, March 18.

DEAR KITTY,—Your note was so business-like and so unlike you that I am almost afraid to call: however, "faint heart never won fair lady," and I will come on Friday, at three o'clock, unless

you send word to the contrary. I shan't come if it rains.

Yours,
 BERT.

March 21.

DEAR KITTY,—This is no kind of a day for a drive. Let's put it off a week. Write me a nice long letter, and be sure you come to the match Saturday afternoon.

Yours truly,
 BERT DARRELL.

RIVERMOUTH, March 28.

MY DEAR BERT,—I should have written you before, but I have been ashamed to do so after the absurd mistake I made. It was so long since I had seen you that I had quite forgotten your character and your style of action, and so when you made an engagement it never occurred to me that you didn't mean to keep it. The fact had utterly slipped from my mind that arrangements made by you have this inestimable and peculiar advantage over arrangements made by others: that, while one has all the glory of an engagement with you at a certain hour, one nevertheless has that very hour free to do with it what one

pleases. (This might seem paradoxical to some, but you will understand it.) Having, as I said, quite forgotten all this, I got ready on Friday afternoon and awaited your coming. About two hours after the time you had named, your note appeared. If, before, I had had any doubts as to your previous intentions, they were dispelled by that note; it was so frank, so simple, not to say thoughtless and selfish, so destitute of all suspicion of having been at fault or of offering an apology, that it was at once evident that you never had had the remotest idea of keeping the engagement. As I had been obliged to refuse an invitation for that afternoon and evening—an invitation which I should have been very glad to accept—solely on account of my previous engagement with you, and as nothing provokes me more than the non-performance of preconcerted plans, I will here confess that I was greatly annoyed and decidedly angry; but that was on the spur of the moment, and when as yet I hadn't had time to appreciate your own peculiar method, which I now most heartily do. By all means let us make another engagement, —one for to-day, another for to-morrow, a third for the day after; although, to give it that air of probability so dear to most hearts, it would perhaps be best to wait until I return to the city. I enclose my address. Please do write soon and tell me that you don't think the worse of me for my stupidity. I have had many a hearty laugh over it since. I have obeyed you in every particular. I went to the match, and I send you a very long letter. I shall be in an agony of uncertainty until I hear from you. In the mean time I am

Yours humbly and tremblingly,
K. D.

P.S.—I don't wonder the girls call you Pert Darrell.

CAMHAVEN, March 29.

Of all the facetious, not to say impudent, notes I ever received, yours, Kitty, bears away the palm. What was

the matter with you when you wrote it? What had you been doing, and who had been with you? If you want me to apologize, I will, most certainly; but enough of this subject.

What are you doing in Rivermouth? Did you go there to see little what's-his-name you were raving about last summer, or are you sick of life and so have retired into a desert? If you do see the little chap, don't be too strong-minded, or you'll frighten him out of the growth he hasn't yet got and which he needs badly. Don't flirt too much with him or anybody else; in short, don't be too much of a muchness anyway. Kitty, you are a queer girl. Have you a heart? I doubt it, and I doubt if you're happy or ever will be until you do have a heart. I am going to drive with Bob Bridgers this afternoon, and I shall go past your house to see how it looks without you in it. When are you coming home? What do you mean by the way you act? How you do treat a fellow! You say black one minute and white the next; but I know you don't mean half you say.

BERT.

March 30.

MY DEAR MISS DARRELL,—Pray do me the favor of accepting the accompanying volume of "Heine," about which we were talking the other evening. I feel sure you will enjoy it. I tried to get "Tyll Owlgllass" also, but was totally unsuccessful. I am particularly sorry, as I know how you appreciate anything wittily satirical, having a little streak of it yourself, Miss Katharine. I heard of the letter you wrote to your unfortunate cousin: his sin was undoubtedly great, but the punishment equalled, if it did not exceed, the fault.

And now may I ask a second favor? If you are not engaged for the next Camhaven Assembly, will you do me the honor of dancing the German with me?

Hoping for a gracious reply,
I am most devotedly yours,
ASHFORD GODWIN.

March 30.

DEAR KITTY,—I am awfully disappointed not to find you at home. I supposed you would be back when you said you would; but you never keep your engagements, so you needn't pitch into me. Don't forget you are engaged to me for the next assembly. What flowers do you want?

Yours, BERT.

CITY, April 2.

DEAR MR. GODWIN,—I have only just reached home, after an absence of a week, and, in consequence, have but this moment received your note. Many thanks for the book. It was most kind of you to think of it, and I know I shall enjoy it; but please don't trouble yourself about "Tyll Owlglass," as I have already seen it.

I shall be very happy to dance the next German with you; but shall I not see you before that time?

Yours truly,
KATHARINE DARRELL.

CITY, April 4.

BERT DARRELL,—You are enough to have driven the man Moses, who was very meek, to the verge of distraction. What do you mean by showing my letters to any of your gentleman friends, and, above all, to Mr. Godwin? I assure you, if you are not extremely careful, you will have few notes of mine to exhibit in future. As for my being engaged to you for the next assembly, as you say I never keep my engagements, I will not cause you to be forsown. Let's put it off a week, or a month, or a year. In the mean time, I dance the German with Mr. Godwin, and, as he has asked me what color I am to wear, you needn't trouble yourself about the flowers.

Yours, K. D.

CAMHAVEN, April 12.

I suppose, after the way you've treated me, that it's none of my business what you do, and that I ought not to care. But, confound it, I do care, Kitty! And I can't see you acting so with Godwin

without saying something. You don't know how people talk; you don't know anything about the fellow,—you can't, or you wouldn't have anything to do with him. If you must flirt, do take men of a different stamp.

DARRELL.

P.S.—For heaven's sake, don't tell me you're engaged to him!

CITY, April 14.

It's extremely kind of you to continue taking such an interest in my actions as to consider it necessary to warn me against Mr. Godwin. People may say what they please. I am not flirting with him. I know him very well, and I like him extremely. Whether I am engaged to him or not you shall know when I choose to tell you. Your cousin, K. D.

P.S.—He is certainly full as good as you are.

April 14.

MY DEAR MISS KATHARINE,—I have lost my bet, and will pay it with the greatest possible pleasure. Will you tell me what size you wear, what make you prefer, how many buttons there shall be, and what colors you want? If there is anything else I have forgotten, please be good enough to remind me. I should be much less likely to make a mistake were you to send me a glove you have already worn; that would insure their fitting, you know, and it would be a pity to have a new dozen that didn't fit: so I shall expect the glove, may I?

If there is anything in which I can serve you, please don't hesitate to command me. Yours devotedly,

ASHFORD GODWIN.

April 16.

DEAR MR. GODWIN,—You were very kind to propose paying that silly bet, but I cannot think of such a thing. It was not made in earnest, and I had quite forgotten it.

Yours truly,
KATHARINE DARRELL.

April 17.

MY DEAR MISS KATHARINE,—I am greatly disappointed at your refusal. I took the bet in the most serious earnest, I assure you, and should have expected you to pay it had you lost. Please reconsider it.

I am very glad to hear you are going to Mrs. Tareaway's; but I want to see you before then. Shall you be disengaged to-morrow evening, and will you be at home to me?

Yours devotedly,
ASHFORD GODWIN.

April 17.

DEAR MR. GODWIN,—I have an engagement for to-morrow evening. I shall not be able to go to Mrs. Tareaway's, as I find a previous arrangement has been made for me. However, we shall doubtless meet before very long.

Yours truly,
KATHARINE DARRELL.

April 17.

DEAR BERT,—Mamma says you have not been to our house for an age, and wants me to ask you to spend next Sunday with us. We shall all be glad to see you. Why haven't you been in before?

Yours affectionately,
KATHARINE.

April 18.

DEAR KITTY,—You know very well why I haven't been in before. I knew I should not be welcome to you. I think it will be better for me not to spend Sunday at your house. Thank you very much for the invitation.

Yours,
BERT.

April 19.

MY DEAR BERT,—What an absurd boy you are! For heaven's sake don't get up on your dignity because I snubbed you a little: it's not becoming to your style of beauty. Besides, you don't

get half the snubbings you deserve. You've been in the wrong all along, and you know it, and yet you expect me to apologize. Come in and be good, and we'll make up, now that we are quits, and you shall be forgiven.

Your affectionate cousin,
KATE.

April 20.

DEAR KITTY,—I can't. You know very well why. Everybody says you are engaged to Godwin; you as much as told me so yourself in that note you sent me ten days ago. You were angry because I told you the truth about him: so I know you care for him. And I couldn't come in and see it, you know I couldn't, and it's cruel to ask me; but you never had a heart, and you seem to think no one else has any. You love to make people wretched, and you've succeeded nobly this time.

BERT.

April 20.

MY DEAR BOY,—You're too absurd; but, if you will know everything, here it is: I sent Godwin off some days ago. For whose sake, do you suppose? I never was engaged to him or thought of such a thing. Will you come in now?

Yours,
KITTY.

April 21.

DEAR KITTY,—I'll come. Be sure you don't have any engagements. I want you to go to the theatre with me Saturday evening, and we'll have a long walk together on Sunday. I'm awfully glad; but we'll talk about it when I see you. I have ever so many things to tell you, and to ask you, too.

Yours ever,
BERT.

E. DUYKWOOD.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

PUBLIC TOPICS.

Carlyle.

THERE has probably never been a writer of profound and subtle insight, lofty purpose, and profuse power, whose whole nature is so frankly and saliently projected in his works as is that of Carlyle. Minds of inferior force and simpler elements—Cobbett, for example—have sometimes made themselves thus fully and plainly visible by dint of egotism and sheer intention; but writers of equal or greater genius have been prevented by their native reticence or their artistic instincts from giving the same direct and naked utterance to their thoughts and feelings. Carlyle displays himself wholly and without subterfuge, not because he is egotistical, but because all his utterances are characteristic,—dyed in the peculiar pigment so abundantly secreted by his own intellect. He does not seek to impress us by his personality; but his deep sincerity, his need to express himself unreservedly, the copiousness of his conceptions, and the Titanic strength with which they are imaged and hurled forth, combine to produce an effect like that of a collision, making the impact of his individuality full and irresistible. The result might have been similar if Socrates had not only talked but written, and had written as he talked. But Socrates left himself to be not simply reported, but supplemented and re-created by the art of Plato. Carlyle was himself a great artist, but limited by necessity to materials that could be imbued with life and color without a change of form. He must say, not sing,—must confine himself to the world of facts, not create an ideal world of his own. No writer with any thing like the same depth and force of thought, powers of imagination, humor, and pathos, or mastery over the resources of language, has ever made a specialty of history, biography, or criticism, or confined himself to prose.

A man whose idiosyncrasies were so marked, and who revealed them so bluntly and fearlessly in his works, could not fail to produce a corresponding impression in personal intercourse. In many cases the conversation of an eminent writer is found to be disappointing; and even where this is not the case, the grace or energy of expression, the characteristic tone, the *afflatus*, of his writings, will commonly be missed in his talk. But in Carlyle the identity of the man with the writer was never lost or obscured. If one had met him "under a shed," one must have exclaimed, not simply, as of Burke, "This is an extraordinary man," but, "This can be nobody but the author of '*Sartor Resartus*.'" Both the thought and the style, with all the blended qualities that suffused them,—the irradiating humor, the far-brought but home-piercing imagery, the swift flights into the regions of the invisible and unutterable, the touches as of a close but delicate pressure on the innermost fibres, the eloquence that could be compared only to a mountain-river now flashing in the sunlight, now pouring through sombre chasms, sweeping down boulders and cleaving a passage through the ruggedest rock-walls,—were the same, and as impressive, in his talk as in his books. It has even been asserted that he spoke "with more uniform brilliancy and force" than he wrote. But this we take to be an impression due to the heightened effect of eloquence when it comes not from the pen but from the lips,—the greater in his case that his voice had the full range of intonation requisite for such utterance, which, with its frequent swell and fall, now loud, vehement, and harsh, now deep and sonorous, anon soft and low as if receding to a distance, yet always sustained and unbroken, left, after long listening, an impression on the ear and on the mind as of the sound of many waters. Nor did his face and form, attitudes and gestures, fail to cor-

respond and to contribute to this effect. His figure, tall and somewhat gaunt, but firmly built, at times straightened itself in strong but simple dignity, but more often bent and swayed in consonance with the current of his speech ; while the gesticulation, especially in narration, accorded with the words, as, for example, when he told how Irving, "sitting here, at this very table," had bowed his head and covered his face with his hands while listening in silence to the expostulations and rebukes of his old pupil. The rugged features, and the hale glow on the thin cheeks, less observable in middle age than at a later period, testified, like his Doric accent, to the peasant origin and open-air rearing of this deep student and "maker of books." An occasional protrusion of the lower lip and jaw, indicative of scorn, carried with it an amusing reminder of similar sarcastic grimaces in old-time Scotch schoolmasters. The deep-set eyes were remarkable for their strong, clear gaze, which there was no eluding, and, in moments when the utterance was more in the nature of soliloquy than of converse, for an extraordinary rapt and remote look, as of a vision penetrating into the unseen,—an expression slightly suggested in the portrait by Samuel Lawrence, but perhaps as impossible to portray with the pencil as to describe in words. Everything betokened a mind equally averse to mere abstract speculation and to absorption in the present and actual, a vivid appreciation of the aspects of "many-colored life," coupled with the deepest sense of its inward significance.

The simple, noble openness of Carlyle was as remote as possible from the effusive or gossipy communicativeness of vanity and self-esteem. Recognition and sympathy were not unwelcome, were, when profound, even precious to him ; but only the dullest perceptions could have expected him to be moved by praise or admiration, however sincere. There were no littered chambers to pass through before reaching the deep recesses of his nature, but neither did these contain any secrets, since whatever he gave to the world had come directly thence and pro-

claimed its source. For this very reason, any memory of his presence, especially in the surroundings of his own home, has a stronger interest than that of mere association for readers of his works who have also known him personally. The room where he worked and where he received his visitors was lined with books on plain shelves, and the only adornments were a few choice engravings, all, or most of them, portraits, one of Dante being the rarest and the most striking and seeming to be there by some peculiar fitness. In the centre stood the table where at eight o'clock the simple tea-service was placed. Between it and the fireplace stood at one time a lounge, where Mrs. Carlyle reposed, her tiny figure, delicate features, sweet expression, and tinkling laugh suggestive, even in the feebleness of ill health, of a bright, fairy-like spirit endowed with perpetual youth. May one venture to tell how the host, after reciting with great gusto Johnson's mock-heroic verses beginning

Hermit hoar in mossy cell,

has been seen to swoop down over his cup, his arms swinging loose, and imbibe its contents with long, audible suction ? or how, while moving about the room, he would occasionally take a comb from his pocket, and, passing it through the flowing gray locks, sweep them back from his "cliff-like brow" ?

There lies before us a little volume, a Danish-English dictionary, having a book-plate with scrolls and two heads of griffins, or some such heraldic animals, "addorsed," above them the device "Humilitate," and below, the name of "Thomas Carlyle." On the margin of some of the pages are short pencilled notes,—not commendatory of the work, —and on a fly-leaf a mention of the date on which it passed into the hands of its present possessor, the last occasion on which he saw the revered donor. Why or how it was given is scarcely remembered, but the date recalls some talk at a later hour of the same evening. The only other guest had departed, and Mrs. Carlyle had retired for the night. The host produced two long-stemmed clay

pipes, with tobacco of no mild strain, and, seating himself on the floor, with his back against the wall, on one side of the fireplace, invited his companion to take the same position on the other side, in order that the smoke expelled from their lips might escape by the chimney. Some allusion to a recent event brought up a topic on which, as Emerson tells us, Carlyle neither sought nor shunned discussion. Much that he said differed little from what is written on the same subject in "Sartor Resartus," though, in speaking of what had first shaken his belief in the creed of his fathers, he somewhat surprised his hearer by telling that the book which had produced this effect was Gibbon's "Decline and Fall." He told also of well-meant endeavors to draw him back into the fold of orthodoxy, and of his having once been induced to hear a sermon by a popular Methodist preacher,—adding, with the grimdest pout of the lips and in strong sarcastic tones, "He preached about heaven; and I soon saw that his notion of heaven was that of a big sea of treacle, in which he and his fellows were to lie and flounder; and I thought to myself that I didn't care a daamn whether he got his treacle or not. My idea of heaven,"—here the eyes looked far away and the voice subsided into a soft and lingering cadence,—“and what I find to have been the idea of Moses and of Jesus, is that it is a rest,—just a rest.”

While Carlyle still lived, long as was the interval since he had written for the public, the age might be permitted to count him among its great possessions. Yet he could hardly be said to belong to it; and though his influence, which no longer lies broadly on the surface, has sunk deep, to mingle with that of former great thinkers and teachers feeding the perpetual springs of spiritual thought and life, the announcement of his death sounded in many ears as the final knell of an earlier and more memorable epoch, among whose many striking figures none was so original, none so grand, as that which stayed longest and has vanished last.

PLACE AUX DAMES.

The Prairie Woman.

SINCE, as a clever writer declares, our backgrounds make us, the prairie woman shall be sketched in against the gayest background of her year. She is entering the fair-ground, a large green enclosure bordered with cattle-sheds, dotted with floral and agricultural halls and refreshment-booths, but pathetically bald of trees,—for a few little switches done up in boxes cannot be called trees. The fair swarms with people. That bustle and stimulus aggregated by many lives, which she misses during her whole hard year, now rushes upon her like a delightful breaker. This is her surf-bath. Her face relaxes from the squint which a glaring sun has made habitual. She holds her parasol high in one sunburnt hand, for fear it may hide some face or pageant from her. All her neighbors and acquaintances for miles around are here.

There are women who live easy and refined lives driving by. The prairie woman looks curiously at them. Although the rolling plain is also their home, they are not representative prairie women, like her. They have handsome homes, silver, china, frequent trips, and husbands who shelter them from the rigors of life, while her existence is fastened to the prairie and takes its color therefrom. She has never been away since her wedding emigration from Ohio, years ago. She looks forward to "going out to see mother some time," as saints look forward to heaven. It is almost too much to expect. The mortgage is off the farm now, but they have lived in a board shanty of two rooms for so long she would like to have an "addition" built first of anything. *He* needed so much for improvements on the farm, though, the addition would hardly go up this year. He sits beside her on the spring-seat of their new Studebaker wagon, bent and burnt, but as keenly enjoying his holiday as the staring children on split-bottomed chairs behind. He wears a white shirt on this festive occasion, and perhaps a paper collar, but never eye exploring his sunburnt beard.

can detect the likeness of a necktie under his prominent Adam's apple. That would be an affectation he could not help condemning as "putting on too much style." His face cannot be called intellectual, but it is good, and much more expectant than that of his wife. The resin-weed odors smell in his nostrils like future prosperity. The prairie is more exhilarating to its out-door laborer than to the woman who works in a hot shanty over a cooking-stove.

This family alight; the horses are unhitched and tied to the rear of the wagon. The prairie woman feels half dazed, like Christian when his burden rolled away, until the usual tugging at her skirts recalls her. The baby is there, but *he* will carry it for her, and the five other children are admonished to keep close to their parents. Their colorless heads are variously covered with straw hats or gorgeous millinery. The prairie woman may wear an old hat herself, but the children shall look fine. Music is playing in various tents. Painted canvases set forth the charms of the wild children of Australia, the great kaleidoscope, the serpent-charmer, and the trained pig that counts. To make the round of all these shows would be more bliss than the millionaire dreams of, but the oldest boy secretly determines, as he feels the nickel in his pocket, to get a look at that pig and see if it is any smarter than the shoat father gave him. There is the shooting-gallery, not far off, the constant cracking of which rouses apprehension in the prairie woman, and she tells her eldest not to "go anigh that place for nothing in the world."

The father takes them to one of the numerous lemonade-stands, where loud venders shout without ceasing, "Lemmo! lembo! Come this way to git your nice cool lemonade; only a nickel a glass, a nick, a nick, a nick!" And there he spends as much as thirty-five cents in a treat of pure delight. Is it not fair-time? If a man cannot give his family lemonade all around once a year, what's the use of farming? The mother leaves a little in her glass for the baby, and sighs as she holds it to his lips, "Oh,

ain't that good!" with full knowledge that good things are only for nows and thens.

This rite being over, the father feels free to enjoy the fair in his own way. What stock he examines, what bets he makes, what old friends he grips, what trades he begins, come not within the ken of the woman who struggles through Floral Hall, baby on arm and brood irregularly following. She sees Mrs. Lawyer This and Mrs. Stock-farmer That sitting as judges, and notices their clothes and their talk in the minutest particular. Long months afterward she can tell what they said. The jams, bed-quilts, and tidies, the house-plants, bread, and pillow-shams, are all pored over by her patient eyes. Her little boy, who has just gone into the most hideous of pants, falls down and makes Rome howl. She fishes him up and sits down on a box to soothe him. The other children run astray, and an old friend seizes the tawny paw with which she is patting the fretted baby. The prairie woman smiles broadly as she returns this clasp, and then puckers her lip with the sudden recollection that another front tooth has departed since she saw this friend last. They talk in eager tones, with sad cadences which seem peculiar to women who have lived lives of domestic drudgery. They exclaim and laugh, and tell that such a one is married, and such another working real hard this summer, and ask one another what has become of Mary Jane Smith, or had you heard about Nobes's house burning down? Sweet is this occasion to the prairie woman. Though the baby has to be jogged, she is seeing her opera, her evening party, her summer trip, her magazines, her new books, her fine engravings, her phaeton and fast horse: the essence of all these things which her life does not contain must be expressed from the fair and fair reunions.

Town-people drive home to dinner, taking troops of friends with them; there are dining-halls for those who would be served and are not dainty; but the prairie family lunch in their wagon. And, after shading the sleep-

ing baby and getting the other children penned safely on a bench of the amphitheatre, the prairie woman employs her freedom in going about hurriedly and looking at other phases of life. Some faint, indefinite resentment may stir in her that fowls should be improved while women get aged and ugly with child-bearing and toil,—that horses and cattle should be groomed and waited on, and wives used up freely. Still, she knows *he* isn't to blame. There never was a harder worker. Only, some folks seem to have it easier than others.

A tempting array of glass-ware is set out, to be won by the turning of a wheel. It is a wicked lottery scheme,—but she has wanted one of those glass sets for years! Other people go up and lay down their money. There is laughter when the wheel goes around, and squawks of delight or disappointment when it stops. She looks about her with a ludicrous distortion of the features. It is absurdly foolish for her to do so foolish a thing. She has a quarter she brought for pocket-money: she *might* have got the children a couple of dishes of ice-cream. Good angels, look at the brown paw laying down the price of sweet, and turn the wheel fortunately! The dealer's eyes twinkle at this open-mouthed, rapt toiler staking her first venture. But she gets the glass set! A sugar-bowl, cream-pitcher, and spoon-holder, a preserve- and butter-dish, all for twenty-five cents! Oh, happy fair! Who cannot forgive such a culprit for getting something for very little this once in her life? It is a white mark on her days. The future looks lucky through this crystal perspective. How many dinners this ware will grace, and how many times its tale be told!

The prairie woman sits by her brood in the amphitheatre to watch the races. *He* brings them all candy. How short is the time until great commotion and dust announce that folks are going home and the fair is over! How soon she is jogging between banks of resin-weed, under the stars, refreshed through and through by a holiday which would be utter weariness to a woman with horizons reaching beyond the prairie! M. C.

ART MATTERS.

The New York Water-Color Exhibition.

THIS Exhibition, which closed the last of February, was successful from every point of view. The public's appreciation was marked by the fact that over ten thousand admissions were noted, and about fifteen hundred dollars obtained from the sales of catalogues. There were over eight hundred pictures on the walls, and it is said that a large number of deserving ones were excluded for want of space. A very large proportion of those exhibited were sold at a good rate. According to catalogue prices, the aggregate receipts were not less than thirty-two thousand dollars,—eleven thousand dollars more than last year, which was considered such a good one for the artists. There is certainly a disposition on the part of the public nowadays to patronize home art, and an especial disposition to give the preference to water-color work. This is to be accounted for, of course, by the much smaller cost of such work. It is easier to obtain thirty-two thousand dollars for a large number of small pictures than for a few important ones.

The average merit of the water-colors this year was higher, I think, than ever before; remarkably so, if we consider how our artists used to paint in this medium but a very few years ago. It is only fourteen years since this society was started, after the premature demise of a modest predecessor. It had but few members at the start, and its first exhibitions could hardly have encouraged any one to hope that in less than three lustres they would be succeeded by such a one as this. The use of pure water-color—that is, transparent tints as opposed to solid, opaque pigments—has become almost universal with our artists. A few of the older men still paint with great elaboration, striving rather to imitate the effects of detailed oil-painting than to produce those proper to aquarelle and attainable only by its means. The majority, however, paint every year in a freer and broader manner, and the results are very satisfactory in the way of freshness and individuality. Frank "impressionism," indeed, is char-

acteristic now of many of our cleverest men. Mr. Winslow Homer led the list this year, perhaps, and his rivals were Mr. Blum and Mr. Currier, who are both impressionists, though of very different kinds. That the public is learning to care for such work was shown by the fact that most of the numerous drawings of these gentlemen were sold, purchasers disputing the possession of fiery sunset skies by Mr. Currier and delicately blotted Venetian views by Mr. Blum,—things which it is safe to say could not have begged an owner ten years ago.

One regrets not being able to report that the exhibition of works in black and white which preceded the water-colors was equally successful. It was even more interesting, both for actual excellence and by contrast with the former condition of our work in the same branch. Yet it was not popular, except with artists and critics, and there was an actual deficit when the exhibition closed, partly owing, no doubt, to the holiday season and the shocking weather. This collection especially showed the mastery many of our artists have attained in drawing, as such considered, in composition, and, of course, in the designing of illustrations as well as in their execution. The etchings, wood-engravings, and "process prints" of different sorts were various and excellent, and a display of the tools and materials used in several reproductive processes must have been of service in the way of popular instruction.

M. G. V. R.

ANECDOTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Primitive New-Englanders.

IT is often stated—and with much truth—that the traditional Yankee and his modes of speech are rapidly passing into the category of things that were. He is not quite dead, nor has his dialect quite perished, but they are both dying before the advance of civilization,—usually represented, in his case, by invading swarms of summer boarders. It is incredible to one who has not witnessed the transformation how few seasons will suffice to turn a remote and unknown

village into a "popular resort," with scores of big hotels and armies of guests and the most demoralizing effect upon not only the dialect but also the financial morals of the native. In no place, I think, is this process of change being more rapidly and visibly accomplished than in Block Island, where there was an unusually isolated and peculiar population to be influenced. Only five years ago there was no harbor at the island where boats could stay over-night. Communication with the mainland was kept up by sail-boats and by excursion-steamers in the summer. In winter there were often weeks together, I am told, when no mails would be carried. Though only ten miles from the largest watering-places on the coast, from Newport and Narragansett, one small hotel accommodated all the guests. And how primitive were its prices! Within these five years, however, the government has built a breakwater, forming an artificial harbor, and all the rest of civilization has followed without delay. There is now a whole village of large hotels, daily steam communication with the mainland, and daily excursion-boats bringing huge cargoes from many points along the Sound. Almost every family on the island takes boarders if possible, though even yet they will not suffer one to call them such. In island vernacular they are always "visitors." This vernacular has been of the oddest and most pronounced description, and even those who have acquired foreign ways of making money have not yet lost its quaint attraction. Indeed, the discovery of the island by the tourist has been so very recent that outside the immediate circle of hotel influence we may still find fascinating specimens of the aboriginal Yankee, quaint in other things as well as speech. His strongest trait is a fanatical devotion to his home, around which the whole world revolves for him. Now that this world has begun to send him throngs of "visitors," he first begins to see why it has existed for so many years. If you say you live in New York or Philadelphia, he simply wonders that "you care to live so far away." Many islanders have never

been on the mainland at all, and there are persons who have never travelled three miles to visit the hotels and the breakwater and have never seen a steamboat near at hand. Even where money-making is in prospect they are ludicrously conservative. For example, the whole island was originally covered with drift, and the boulders are now piled into a network of stone walls that give the treeless, shrubless surface the appearance of an immense patchwork quilt. Some of the innumerable ponds even are fenced in, for no other purpose than to get rid of the stones. And yet, when the breakwater was proposed, the farmers would not sell one of these stones to the government, though it offered to pay a good price and to do all the work of removal itself. No, they "guessed they might likely want the stuns some time;" and Uncle Sam actually had to bring all his materials from the mainland ere he could make their harbor for them. As might be expected, ideas of wealth and extravagance are deliciously primitive. The hotels, however, *vont nous changer tout cela*, and in another year or two it will be impossible to chronicle such a conversation as one that we took part in last summer. The year before, a certain couple who lived in the interior of the island had attracted the attention of some of our party as being apparently a little more "advanced" than their fellows. Going one day last season to renew the acquaintance,

the house was found deserted. A neighbor told us that Mr. and Mrs. B—— had "gone away,—left the island out and out." Our faith in island patriotism was a little shaken. But he went on: "You see, they didn't belong here, nohow; they warn't islanders." Our minds relieved on this point, a few discreet questions brought out the rest of his information: "They war queer ones, anyhow. They du say as how she warn't his wife, nohow. They du say as how she war married to another man afore she come here with him. Some say she'd got a bill,"—vernacular for divorce,—"but I don't believe as how she hadn't no bill;" and our pessimistic islander gave a sarcastic cough.

"But why did they go away?" we asked.

"Roo-ined, carmpletely roo-ined."

It was a little hard to imagine how people could ruin themselves in any way on Block Island, but only one who knows the spot can appreciate the humor of the explanation as to how it had been done: "Twar high livin' and high dress."

"Well," we assented, "those are bad things, especially taken together; but were they really so extravagant?"

"Wal, I dunno much about it myself,—I onn-ly tell you what I hearn say,—but folks *du* say as how they spent, just the two on 'em, *nigh onto four hun'red dollars in one year!*"

R. M.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Shakespeare's Mind and Art.*

THERE is something in genius—and it is precisely what constitutes its essence—that defies analysis. We cannot account for a great work of art by any enumeration

* "Shakspere: A Critical Study of his Mind and Art." By Edward Dowden, LL.D., Professor of English Literature in the University of Dublin; Vice-President of "The New Shakspere Society." New York: Harper & Brothers.

of the qualities of the artist. In addition to all these—insight, knowledge, passion, imagination, and the rest—there is the inexplicable inspiration which possessed him during the process of creation, not only calling all his powers into activity, but fusing and holding them in solution, so that for the time his personality was in abeyance, like that of the actor who succeeds in transforming himself into the



character he represents and interprets. Hence the common tendency to consider genius as only vaguely or remotely related to the life and character of its possessor. The difficulty of tracing any such relation is great in proportion as the work in which the genius has displayed itself is purely artistic in form, since in the same proportion any experience embodied in the conception has been so transmuted as to elude recognition or identification. In dramatic poetry, as compared with other forms of literature, the difficulty is at its height, poetry being by its very nature a more artistic vehicle of expression than prose, and the drama demanding the constant exercise of the mimetic faculty, by which the characters are made to exhibit themselves in speech and action without the help of comment, description, or narration. This might make it impossible to pluck out the heart of Shakespeare's mystery if we had as full a knowledge of his life as we have of Goethe's. Goethe, too, was a dramatic poet, but in a far lower degree of potency and completeness. His personality is seldom completely veiled. It betrays itself in the choice as well as in the treatment of his themes. We fix upon "Hamlet" as being, like "Faust," a revelation of the poet's own doubts and agitations and deepest thoughts about life. But Goethe's personal interest in "Faust" is shown by its relation to his other works, in most of which the same speculative spirit is exhibited, and in the most important of which, "Wilhelm Meister," the same problems are approached on a different side. But "Hamlet" bears no such relation to any other of Shakespeare's works. No echo of it is heard in any of them; each has its own distinct theme; the passion is as strong, the thought as profound, in many of them as in "Hamlet;" if there is more of meditation and philosophy in "Hamlet," this is simply because the conflict between the meditative and philosophical temperament and the action of life is the *motif* of the drama.

How, then, is it possible to accomplish what Mr. Dowden has attempted,—"to come into close and living relation with the individuality of the poet," "to attain to some central principles of life in him which animate and control the rest," "to pass through the creation of the artist to the mind of the creator"? It is, of course, plain that in a certain sense the mind of the creator must reveal itself in the creation, and even that the more perfect the creation the more complete is the revela-

tion, inasmuch as in this case the power to create is seen not to have been hampered by extraneous and fortuitous causes and thus the conception has been fully and freely developed. But this very freedom enables the artist to escape more completely from his personal emotions and experiences. Instead of inferring from the truth and intensity with which the most opposite moods and emotions are depicted by Shakespeare that his own mind had been swept by these conflicting tides, the supreme ease with which their flux and reflux are guided and made subservient to the purposes of art might drive us to believe in his absolute, passionless serenity, to consider his nature not as universally sympathetic, but as purely and transcendently histrionic,—a conclusion supported by the scanty and provokingly prosaic facts of his biography, and especially by his utter indifference to the fate of his works after they had served their immediate object, his apparent ignorance that, instead of having provided idle pastime for an hour, he had bequeathed a heritage to all succeeding ages.

We do not need to be told that any such theory is untenable and even absurd, that Shakespeare's art is no mere mechanical reflector of the passing shows of life, but that, as the living eye owes its faculty of vision to the sensorium, so the soul of the great dramatist, with its exquisite and infinite sensibilities, its measureless capacity for suffering and enjoyment, must have been the source of that comprehension which seized and interpreted the signs, penetrated the disguises, and explored the depths, of human emotion. However great the diversity between the real world in which Shakespeare moved and the ideal world which he created and ruled, the mental wealth which he expended on the one must have been derived from the other. It was no delusive treasure evoked by a conjurer's trick, but an imperial revenue for which his whole domain of observation and experience was laid under contribution. The palaces it served to build seem magical enough to us, but we know how substantial they are and that they cannot have been raised on fictitious foundations. If we knew the personal history of Shakespeare, not as it may have been known to his companions or acquaintance, but as it was known to himself, we cannot doubt that it would form a luminous commentary on the productions of his genius. On this point, if any proof were needed,

the Sonnets afford sufficient confirmation. But the question recurs, how far we can hope to go, without the aid of such a commentary, in tracing the course of Shakespeare's mental experiences by the light shed upon it by the dramas. The study is a fascinating one, and to some extent legitimately so, since in itself it is no mere speculative pursuit, like that which seeks out an allegory in "The Tempest" or a political parable in "Hamlet." But, if less illusive than such empty theorizing, it is also more discouraging. Once launched on the broad sea of fancy, we have no fear of shoals and no need of beacons: it is in the narrow seas of reality that hidden but certain dangers force us to study the chart and take soundings as we creep along. In the present case we have to thread the tortuous channels of an archipelago, and he must be a very skilful or a very self-confident navigator who does not soon find himself utterly bewildered. Professor Dowden is not unconscious of the boldness of his enterprise, as "necessarily accompanied by a sense of hazard and difficulty," aiming at the accomplishment of "the most strenuousfeat achievable by the critical imagination," and requiring "more endurance, a firmer nerve, and a finer cunning" than any other of a like nature. And in truth his actual attempts fall very much short of what his announcements would lead us to expect. The greater portion of his work is taken up with what may be called Shakespearian criticism of the ordinary kind. His analysis of the plays abounds in fine and suggestive observations, the fruit as well of original thought as of fully acknowledged gleanings from the writings of his fellow-students, but distinguishable in form chiefly by constant references to Shakespeare's "intention" or "purpose,"—just as a natural philosopher with theological tendencies applies the "argument from design" when describing the properties and functions of matter. Still, the attempt to "connect the study of Shakespeare's works with an inquiry after the personality of the writer" runs through the whole volume, and is rendered systematic by an arrangement of the plays in groups according to their chronological order as ascertained or conjectured, and the discovery of corresponding stages in "the growth" of the poet's "intellect and character." Now, in a general way the growth of Shakespeare's intellect speaks for itself, either in its greater ripeness and power or in its wider spread and compass, in what are known to have been among his

later works when contrasted with those which are known to have been among the earlier ones. Nor can we doubt that there was a similar, if not a corresponding, growth of character in the same interval. So, too, we must admit that the great tragedies are the fruit of his maturity at its most strenuous and fruitful period, and that "The Tempest" marks the point at which a full serenity and content had been attained, blended with the sense of a perfected art, an accomplished task, and the anticipation of welcome repose. We readily acknowledge that "the man actually discoverable behind the plays was a man tempted to passionate extremes, but of strenuous will, and whose highest self pronounced in favor of sanity;" and we are willing to see in the plays "a long study of self-control,—of self-control at one with self-surrender to the highest facts and laws of human life." But these are generalities, safe conclusions from the general character and tenor of the works, the powers displayed and the thoughts strewn broadcast in them. When we come to the all-important question of details, Professor Dowden, as it seems to us, fails to confront it squarely. Thus, in describing the disposition of mind in which he supposes "Timon" to have been written, he tells us that "it is impossible to conceive that Shakespeare should have traversed life, and felt its insufficiencies and injuries and griefs, without incurring Timon's temptation to fierce and barren resentment," while "he could now so fully and fearlessly enter into Timon's mood, because he was now past all danger of Timon's malady." All this may easily be granted. No actual misanthrope could have written "Timon," and yet it could scarcely have been written by one who had never known any prompting to misanthropy. But on what provocation, in what degree, was the temptation felt? These are the questions that must be answered, to enable us to differentiate Shakespeare's experience from that of many others, and to get the needed light on the workings of his mind and genius. Professor Dowden represents Shakespeare as attaining to calm and self-mastery through long and severe struggles; but, assuming this to have been so, what can we hope to learn in regard to the intensity of any particular struggle,—the force of the temptation or the source of the resistance? Among Shakespeare's qualities none is more conspicuous than the swiftness of his imagination. It is clear that

the slightest hint served him as a key to many of the deepest secrets. May we not, then, infer that a consciousness such as Goethe felt of the possibility of every crime would have sufficed, without any actual experience, to open to his comprehension all the steps by which temptation makes its inroads? That this must generally have been the case there can be no doubt.

While we cannot think that Professor Dowden has solved the problem he had set himself, we readily acknowledge that the attempt is full of interest and in a high degree profitable to his readers. The study of Shakespeare, like that of nature, may be approached from many sides, and, if pursued with enthusiasm and with trained perceptions, cannot fail to yield results even though the imagined centre be never reached. These qualities Professor Dowden constantly exhibits, and, in conjunction with a style which, if somewhat over-refined, has a glow and charm of its own, they make him a delightful companion and an instructive guide.

Sister Augustine.*

THIS is in some respects a curious volume to proceed from the cloister, a quarter from which we hardly expect frank disclosures or marked individuality of tone. It has nothing of the ecstasy of the saint: the odor of sanctity is far from its pages. It is one of those intimate memoirs, more common in French than in any other literature, in which the walls of a character are taken away, so to speak, leaving it unaffectedly open to approach, study, and analysis. We do not perceive in reading it that any aid has been given to our comprehension of the character, but simply that the obstacles to comprehension have been removed; and so quietly is this done that we come near to forgetting how rare such biographies are, and only by an after-thought are reminded to give the anonymous author of "Sister Augustine" (evidently a lady and personal friend of the Sister) credit for the tact and discretion with which she has performed her task. It is the subject, not the author, that claims attention.

With another Catholic biography, long familiar to our public, Madame Craven's "Récit d'une Sœur," "Sister Augustine" has little in common. Its spirit is in some essential points directly at variance

* "Sister Augustine, An Old Catholic, Superior of the Sisters of Charity at the St. Johannis Hospital, Bonn." New York: Henry Holt & Co.

with the perfumed devotion and self-abnegation which form Madame Craven's ideal. In Sister Augustine we see a mind striving not to repress but to perfect "self," guarding its higher impulses, its thoughts and affections, sacredly, and strenuously maintaining its individuality in the very centre of an organization which has for its avowed aim the destruction of personal independence. It is not the case of a rebellious will struggling against the barriers of a religious life, but the rarer sight of a lofty soul holding firmly by its inward convictions even when they are contradicted by the authority which it holds in reverence, and, amid routine rules and virtues, refusing to be satisfied with anything short of the real and the best. The Amalie von Lasaulx who, as a child, exclaimed, in answer to the question whether she would like to take the veil as her elder sister had done, "I would rather climb upon that wall and throw myself into the river," was the same Amalie still after she had become Sister Augustine and the Mother Superior of the hospital at Bonn. The causes which led at last to her taking the veil involved no subversive change in her character, but came in naturally to its development. It seems unlikely that the rupture of her engagement to a man who proved unworthy of her would alone have compelled her decision had not a number of influences been operating in the same way. It was not the retirement of the cloister, but opportunity for work, which attracted her. In a journal written years after, she says, "It is strange what just and well-founded presentiments sometimes come to us in the ignorance of youth. I remember well my early enthusiasm for the splendid vocation of the Gray Sisters, and my ardent desire to adopt it for my own. And yet I always trembled at the idea of entering a convent."

Her enthusiasm for her work never deserted her. But from the first she perceived clearly that the actual spirit of things in the Church was one with which she could never bring herself to sympathize. She entered on her vocation in 1840, at a period when innovations were creeping in which tended to more and more insistence upon matters of form, and by extending authority paved the way for the infallibility decree of 1871. Observances were multiplied, while Christian charity grew less. The sisters were forbidden to speak to the sick under their charge except such words as might be absolutely

necessary, and not even in case of direst necessity were the candles on the altar to be appropriated to any human use. The self-righteousness fostered by this elevation of form was spreading too. A novice who had just become an inmate of the hospital was one day run against on the cellar-stairs by a porter carrying a heavy weight. "How dare you push me?" exclaimed the girl: "do you not know that I am a temple of the Holy Ghost?" A visitor to whom this was repeated could not help laughing. "It is no laughing-matter," said Sister Augustine: "I could weep over it."

The ban put upon all human ties and affections by the rules of the order roused to revolt all that was strongest and deepest within her. "Is love, then, a weed, a poison, that we must flee it or trample it under foot?" Her endeavor was not to love less, but more. In spite of counter-regulations, she took a warm and genuine interest in the patients under her care, comforting, advising, even amusing them, and looking eagerly for any good example or any crumbs of sympathy that might come to her in that way. She was a devoted friend, and kept up life-long intimacies with the Mendelssohns, the Cornelius family, the Protestant professor Perthes, and many distinguished men of her time. She had the toleration which comes from wide sympathies and spiritual perception, and which rests on a foundation of conviction, not of indifference. She was on friendly terms with many Lutheran pastors, and, while devotedly attached to her own Church, frankly confessed her liking for Protestantism,—"not the protesting and negative but rather the positive element which it has." A quick, youthful impatience of narrowness remained with her to the end of life, and kept her constantly alert to prevent any prejudiced or unjust view from lodging in her mind for a moment. As if by instinct she turned at once to examine, or rather to enter into, the other side. During her experience as an army-nurse, whenever the news of a Prussian victory spread rejoicing in the hospital her first thought was to endeavor by kind attentions to soften the blow to the wounded prisoners, to whom it told of defeat. A little anecdote in the chapter which treats of her experience in Schleswig during the Danish war shows her in a characteristic light. "On one occasion the holy communion was being administered by a Lutheran pastor to a dying Danish soldier. Sister Augustine per-

formed the service of beadle, and, whilst she was reverently and devoutly assisting the clergyman, suddenly the Catholic army-chaplain came in, and stood in mute astonishment, motionless, at the door, with such an expression of stupefaction that, in spite of the solemnity of the ceremony, she could not retain her gravity."

The exposure and fatigue which she endured in the Austrian campaign seriously undermined her health, and at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war Sister Augustine, though still able to supervise her hospital, was too ill to undertake field-service. But there was a memorable part reserved for her to perform even on her death-bed, in another struggle. The strongest opposition to the Vatican decree was made by Döllinger and the Old-Catholic party in Germany. Sister Augustine had lived to see her enemy of long standing—that *religiosité* against which she had armed herself on first entering the order thirty years previously—raised into a Juggernaut bearing down all before it. Standing erect herself, she watched with breathless interest the sad spectacle which always follows upon such a crisis either in the religious or political world, that of sincere and well-meaning members of the opposition, overcome by self-interest or frightened by an apparent conflict of duty, stifling their consciences and submitting to the ruling power. "He will not follow it," she exclaimed sadly, after urging a priest, who asked her advice, to stand firm. Called upon by the superior of her order to sign the articles, she refused, was dragged from a sick-bed and deposed, to die some months later in the hospital of Vallendar on the Rhine, her last days harassed by entreaties and threats from friends and enemies, all of which she gently but firmly resisted. Her last disgrace came after death, when the robe of her order was taken off and the religious ceremony at the funeral forbidden.

We have quoted enough to give some glimpses, however imperfect, of this remarkable book. What the reader must find out for himself, and what to our mind constitutes its highest value, making it one to recur to frequently as a friend, not a chance acquaintance, is the unity and symmetry of the character which it so intimately presents to our view. There is nothing which marks Amalie von La-saulx as a woman of genius; but she was a woman of high intellectual power and of rare sincerity. She was beset by the doubts and mental conflicts which attack

not genius alone, but every part of the intellectual life, and she accepted them in a healthy spirit, gaining larger and tenderer sympathies thereby. Without this inner experience her character would have been too positive. As it was, it was a singularly man-sided one.

We have not had the original German at hand for comparison, but have worked with both the English and French translations before us. The English version, though apparently careful, is painfully lacking in flexibility, and so inferior in style to the French as to suggest a possible improvement on the part of the latter over the original. It has, however, the advantage over both the French and German editions of containing some additional matter furnished by the author of the work.

Don John.*

ANONYMOUSNESS is more honored in the breach than in the observance in the case of the last novel of the No-Name Series, since it happens to be an open secret that Jean Ingelow is the author of "Don John." Without her name one could hardly classify the book, decide whether its singularity is a fault or a virtue, its study of character a crude attempt or the work of a mind with keen insight into human motives. For the story is peculiar, and one closes the book with a disinclination to admit the statement in the concluding paragraph, which, while professedly the key to the whole plot, strikes upon the reader's sense, not as an utterance of knowledge, but as a controversion of fact.

The story turns on the rather worn-out device of a woman's substituting her own offspring for her nurse-child, the son of Mr. Johnston, a lawyer of good position. This change is not so clearly effected but what some doubt remains even after she has made her full confession, and accordingly Mr. Johnston brings up both boys in his own home, giving his name to the one that most closely resembles his own family. In this one, Don John, honesty, courage, and truthfulness show themselves as conspicuously as they are absent in Lancy, who is nevertheless in form and manner the more pleasing of the two. Lancy one seems able to dissect, as it were, putting one's finger on traits transmitted from the false old grandmother, the thieving grandfather, the weak, scheming, wavering mother. Certain points in the

* "Don John." (No-Name Series.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.

story go far to convince the reader that this is a careful study of the inscrutable laws of heredity, until at the close we discover that such conclusions were false, that the writer believes only in blind forces presiding over character and destiny, baffling conjecture and contradicting mere human insight.

The book is interesting without the highest charm of Miss Ingelow's previous novels. Her women and children gain a strong hold upon the sympathies: they live, move, have actual being. She delights especially in children, and holds the mirror up to them so dexterously that they bewitch us with their infantile prettinesses. It is her gift to impress the sweetest ideals of girlhood upon the mind; and Charlotte here is one of her most engaging heroines. The sound youthful feeling and enjoyment of simple pleasures which characterize Miss Ingelow's books, never pushed either to absurdity or to insipidity, cannot be sufficiently praised. She never strains after brilliancy, and writes from first to last with ardent imagination and genuine feeling.

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The Past in the Present: What is Civilization? By Arthur Mitchell, M.D., LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Longfellow Birthday-Book. Arranged by Charlotte Fiske Bates. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Shakespeare's Comedy of The Taming of the Shrew. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A.M. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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The Chinese: Their Education, Philosophy, and Letters. By W. A. P. Martin, D.D., LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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